

H O R A C E .

TRANSLATED BY

~~PHILIP~~ FRANCIS, D.D.

WITH AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

TRANSLATIONS OF VARIOUS ODES, &c.

BY

BEN JONSON, COWLEY, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE,
ADDISON, SWIFT, BENTLEY, CHATTERTON,
G. WAKEFIELD, PORSON, BYRON, &c.

AND

BY SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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THE EPISTLES.

BOOK I.



EPISTLE I.—TO MÆCENAS

THE poet renounces all verses of a ludicrous turn, and resolves to apply himself wholly to the study of philosophy.

ON thou, to whom the muse first tuned her lyre,
Whose friendship shall her latest song inspire,
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would you thus engage
Your bard, dismiss'd with honour from the stage,
Again to venture in the lists of fame, 5
His youth, his genius, now no more the same?

Secure in his retreat Vejanus lies,
Hangs up his arms, nor courts the doubtful prize;
Wisely resolved to tempt his fate no more,
Or the light crowd for his discharge implore. 10

The voice of reason cries with piercing force,
Loose from the rapid car your aged horse,
Lest in the race derided, left behind,
Jaded he drag his limbs and burst his wind.

Then here farewell th' amusements of my youth;
Farewell to verses, for the search of truth, 16
And moral decency hath fill'd my breast,
Hath every thought and faculty possess'd;
And I now form my philosophic lore,
For all my future life a treasured store. 20

You ask, perhaps, what sect, what chief I own;
I'm of all sects, but blindly sworn to none;
For as the tempest drives I shape my way,
Now active plunge into the world's wide sea;
Now virtue's precepts rigidly defend, 25
Nor to the world—the world to me shall bend.
Then make some looser moralist my guide,
And to the school less rigid smoothly glide.

As night seems tedious to th' expecting youth
 Whose fair one breaks her assignation truth; 30
 As to a slave appears the lengthen'd day,
 Who owes his task—for he received his pay;
 As, when the guardian mother's too severe,
 Impatient minors waste their last long year;
 So sadly slow the time ungrateful flows 35
 Which breaks th' important systems I propose;
 Systems, whose useful precepts might engage
 Both rich and poor; both infancy and age;
 But meaner precepts now my life must rule,
 These, the first rudiments of wisdom's school. 40
 You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing eyes:
 But will you then a strengthening salve despise?
 You wish for matchless Glycon's limbs, in vain,
 Yet why not cure the gout's decrepit pain?
 Though of exact perfection you despair, 45
 Yet every step to virtue's worth your care.

Even while you fear to use your present store,
 Yet glows your bosom with a lust of more;
 The power of words, and soothing sounds can ease
 The raging pain, and lessen the disease. 50
 Is fame your passion? Wisdom's powerful charm,
 If thrice read over, shall its force disarm.
 The slave to envy, anger, wine, or love,
 The wretch of sloth, its excellence shall prove:
 Fierceness itself shall bear its rage away, 55
 When listening calmly to th' instructive lay.
 Even in our flight from vice some virtue lies;
 And free from folly, we to wisdom rise.

A little fortune, and the foul disgrace,
 To urge in vain your interest for a place; 60

43 The commentators tell us from Diogenes Laertius, that Glycon was a philosopher who had made himself famous by his dexterity and skill in athletic exercises. But more probably the poet alluded to a statue which is still preserved in Rome, and of which Montfaucon speaks thus: "Hercules of Farnese, the finest of all, is a masterpiece of art. It is the performance of Glycon the Athenian, who has immortalized his name by putting it at the bottom of this admirable statue."

These are the ills you shun with deepest dread ;
 With how much labour both of heart and head ?
 That worst of evils, poverty, to shun,
 Dauntless through seas, and rocks, and fires you run
 To farthest Ind, yet heedless to attend 65
 To the calm lecture of some wiser friend,
 Who bids you scorn, what now you most desire,
 And with an idiot's ignorance admire.

What strolling gladiator would engage
 For vile applause to mount a country stage, 70
 Who at th' Olympic games could gain renown,
 And without danger bear away the crown ?

Silver to gold, we own, should yield the prize,
 And gold to virtue ; louder folly cries,
 "Ye sons of Rome, let money first be sought ; 75
 Virtue is only worth a second thought."
 This maxim echoes through the banker's street,
 While young and old the pleasing strain repeat :
 For though you boast a larger fund of sense,
 Untainted morals, honour, eloquence, 80
 Yet want a little of the sum that buys
 The titled honour, and you ne'er shall rise ;
 Yet if you want the qualifying right
 Of such a fortune to be made a knight,
 You're a plebeian still. Yet children sing, 85
 Amid their sports, "Do right, and be a king."

65 Before the reduction of Egypt and Arabia the passage to India was unknown to the Romans. Strabo tells us that while Ælius Gallus governed Egypt in the year 727, a fleet of twenty-six merchantmen set sail from the Red Sea for India. The Romans, attentive to their interests, flattered by the immense profit arising from this trade, and allured by the rich and beautiful merchandise which it brought home, applied themselves earnestly to this commerce, from whence the poet reproaches them with excessive covetousness — *San.*

86 We cannot justly say what this game was. Torrentius, with much probability, conjectures that it was the *Urania* of the Greeks, in which a ball was thrown into the air, and the boy who struck it ofttest before it fell to the ground was called king of the game.

Be this thy brazen bulwark of defence,
 Still to preserve thy conscious innocence,
 Nor e'er turn pale with guilt. But, prithee, tell,
 Shall Otho's law the children's song excel ? 90
 The sons of ancient Rome first sung the strain
 That bids the wise, the brave, the virtuous reign.

My friend, get money ; get a large estate,
 By honest means ; but get, at any rate,
 That you with knights and senators may sit, 95
 And view the weeping scenes that Pupius writ.
 But is he not a friend of nobler kind
 Who wisely fashions and informs thy mind,
 To answer with a soul erect and brave,
 To fortune's pride, and scorn to be her slave ? 100

But should the people ask me, while I choose
 The public converse, wherefore I refuse
 To join the public judgment, and approve,
 Or fly whatever they dislike, or love ;
 Mine be the answer prudent reynard made 105
 To the sick lion—" Truly I'm afraid,
 When I behold the steps, that to thy den
 Look forward all, but none return again."

But what a many-headed beast is Rome !
 For what opinion shall I choose, or whom ? 110
 Some joy the public revenue to farm ;
 By presents some our greedy widows charm ;
 Others their nets for dying dotards lay,
 And make the childish bachelor their prey ;
 By dark extortion some their fortunes raise ; 115
 Thus every man some different passion sways ;
 For where is he, who can with steady view
 Even for an hour his favourite scheme pursue ?

If a rich lord, in wanton rapture, cries,
 " What place on earth with charming Baiæ vies ?"
 Soon the broad lake and spreading sea shall prove
 Th' impatient whims of his impetuous love ; 122
 But if his fancy point some other way,
 (Which, like a sign from heaven, he must obey,) .

Instant, ye builders, to Teanum haste, 125
 An inland country is his lordship's taste.

Knows he the genial bed, and fruitful wife ?

" Oh ! then the bliss of an unmarried life ! "

Is he a bachelor ? the only bless'd,

He swears, are of the bridal joy possess'd ! 130

Say, while he changes thus, what chains can bind

These various forms ; this Proteus of the mind ?

But now to lower objects turn your eyes,

And, lo ! what scenes of ridicule arise !

The poor, in mimicry of heart, presumes 135

To change his barbers, baths, and beds, and rooms ;

And, since the rich in their own barges ride,

He hires a boat, and pukes in mimic pride.

If some unlucky barber notch my hair,

Or if my robes of different length I wear ; 140

If my new vest a tatter'd shirt confess,

You laugh to see such quarrels in my dress :

But if my judgment, with itself at strife,

Should contradict my general course of life ;

Should now despise what it with warmth pursued,

And earnest wish for what with scorn it viewed ; 146

Float like the tide ; now high the building raise ;

Now pull it down ; nor round, nor square can please ;

You call it madness of the usual kind,

Nor laugh, nor think trustees should be assign'd 150

To manage my estate ; nor seem afraid

That I shall want the kind physician's aid.

While yet, my great protector and my friend,

On whom my fortune and my hopes depend,

An ill-pared nail you with resentment see 155

In one, who loves and honours you like me.

In short, the wise is only less than Jove,

Rich, free, and handsome ; nay, a king above

All earthly kings ; with health supremely bless'd—

Except when drivelling phlegm disturbs his rest. 160

Hor. Vol. II.—B

EPISTLE II.—TO LOLLIUS.

THE poet prefers Homer to all the philosophers, and advises
an early cultivation of virtue.

WHILE you, my Lollius, on some chosen theme,
With youthful eloquence at Rome declaim,
I read the Grecian poet o'er again,
Whose works the beautiful and base contain ;
Of vice and virtue more instructive rules 5
Than all the sober sages of the schools.
Why thus I think, if not engaged, attend,
And, Lollius, hear the reasons of your friend.

The well-wrought fable, that sublimely shows
The loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd woes 10
Of Greece in arms, presents, as on a stage,
The giddy tumults, and the foolish rage
Of kings and people. Hear Antenor's scheme ;
" Cut off the cause of war ; restore the dame : "
But Paris treats this counsel with disdain, 15
Nor will be forced in happiness to reign.
While hoary Nestor, by experience wise,
To reconcile the angry monarch tries.
His injured love the son of Peleus fires,
And equal passion, equal rage inspires 20
The breasts of both. When doting monarchs urge
Unsound resolves, their subjects feel the scourge.
Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,
Offend alike in violence and lust.

To show what wisdom, and what sense can do, 25
The poet sets Ulysses in our view,
Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious ken
Saw various towns and polities of men ;
While for himself, and for his native train,
He seeks a passage through the boundless main ; 30
In perils plunged, the patient hero braves
His adverse fate, and buoys above the waves.

You know the siren's songs, and Circe's draught,
Which had he, senseless and intemperate, quaff'd,

With his companions, he, like them, had been 35
 The brutal vassal of a harlot queen ;
 Had lived a dog, debased to vile desire,
 Or loathsome swine, and grovell'd in the mire.
 But we, mere numbers in the book of life,
 Like those who boldly woo'd our hero's wife, 40
 Born to consume the fruits of earth ; in truth,
 As vain and idle as Phæacia's youth ;
 Mere outside all, to fill the mighty void
 Of life, in dress and equipage employed,
 Who sleep till midday, and with melting airs 45
 Of empty music soothe away our cares.

Rogues nightly rise to murder men for pelf,
 Will you not rouse you to preserve yourself ?
 But though in health you dose away your days,
 You run, when puff'd with dropsical disease. 50
 Unless you light your early lamp, to find
 A moral book ; unless you form your mind
 To nobler studies, you shall forfeit rest,
 And love or envy shall distract your breast.
 For the hurt eye an instant cure you find ; 55
 Then why neglect, for years, the sickening mind ?

Dare to be wise ; begin ; for, once begun,
 Your task is easy ; half the work is done :
 And sure the man, who has it in his power
 To practise virtue, and protracts the hour, 60
 Waits, like the rustic, till the river dried ;
 Still glides the river, and will ever glide.

For wealth, and wives of fruitfulness we toil ;
 We stub the forest, and reclaim the soil.
 Bless'd with a competence, why wish for more ? 65
 Nor house, nor lands, nor heaps of labour'd ore
 Can give their feverish lord one moment's rest,
 Or drive one sorrow from his anxious breast ;
 The fond possessor must be bless'd with health
 Who rightly means to use his hoarded wealth. 70

Houses and riches gratify the breast,
 •For lucre lusting, or with fear depress'd,

As pictures, glowing with a vivid light,
 With painful pleasure charm a blemish'd sight ;
 As chafing soothes the gout, or music cheers 75
 The tingling organs of imposter ears.

Your wine grows acid when the cask is foul.
 Learn the strong sense of pleasure to control ;
 With virtuous pride its blandishments disdain ;
 Hurtful is pleasure when it's bought with pain. 80
 He wants for ever, who would more acquire ;
 Set certain limits to your wild desire.

The man who envies, must behold with pain
 Another's joys, and sicken at his gain :
 Nor could Sicilia's tyrants ever find 85
 A greater torment than an envious mind.

The man, unable to control his ire,
 Shall wish undone what hate and wrath inspire :
 To sate his rage precipitate he flies,
 Yet in his breast his rage unsated lies. 90
 Anger's a shorter madness of the mind ;
 Subdue the tyrant, and in fetters bind.

The docile colt is form'd with gentle skill
 To move obedient to his rider's will.
 In the loud hall the hound is taught to bay 95
 The buckskin trail'd, then challenges his prey
 Through the wild woods. Thus in your hour of youth
 From pure instruction quaff the words of truth.
 The odours of the wine, that first shall stain
 The virgin vessel, it shall long retain. 100
 Whether you prove a lagger in the race,
 Or with a vigorous ardour urge your pace,
 I shall maintain my usual rate ; no more ;
 Nor wait for those behind, nor press on those before.

EPISTLE III.—TO JULIUS FLORUS.

HORACE exhorts Florus to the study of philosophy.

FLORUS, I long to know where Claudius leads
 The distant rage of war ; whether he spreads

His conquering banners o'er the Thracian plains,
 Or near the Heber, bound in snowy chains.
 Or does the Hellespont's high-tower'd sea, 5
 Or Asia's fertile soil his course delay ?
 What works of genius do the youth prepare,
 Who guard his sacred person ? Who shall dare
 To sing great Cæsar's wars, immortal theme !
 And give his peaceful honours down to fame ? 10
 How fares my Titius ? Say, when he intends
 To publish ? Does he not forget his friends ?
 He, who disdains the springs of common fame,
 And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric stream.
 But will the muse her favourite bard inspire 15
 To tune to Theban sounds the Roman lyre ?
 Or with the transports of theatric rage,
 And its sonorous language, shake the stage ?
 Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,
 To search the treasures of his native store, 20
 Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to fame,
 Lest, when the birds their various plumage claim,
 Stripp'd of his stolen pride, the crow forlorn
 Should stand the laughter of the public scorn.
 What do you dare, who float with active wing 25
 Around the thymy fragrance of the spring ?
 Not yours the genius of a lowly strain,
 Nor of uncultur'd, or unpolish'd vein,
 Whether you plead with eloquence his cause,
 Or to your client clear the doubtful laws ; 30
 And sure to gain, for amatorious lays,
 The wreaths of ivy, with unenvied praise.
 Could you the passions, in their rage, control,
 That damp the nobler purpose of the soul ;
 Could you these soothing discontents allay, 35
 Soon should you rise where wisdom points the way ;
 Wisdom heaven-born, at which we all should aim,
 The little vulgar, and the known to fame,
 Who mean to live within our proper sphere,
 Dear to ourselves, and to our country dear. 40

Now tell me whether Plancus holds a part
 (For sure he well deserves it) in your heart ?
 Or was the reconciliation made in vain,
 And like an ill-cured wound breaks forth again,
 While inexperienced youth, and blood inflamed, 45
 Drive you, like coursers, to the yoke untamed ?
 Where'er you are, too excellent to prove
 The broken union of fraternal love,
 A votive heifer gratefully I feed,
 For your return, in sacrifice to bleed. 50

EPISTLE IV.—TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

AFTER complimenting Tibullus on his accomplishments, Horace
 converts the thought of death into an occasion of pleasantry.

ALBIUS, in whom my satires find
 A candid critic, and a kind,
 Do you, while at your country seat,
 Some rhyming labours meditate,
 That shall in volumed bulk arise, 5
 And even from Cassius bear the prize ;
 Or saunter through the silent wood,
 Musing on what befits the wise and good ?
 Thou art not form'd of lifeless mould,
 With breast inanimate and cold ; 10
 To thee the gods a form complete,
 To thee the gods a fair estate
 In bounty gave, with art to know
 How to enjoy what they bestow.
 Can a fond nurse one blessing more 15
 Even for her favourite boy implore,
 With sense and clear expression bless'd,
 Of friendship, honour, health possess'd,
 A table elegantly plain,
 And a poetic, easy vein ? 20
 By hope inspired, depress'd with fear,
 By passion warm'd, perplex'd with care,

Believe, that every morning's ray
 Hath lighted up thy latest day ;
 Then, if to-morrow's sun be thine, 25
 With double lustre shall it shine.

Such are the maxims I embrace,
 And here, in sleek and joyous case,
 You'll find, for laughter fitly bred,
 A hog by Epicurus fed. 30

EPISTLE V.—TO TORQUATUS.

THE poet invites Torquatus to a frugal, but a cleanly and cheerful entertainment.

If, my Torquatus, you can kindly deign
 To lie on beds of simple form, and plain,
 And sup on herbs alone, but richly dress'd,
 At evening I expect you for my guest.
 Nor old, I own, nor excellent, my wine, 5
 Of five years' vintage, and a marshy vine ;
 If you have better, bring th' enlivening cheer,
 Or from an humble friend this summons bear.
 In hopes my honour'd guest to entertain,
 My fires are lighted, my apartments clean : 10
 Then leave the hope, that, wing'd with folly, flies ;
 Leave the mean quarrels that from wealth arise ;
 Leave the litigious bar, for Cæsar's birth
 Proclaims the festal hour of ease and mirth,
 While social converse, till the rising light, 15
 Shall stretch beyond its length the summer's night.
 Say, what are fortune's gifts, if I'm denied
 Their cheerful use ? for nearly are allied
 The madman, and the fool, whose sordid care
 Makes himself poor, to enrich a worthless heir. 20
 Give me to drink, and, crown'd with flowers, despise
 The grave disgrace of being thought unwise.

What cannot wine perform ? It brings to light
 The secret soul ; it bids the coward fight ;

Gives being to our hopes, and from our hearts 25
 Drives the dull sorrow, and inspires new arts.
 Is there a wretch, whom bumpers have not taught
 A flow of words, and loftiness of thought ?
 Even in th' oppressive grasp of poverty
 It can enlarge, and bid the soul be free. 30

Cheerful my usual task I undertake,
 (And no mean figure in my office make,)
 That no foul linen wrinkle up the nose ;
 That every plate with bright reflection shows
 My guest his face ; that none, when life grows gay,
 The sacred hour of confidence betray. 36

That all in equal friendship may unite,
 Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite,
 And, if he's not engaged to better cheer,
 Or a kind girl, Sabinus shall be here. 40

Still there is room, and yet the summer's heat
 May prove offensive, if the crowd be great :
 But write me word how many you desire,
 Then instant from the busy world retire,
 And while your tedious clients fill the hall, 45
 Slip out at the back door, and bilk them all.

36 An old man at the Lacedæmonian entertainments pointed to the door as the guests entered, and solemnly repeated, " Let nothing said in this company pass through that door " From hence the Grecian proverb, " I hate a drinker with a memory."

EPISTLE VI.—TO NUMICIUS.

HORACE here insists that a wise man is in love with nothing except virtue.

Nor to admire, is of all means the best,
 The only means to make, and keep us bless'd.
 There are, untainted with the thoughts of fear,
 Who see the various changes of the year
 Unerring roll ; who see the glorious sun, 5
 And the fix'd stars, their annual progress run :

But with what different eye do they behold
 The gifts of earth; or diamonds or gold;
 Old ocean's treasures, and the pearly stores,
 Wafted to farthest India's wealthy shores? 10
 Or with what sense, what language, should we gaze
 On shows, employments, or the people's praise?

Whoever dreads the opposite extreme
 Of disappointment, poverty, or shame,
 Is raptured with almost the same desires 15
 As he who dotes on what the world admires;
 Equal their terrors, equal their surprise,
 When accidental dangers round them rise.
 Nor matters it what passion fills his breast,
 With joy or grief, desire or fear oppress'd, 20
 Who views with down-fix'd eyes life's varying scene,
 Whose soul grows stiff, and stupified his brain.
 Even virtue, when pursued with warmth extreme,
 Turns into vice, and fools the sage's fame.

Go now, with taste improved, and higher gust 25
 Admire the rich buffet and marble bust,
 The bronze antique, the purple's glowing die,
 The gem, whose radiance trembles on the eye;
 Let gazing crowds your eloquence admire,
 At early morn to court, at night retire, 30
 Lest Mutus wed a wife of large estate,
 While, deeper your dishonour to complete,
 The low-born wretch to you no honour pays,
 Though you on him with admiration gaze.

But time shall bring the latent birth to light, 35
 And hide the present glorious race in night;
 For though Agrippa's awful colonnade,
 Or Appian way, thy passing pomp survey'd,
 It yet remains to tread the drear descent,
 Where good Pompilius and great Ancus went. 40

Would you not wish to cure th' acuter pains,
 That rack your tortured side, or vex your reins?
 Would you, and who would not, with pleasure live?
 If virtue can alone the blessing give,

With ardent spirit her alone pursue, 45
 And with contempt all other pleasures view.
 Yet if you think that virtue's but a name ;
 That groves are groves, nor from religion claim
 A sacred awe ; sail to the distant coast,
 Nor let the rich Bithynian trade be lost. 50
 A thousand talents be the rounded sum
 You first designed ; then raise a second plumb ;
 A third successive be your earnest care,
 And add a fourth to make the mass a square ;
 For gold, the sovereign queen of all below, 55
 Friend, honour, birth, and beauty can bestow ;
 The goddess of persuasion forms his train,
 And Venus decks the well-bemoneyed swain.

The Cappadocian king, though rich in slaves,
 Yet wanting money, was but rich by halves. 60
 Be not like him. Lucullus, as they say,
 Once being ask'd to furnish for a play
 A hundred martial vests, astonish'd cried,
 " Whence can so vast a number be supplied ?
 But yet, whate'er my wardrobe can afford 65
 You shall command." Soon after writes them word
 Five thousand vests were ready at a call,
 They might have part, or, if they pleased, take all.
 Poor house ! where no superfluous wealth unknown
 To its rich lord, that thieves may make their own.

Well, then, if wealth alone our bliss ensure, 71
 Our first, our latest toil, should wealth secure :
 If popularity the blessing claims,
 Let's buy a slave to tell our voters' names,
 And give the hint, when through the crowded street
 To stretch the civil hand to all we meet, 76

59 These people were so born for slavery, that when the Romans offered them freedom, they refused it, and said, " They were not able to support liberty." They were so poor, that in the time of Lucullus, an ox was sold for fourpence, and a man for about sixteen pence. But they loved their slavery and their poverty with the same ardour with which others pursued liberty and riches.

The Fabian tribe his interest largely sways ;
 This the Velinian ; there a third, with ease,
 Can give or take the honours of the state,
 The consul's fasces, and the pretor's seat. 80
 According to their age adopt them all,
 And brother, father, most facetious call."

If he lives well, who revels out the night,
 Be gluttony our guide ; away, 'tis light.
 Let's fish or hunt, and then at early day 85
 Across the crowded forum take our way,
 Or to the Campus Martius change the scene,
 And let our slaves display our hunting train,
 That gazing crowds by one poor mule be taught
 At what a price the mighty boar was bought. 90
 Then let us bathe, while th' indigested food
 Lies in the swelling stomach raw and crude,
 Forgetting all of decency and shame,
 From the fair book of freedom strike our name,
 And like th' abandon'd Ulyssean crew, 95
 Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden joys pursue.

If life's insipid without mirth and love,
 Let love and mirth insipid life improve.
 Farewell, and if a better system's thine,
 Impart it frankly, or make use of mine. 100

EPISTLE VII.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE apologizes to Mæcenas for his long absence, and acknowledges his favours in such a manner, as to declare liberty preferable to every other blessing

I PROMISED at my country farm to stay
 But a few days ; yet August roll'd away,
 And left your loiterer here. But kind forgive,
 (In cheerful health if you would have me live,) 5
 And to my fears the same indulgence show
 As to my real illness you bestow :

While the first fig now paints the sickly year,
 And bids the black funereal pomp appear ;
 The father, and, with softer passions warm'd,
 The tender mother for her son's alarm'd ; 10
 The crowded levee with a fever kills,
 And the long lawyer's plea unseals our wills ;
 But when the snows on Alba's plains shall lie,
 To some warm seaport town your bard shall fly,
 There o'er a book, not too severely, bend, 15
 Resolved to visit his illustrious friend
 When western winds, and the first swallows bring
 The welcome tidings of returning spring.

In other taste to me your bounty flow'd
 Than to his guest the rough Calabrian show'd— 20
 "These pears are excellent, then, prithee, feed."
 "I've eaten quite enough." "Well, you indeed
 Shall take some home—as many as you please,
 For children love such little gifts as these."
 "I thank you, sir, as if they all were mine—" 25
 "Well, if you leave, you leave them for the swine."
 When fools and spendthrifts give what they despise,
 Thin crops of gratitude will always rise.
 The wise and good with better choice bestow,
 And real gold from playhouse counters know. 30
 But thus much merit let me boldly claim,
 No base ingratitude shall stain my name ;
 And yet if I must never leave you more,
 Give me my former vigour, and restore
 The hair, that on the youthful forehead plays ; 35
 Give me to prate with joy, to laugh with ease,
 And o'er the flowing bowl, in sighing strain,
 To talk of wanton Cinara's disdain.

Into a wicker cask where corn was kept,
 Perchance of meager corse, a field-mouse crept ; 40
~~But when~~ she fill'd her paunch, and sleek'd her hide,
~~How to~~ get out again, in vain she tried.
 A weasel, who beheld her thus distress'd,
 In friendly sort the luckless mouse address'd :

"Would you escape, you must be lean and thin ; 45
Then try the cranny where you first got in."

If in this tale th' unlucky picture's mine,
Cheerful the gifts of fortune I resign ;
Nor, with a load of luxury oppress'd,
Applaud the sleep that purer meals digest. 50
Nor would exchange, for bless'd Arabia's gold,
My native ease, and freedom uncontroll'd.

You oft have praised me, that no bold request,
A modest poet ! on your friendship press'd ;
My grateful language ever was the same, 55
I call'd you every tender, awful name ;
However, try me, whether I can part
From all your bounty with a cheerful heart.

The youth, whose sire such various woes had tried,
To Menelaus, not unwise, replied : 60
"Our island hath no rich and fertile plain,
No wide-extended course in which to train
The generous horse ; then grant me to refuse
A present, that you better know to use."
For little folks become their little fate, 65
And, at my age, not Rome's imperial seat,
But soft Tarentum's more delicious ease,
Or Tibur's solitude my taste can please.

Philip, whose youth was spent in feats of war,
Now grown a famous lawyer at the bar, 70
Returning from the courts one sultry day,
Complain'd how tedious was the lengthen'd way
To folks in years ; then wistfully survey'd
A new-trimm'd spark, who, joying in the shade,
Loll'd in a barber's shop, with ease reclined, 75
And pared his nails, right indolent of mind.
"Demetrius (so was called his favourite slave,
For such commissions a right-trusty knave,)
Run and inquire of yonder fellow straight,
His name, friends, country, patron, and estate." 80

He goes ; returns, and "Menas is his name ;
Of moderate fortune, but of honest fame ;

A public crier, who a thousand ways
 Bustles to get, and then enjoys his ease.
 A boon companion 'mong his equals known, 85
 And the small house he lives in is his own.
 His business over, to the public shows,
 Or to the field of Mars he sauntering goes."

Methinks I long to see this wondrous wight.
 Bid him be sure to sup with me to-night. 90
 Menas, with awkward wonder, scarce believes
 The courteous invitation he receives:
 At last politely begs to be excused—
 "And am I then with insolence refused?"
 "Whether from too much fear, or too much pride, 95
 I know not, but he flatly has denied."

Philip next morn our honest pedler found
 Dealing his iron merchandise around
 To his small chaps;—the first good-morrow gave;
 Menas, confused—"Behold a very slave, 100
 To business chain'd, or I should surely wait
 An early client at your worship's gate;
 Or had I first perceived you—as I live—"
 "Well, sup with me to-night, and I forgive
 All past neglect. Be punctual to your hour; 105
 Remember I expect you just at four.
 Till then farewell: your growing fortunes mend,
 And know me for your servant and your friend."

Behold him now at supper, where he said,
 Or right or wrong, what came into his head. 110
 When Philip saw his eager gudgeon bite,
 At morn an early client, and at night
 A certain guest, his project to complete,
 He takes him with him to his country seat.
 On horseback now he ambles at his ease, 115
 The soil, the climate, his incessant praise.

Philip, who well observed our simple guest,
 Laughs in his sleeve, resolved to have his jest
 At any rate; then lends him fifty pound,
 And promised fifty more, to buy a spot of ground.

But, that our tale no longer be delay'd, 121
 Bought is the ground, and our spruce merchant made
 A very rustic : now at endless rate,
 Vineyards and furrows are his constant prate.
 He plants his elms for future vines to rise, 125
 Grows old with care, and on the prospect dies.
 But when his goats, by sickness, and by thieves
 His sheep are lost, his crop his hope deceives,
 When his one ox is kill'd beneath the yoke,
 Such various losses his best spirits broke. 130
 At midnight dragging out his only horse,
 He drives to Philip's house his desperate course ;
 Who, when he saw him rough, deform'd with hair,
 " Your ardent love of pelf, your too much care
 Hath surely brought you to this dismal plight." 135
 " Oh ! call me wretch, if you would call me right ;
 But let this wretch your clemency implore,
 By your good genius ; by each heavenly power ;
 By that right hand, sure never pledged in vain,
 Restore me to my former life again." 140
 To his first state let him return with speed,
 Who sees how far the joys he left exceed
 His present choice : for all should be confined
 Within the bounds which nature hath assign'd.

EPISTLE VIII.—TO CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

HORACE here informs Celsus of the bad state of his health, and advises him to bear his prosperity with moderation.

To Celsus, muse, my warmest wishes bear,
 And if he kindly asks you how I fare,
 Say, though I threaten many a fair design,
 Nor happiness, nor wisdom, yet are mine.
 Not that the driving hail my vineyards beat, 5
 Not that my olives are destroy'd with heat ;
 Not that my cattle pine in distant plains—
 More in my mind and body lie my pains,

Reading I hate, and with unwilling ear
 The voice of comfort, or of health I hear ; 10
 Friends or physicians I with pain endure,
 Who strive this languor of my soul to cure.
 Whate'er may hurt me, I with joy pursue ;
 Whate'er may do me good, with horror view.
 Inconstant as the wind, I various rove ; 15
 At Tibur, Rome ; at Rome, I Tibur love.
 Ask how he does ; what happy arts support
 His prince's favour, nor offend the court ;
 If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,
 And then, remember, with a gentle voice 20
 Instil this precept on his listening ear,
 " As you your fortune, we shall Celsus bear."

EPISTLE IX.—TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

HORACE recommends Septimius to Nero.

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at least, would seem
 To know, the rank I hold in your esteem ;
 Then asks, nay more, compels me to present him,
 (Nor will a moderate share of praise content him,) 5
 Worthy of Nero's family, and heart,
 Where only men of merit claim a part.
 When fondly he persuades himself I hold
 A place among your nearer friends enroll'd,
 Much better than myself he sees and knows
 How far my interest with Tiberius goes 10
 A thousand things I urged to be excused ;
 Though fearful, if too warmly I refused,
 I might, perhaps, a mean dissembler seem,
 To make a property of your esteem.
 Thus have I with a friend's request complied, 15
 And on the confidence of courts relied :
 If you forgive me, to your heart receive
 The man I love, and know him good and brave.

EPISTLE X.—TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

HORACE praises a country life, as more agreeable to nature, and friendly to liberty.

To Fuscus, who in city sports delights,
 A country bard with gentle greeting writes :
 In this we differ, but in all beside,
 Like twin-born brothers, are our souls allied ;
 And, as a pair of fondly constant doves, 5
 What one dislikes the other disapproves.
 You keep the nest, I love the rural mead,
 The brook, the mossy rock and woody glade ;
 In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly
 The joys you vaunt with rapture to the sky, 10
 And like a slave, from the priest's service fled,
 I nauseate honey'd cakes, and long for bread.
 Would you to nature's laws obedience yield ;
 Would you a house for health or pleasure build,
 Where is there such a situation found 15
 As where the country spreads its blessings round ?
 Where is the intemperate winter less severe ?
 Or, when the sun ascending fires the year,
 Where breathes a milder zephyr to assuage
 The dogstar's fury, or the lion's rage ? 20
 Where do less envious cares disturb our rest ?
 Or are the fields, in nature's colours dress'd,
 Less grateful to the smell, or to the sight,
 Than the rich floor, with inlaid marble bright ?
 Is water purer from the bursting lead 25
 Than gently murmuring down its native bed ?
 Among your columns, rich with various dies,
 Unnatural woods with awkward art arise :
 You praise the house, whose situation yields
 An open prospect to the distant fields ; 30
 For nature, driven out with proud disdain,
 All-powerful goddess, will return again ;
 Return in silent triumph to deride
 The weak attempts of luxury and pride.

The man who cannot with judicious eye 35
 Discern the fleece that drinks the Tyrian die,
 From the pale Latian ; yet shall ne'er sustain
 A loss so touching, of such heart-felt pain,
 As he, who can't with sense of happier kind,
 Distinguish truth from falsehood in the mind. 40

They who in fortune's smiles too much delight,
 Shall tremble when the goddess takes her flight ;
 For if her gifts our fonder passions gain,
 The frail possession we resign with pain.

Then fly from grandeur and the haughty great ; 45
 The cottage offers a secure retreat,
 Where you may make that heart-felt bliss your own,
 To kings, and favourites of kings, unknown.

A lordly stag, arm'd with superior force,
 Drove from their common field a vanquish'd horse,
 Who for revenge to man his strength enslaved, 51
 Took up his rider, and the bit received :
 But, though he conquer'd in the martial strife,
 He felt his rider's weight, and champ'd the bit for life.

So he, who poverty with horror views, 55
 Nor frugal nature's bounty knows to use ;
 Who sells his freedom in exchange for gold,
 (Freedom for mines of wealth too cheaply sold,)
 Shall make eternal servitude his fate,
 And feel a haughty master's galling weight. 60

Our fortunes and our shoes are near allied ;
 Pinch'd in the strait, we stumble in the wide.
 Cheerful and wise your present lot enjoy,
 And on my head your just rebukes employ,
 If e'er, forgetful of my former self, 65
 I toil to raise unnecessary pelf.

Gold is the slave, or tyrant of the soul,
 Unworthy to command, it better brooks control.

These lines behind Vacuna's fane I penn'd,
 Sincerely bless'd, but that I want my friend. 70

- ♦ 69 Vacuna was the goddess of vacations, whose festival was celebrated in December. There are still some remains of her temple on our poet's estate. He dates his letter behind this

EPISTLE XI.—TO BULLATIUS.

ENDEAVOURING to recall Bullatius to Rome from Asia, the poet advises him to ease the disquietude of his mind, not by change of place, but by forming his mind into a right disposition.

Do the famed islands of th' Ionian seas,
 Chios, or Lesbos, my Bullatius please ?
 Or Sardis, where great Cræsus held his court ?
 Say, are they less or greater than report ?
 Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield 5
 To our own Tiber, or to Mar's field ?
 Would you, fatigued with toils of lands and seas,
 In Lebedus, or Asia, spend your days ?
 You tell me Lebedus is now become
 A desert, like our villages at home, 10
 Yet there you gladly fix your future lot,
 Your friends forgetting, by your friends forgot ;
 Enjoy the calm of life, and safe on shore,
 At distance hear the raging tempest roar.
 A traveller, though wet with dirt and rain, 15
 Would not for ever at an inn remain,
 Or chill'd with cold, and joying in the heat
 Of a warm bath, believe his bliss complete.
 Though by strong winds your bark were tempest-
 toss'd,
 Say, would you sell it on a distant coast ? 20
 Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live,
 To a sound mind no greater bliss can give,
 Than a thick coat in summer's burning ray,
 Or a light mantle on a snowy day,
 Or to a swimmer Tiber's freezing stream, 25
 Or sunny rooms in August's midday flame.
 While yet 'tis in your power ; while fortune smiles,
 At Rome with rapture vaunt those happy isles,

temple, to insult Aristus with that idleness and liberty which he enjoyed in the country, in opposition to the business and confinement of Rome.—*Torr.*

Then with a grateful hand the bliss receive,
 If Heaven an hour more fortunate shall give. 30
 Seize on the present joy, and thus possess,
 Where'er you live, an inward happiness.

If reason only can our cares allay,
 Not the bold site that wide commands the sea;
 If they, who through the venturous ocean range, 35
 Not their own passions, but the climate change;
 Anxious through seas and land to search for rest
 Is but laborious idleness at best.
 In desert *Clubræ* the bliss you'll find,
 If you preserve a firm and equal mind. 40

EPISTLE XII.—TO ICCIUS.

UNDER the appearance of praising the parsimony of *Iccius*, our poet ridicules it; introduces *Grosphus* to him; and concludes with a few articles of news.

WHILE *Iccius* farms *Agrippa's* large estate,
 If he with wisdom can enjoy his fate,
 No greater riches *Jove* himself can give;
 Then cease complaining, friend, and learn to live.
 He is not poor to whom kind fortune grants, 5
 Even with a frugal hand, what nature wants.

Are you with food, and warmth, and raiment bless'd?
 Not royal treasures are of more possess'd;
 And if, for herbs and shell-fish at a feast,
 You leave the various luxuries of taste, 10
 Should fate enrich you with a golden stream,
 Your life and manners would be still the same;
 Whether convinced that gold can't change the soul,
 Or that fair virtue should its power control.

That all his neighbours' flocks and herds should eat
 The sage's harvest, while without its weight 16
 His spirit roved abroad, shall ne'er be told
 As wonderful; since, not debased by gold,

And its infection, Iccius, bravely wise,
 Spurns this vile earth, and soars into the skies ; 20
 Curious to search what bounds old ocean's tides ;
 What through the various year the seasons guides :
 Whether the stars by their own proper force,
 Or foreign power, pursue their wand'ring course :
 Why shadows darken the pale queen of night : 25
 Whence she renews her orb, and spreads her light :
 What nature's jarring sympathy can mean,
 And who, among the wise, their systems best main-
 tain.

But whether slaughter'd onions crown your board,
 Or murder'd fish an impious feast afford, 30
 Receive Pompeius Grosphus to your heart,
 And, ere he asks, your willing aid impart ;
 He ne'er shall make a bold, unjust request,
 And friends are cheap when good men are distress'd.

Now condescend to hear the public news : 35
 Agrippa's war the sons of Spain subdues.
 The fierce Armenian Nero's virtue feels :
 Short by the knees the haughty Parthian kneels :
 Again the monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,
 And plenty pours her golden harvest round. 40

EPISTLE XIII.—TO VINIUS ASELLA.

HORACE advises Asella to present his poems to Augustus at a proper opportunity, and with due decorum.

VINIUS, I oft desired you, ere you went,
 Well seal'd my rhyming volumes to present,
 When Cæsar's high in health, in spirits gay,
 Or if he ask to read th' unoffer'd lay, 5
 Lest you offend with too officious zeal,
 And my poor works his just resentment feel
 Throw down the burden, if it gall your back,
 Nor at the palace fiercely break the pack,

Lest my dear ass become the laughing sport,
 The quibbling fable of the wits at court. 10
 'Through rivers, steeps, and fens, exert your force,
 Nor, when you're victor of the destined course,
 Under your arm the letter'd bundle bear,
 As rustics do their lambs, with awkward air ;
 Or Pyrrha, reeling from the drunken bowl, 15
 Conveys away the ball of wool she stole :
 Or in his pride, a tribe-invited guest
 Carries his cap and slippers to a feast ;
 Nor loud proclaim, with how much toil you bear
 Such verse, as may detain even Cæsar's ear. 20
 Farewell ; make haste, and special caution take,
 Lest you should stumble, and my orders break.

EPISTLE XIV.—TO HIS STEWARD IN THE COUNTRY. .

HORACE upbraids the levity of his steward for contemning a country life, which had been his choice.

THOU steward of the woods and country seat,
 That give me to myself : whose small estate,
 Which you despise, five worthy fathers sent,
 One from each house, to Varia's parliament :
 Let us inquire, if you, with happier toil, 5
 Root out the thorns and thistles of the soil,
 Than Horace tears his follies from his breast ;
 Whether my farm or I be cultivated best.

Though Lamia's pious tears, that ceaseless mourn
 His brother's death, have hinder'd my return, 10
 Thither my warmest wishes bend their force,
 Start from the goal, and beat the distant course.
 Rome is your rapture, mine the rural seat ;
 Pleased with each other's lot, our own we hate ;
 But both are fools, and fools in like extreme ; 15
 Guiltless the place that we unjustly blame ;
 For in the mind alone our follies lie,
 The mind, that never from itself can fly

A slave at Rome, and discontented there,
A country life was once your silent prayer : 20
A rustic gown, your first desires return,
For Rome, her public games and baths you burn.
More constant to myself, I leave with pain,
By hateful business forced, the rural scene ;
From different objects our desires arise, 25
And thence the distance that between us lies .
For what you call inhospitably drear,
To me with beauty and delight appear.
Full well I know a tavern's greasy steam,
And a vile stew with joy your heart inflame, 30
While my small farm yields rather herbs than vines,
Nor there a neighbouring tavern pours its wines,
Nor harlot-minstrel sings, when the rude sound
Tempts you with heavy heels to thump the ground.

But you complain, that with unceasing toil 35
You break, alas ! the long unbroken soil,
Or loose the wearied oxen from the plough,
And feed with leaves new gather'd from the bough.
Then feels your laziness an added pain,
If e'er the rivulet be swoln with rain ; 40
What mighty mounds against its force you rear,
To teach its rage the sunny mead to spare !

Now hear from whence our sentiments divide ;
In youth, perhaps, with not ungraceful pride,
I wore a silken robe, perfumed my hair, 45
And without presents charm'd the venal fair :
From early morning quaff'd the flowing glass ;
Now a short supper charms, or on the grass
To lay me down at some fair river's side,
And sweetly slumber 'as the waters glide ; 50
Nor do I blush to own my follies past,
But own those follies should no longer last.

None there with eye askance my pleasures views
With hatred dark, or poison'd spite pursues ;
My neighbours laugh to see with how much toil 55
To carry stones, or break the stubborn soil.

You with my city slaves would gladly join,
 And on their daily pittance hardly dine ;
 While more refined, they view with envious eye
 The gardens, horses, fires, that you enjoy. 60

Thus the slow ox would gaudy trappings claim ;
 The sprightly horse would plough amid the team ;
 By my advice, let each with cheerful heart,
 As best he understands, employ his art.

EPISTLE XV.—TO VALA.

PREPARING to visit either the baths of Velia or Salernum,
 Horace inquires after the salubrity and agreeableness of these
 places.

By my physician's learn'd advice I fly
 From Baiæ's waters, yet with angry eye
 The village views me, when I mean to bathe
 The middle winter's freezing wave beneath ;
 Loudly complaining that their myrtle groves 5
 Are now neglected : their sulphureous stoves,
 Of ancient fame our feeble nerves to raise,
 And dissipate the lingering cold disease,
 While the sick folks in Clusium's fountains dare
 Plunge the bold head, or seek a colder air. 10

The road we now must alter, and engage
 Th' unwilling horse to pass his usual stage :
 " Ho ! whither now ? " his angry rider cries,
 And to the left the restive bridle plies.
 " We go no more to Baiæ ; prithee hear : "— 15
 But in his bridle lies a horse's ear.

Dear Vala, say, how temperate, how severe,
 Are Velia's winters, and Salernum's air :
 The genius of the folks, the roads how good :
 Which eats the better bread, and when a flood 20
 Of rain descends, which quaffs the gather'd shower,
 Or do their fountains purer water pour ?
 Their country vintage is not worth my care,
 For though at home, whatever wine I bear,

At seaport towns I shall expect to find 25
 My wines of generous, and of smother kind,
 To drive away my cares, and to the soul,
 Through the full veins, with golden hopes to roll ;
 With flowing language to inspire my tongue,
 And make the list'ning fair one think me young. 30
 ' With hares or boars which country's best supplied ?
 Which seas their better fish luxurious hide ?
 That I may home return in luscious plight—
 'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.

When Mænius had consumed, with gallant heart,
 A large estate, he took the jester's art : 36
 A vagrant zany, of no certain manger,
 Who knew not, e'er he dined, or friend or stranger :
 Cruel, and scurrilous to all, his jest ;
 The ruin'd butcher's gulf, a storm, a pest. 40
 Whate'er he got his ravening guts receive,
 And when or friend or foe no longer gave,
 A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat,
 As much as three voracious bears could eat ;
 Then, like Reformer Bestius, would he tell ye, 45
 That gluttons should be branded on the belly.

But if, perchance, he found some richer fare,
 Instant it vanish'd into smoke and air—
 " By Jove, I wonder not that folks should eat,
 At one delicious meal, a whole estate, 50
 For a fat thrush is most delightful food,
 And a swine's paunch superlatively good."

Thus I, when better entertainments fail,
 Bravely commend a plain and frugal meal ;
 On cheaper suppers show myself full wise, 55
 But if some dainties more luxurious rise—
 " Right sage and happy they alone, whose fate
 Gives them a splendid house, and large estate."

46 The Greeks and Romans branded the belly of a gluttonous slave ; the feet of a fugitive ; the hands of a thief ; and the tongue of a babler.—*Dac.*

EPISTLE XVI.—TO QUINTIUS.

THE poet describes to Quintius his country residence ; and declares that true liberty consists in probity.

Ask not, good Quintius, if my farm maintain
Its wealthy master with abundant grain,
With fruits or pastures ; ask not, if the vine
Around its bridegroom elm luxuriant twine,
For I'll describe, and in loquacious strain, 5
The sight and figure of the pleasing scene.

A chain of mountains with a vale divide,
That opens to the sun on either side.
The right wide spreading to the rising day,
The left is warm'd beneath his setting ray. 10

How mild the clime, where sloes luxurious grow,
And blushing cornels on the hawthorn glow !
My cattle are with plenteous acorns fed,
Whose various oaks around their master spread ;
Well might you swear, that here Tarentum waves
Its dusky shade, and pours forth all its leaves. 16

A fountain to a rivulet gives its name,
Cooler and purer than a Thracian stream ;
Useful to ease an aching head it flows,
Or when with burning pains the stomach glows. 20

This pleasing, this delicious soft retreat,
In safety guards me from September's heat.

Would you be happy, be the thing you seem,
And sure you now possess the world's esteem ;
Nor yet to others too much credit give, 25
But in your own opinion learn to live ;
For know, the bliss in our own judgment lies,
And none are happy, but the good and wise.
Nor, though the crowd pronounce your health is good,
Disguise the fever lurking in your blood, 30
Nor trembling seize you at th' unfinish'd meal—
Idiots alone their ulcer'd ills conceal.

Should some bold flatterer soothe your listening
ears,

“The conquer’d world, dread sir, thy name reveres,
And Jove, our guardian god, with power divine, 35
Who watches o’er Rome’s happiness and thine,
Yet holds it doubtful whether Rome or you,
With greater warmth, each other’s good pursue.”

This praise, you own, is sacred Cæsar’s fame;
But can you answer to your proper name, 40
When you are called the accomplish’d or the wise,
Names, which we all with equal ardour prize?

Yet he, who gives to-day this heedless praise,
Shall take it back to-morrow, if he please.
As when the people from some worthless knave 45
Can tear away the consulship they gave;
“Lay down the name of wisdom, sir, ’tis mine;”
Confused I leave him, and his gifts resign.

What if he said, I hang’d my aged sire,
Call’d me a thief, a slave to lewd desire, 50
Shall I be tortured with unjust disgrace,
Or change the guilty colours of my face?
False praise can charm, unreal shame control—
Whom but a vicious or a sickly soul?

Who then is good? *Quintus*. Who carefully ob-
serves 55

The senate’s wise decrees, nor ever swerves
From the known rules of justice and the laws:
Whose bail secures, whose oath decides a cause.
Horace. Yet his own house, his neighbours, through
his art

Behold an inward baseness in his heart. 60
Suppose a slave should say, “I never steal;
I never ran away—” “Nor do you feel
The flagrant lash.” “No human blood I shed—”
“Nor on the cross the ravening crows have fed.”

“But, sir, I am an honest slave, and wise.” 65
“My Sabine neighbour, there, the fact denies
For wily wolves the fatal pitfall fear;
Kites fly the bait, and hawks the latent snare;

But virtuous minds a love of virtue charms :
 The fear of chastisement thy guilt alarms. 70
 When from my stores you steal one grain of wheat,
 My loss indeed is less, your crime as great."

Your honest man, on whom with awful praise
 The forum and the courts of justice gaze,
 If e'er he made a public sacrifice, 75
 Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries ;
 But when his pray'r in earnest is preferr'd,
 Scarce moves his lips, afraid of being heard :
 " Beautcous Laverna, my petition hear ;
 Let me with truth and sanctity appear : 80
 Oh ! give me to deceive, and, with a veil
 Of darkness and of night my crimes conceal."

Behold the miser bending down to earth
 For a poor farthing, which the boys in mirth
 Fix'd to the ground ; and shall the cantiff dare 85
 In honest freedom with a slave compare ?

Whoever wishes, is with fear possess'd ;
 And he, who holds that passion in his breast
 Is in my sense a slave ; hath left the post
 Where virtue placed him, and his arms hath lost : 90
 To purchase hasty wealth his force applies,
 And overwhelm'd beneath his burden lies.

Say, is not this a very worthless knave ?
 But if you have the most untoward slave,
 Yet kill him not, he may some profit yield, 95
 Of strength to guard your flocks, and plough your
 field,

Or let him winter in the stormy main,
 By imports to reduce the price of grain.

The good, the wise, like Bacchus in the play,
 Dare, to the king of Thebes, undaunted say, 100

99 A really good man is he whom the loss of fortune, liberty, and life, cannot deter from doing his duty. The poet, with an unexpected spirit and address, brings a god on the stage under the character of this good man. The whole passage is almost an exact translation of a scene in the Bacchantes of Euripides.

"What can thy power¹ Thy threat'nings I disdain."

Pentheus I'll take away thy goods. *Bacchus*. Perhaps you mean

My cattle, money, movables, or land.

Well; take them all. *P.* But, slave, if I command,
A cruel jailer shall thy freedom seize. 105

B. A god shall set me free whene'er I please.

H. Death is that god the poet here intends,
That utmost bound, where human sorrow ends.

EPISTLE XVII.—TO SCÆVA.

THE object of the poet is here to show that an active life is to be preferred, and that the favours of the great are to be solicited with modesty and caution.

ALTHOUGH my Scæva knows, with art complete,
How to converse familiar with the great,
Yet to th' instruction of an humbler friend,
Who would himself be better taught, attend;
Though blind your guide, some precepts yet unknown
He may disclose, which you may make your own. 6

Are you with tranquil, easy pleasure bless'd,
Or after sunrise love an hour of rest;
If dusty streets, the rattling chariot's noise,
Or if the neighbouring tavern's midnight joys 10
Delight you not, by my advice retreat

To the calm raptures of a rural seat:
For pleasure's not confined to wealth alone,
Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown; 14
But would you serve your friends, and joyous waste
The bounteous hour, perfume you for the feast.

"His patient herbs could Aristippus eat,
He had disdained the tables of the great;"
"And he who censures me," the sage replies, 19
"If he could live with kings, would herbs despise."

17 This dialogue between Aristippus and Diogenes is told in almost the same manner by Laertius. The characters are well maintained, and give strength and spirit to the poet's reason.

Tell me, which likes you best, or, younger, hear,
 Why Aristippus' maxims best appear ;
 For with the snarling cynic well he play'd :
 " I am my own buffoon ; you take the trade
 To please the crowd ; yet sure 'tis better pride, 25
 Maintain'd by monarchs, on my horse to ride.
 But while at court observant I attend,
 For things of vileness you submissive bend ;
 Own a superior, and yet proudly vaunt,
 Imperious cynic, that you nothing want." 30

Yet Aristippus every dress became ;
 In every various change of life the same ;
 And though he aim'd at things of higher kind,
 Yet to the present held an equal mind.
 But that a man, whom patience taught to wear 35
 A thick, coarse coat, should ever learn to bear
 A change of life, with decency and ease,
 May justly, I confess, our wonder raise.

Yet Aristippus, though but meanly dress'd,
 Nor wants, nor wishes for, a purple vest ; 40
 He walks, regardless of the public gaze,
 And knows in every character to please ;
 But neither dog's nor snake's envenom'd bite
 Can, like a silken robe, the cynic fright.
 " Give him his mantle, or he dies with cold." 45
 " Nay, give it, let the fool his blessing hold."

In glorious war a triumph to obtain
 Celestial honours, and a seat shall gain
 Fast by the throne of Jove ; nor mean the praise
 These deities of humankind to please. 50

" But mid the storms and tempest of a court,
 Not every one shall reach the wish'd for port ;
 And sure the man, who doubts of his success,
 Wisely declines th' attempt." Then you confess

45 Aristippus engaged Diogenes to go with him into the bath, and coming first out of the water took the cynic's mantle, and left him his purple robe. But Diogenes declared he would rather go naked than put it on.—*Dac.*

That who succeeds, thus difficult his part, 55
Gives the best proof of courage as of art.

Then here, or nowhere, we the truth shall find;
Conscious how weak in body, or in mind,
When we behold the burden with despair
Which others boldly try, with spirit bear, 60
If virtue's aught beyond an empty name,
Rewards and honours they with justice claim.

In silence who their poverty conceal,
More than th' importunate, with kings prevail:
And whether we with modest action take, 65
Or snatch the favour, may some difference make.

From this fair fountain our best profits rise,
For when with plaintive tone a suppliant cries,
" My sister lies unportion'd on my hands:
My mother's poor, nor can I sell my lands, 70
Or they maintain me ;" might he not have said,
" Give me, ah ! give me, sir, my daily bread ?"
While he, who hears him, chants on t'other side,
" With me, your bounty, ah ! with me divide ;"
But had the crow his food in silence eat, 75
Less had his quarrels been, and more his meat.

A jaunt of pleasure should my lord intend,
And with him deign to take an humble friend,
To talk of broken roads, of cold and rain,
Or of his plunder'd baggage to complain, 80
Is but the trick which wily harlots try,
Who for a bracelet, or a necklace, cry ;
So oft they weep, that we believe no more
When they with tears a real loss deplore.

He, whom a lying lameness once deceives, 85
No more the falling vagabond believes ;
And though with streaming tears the caitiff cries,
" Help me, ah ! cruel ! help a wretch to rise ;"
Though loud he swear, " Indeed my leg is broke ;
By great Osiris, I no longer joke !" 90
Yet the hoarse village answers to his cries,
" Go find a stranger to believe your lies."

EPISTLE XVIII.—TO LOLLIUS.

THE poet here treats on the cultivation of the favour of the great, concluding with a few words concerning the acquirement of peace of mind.

LOLLIUS, if well I know your heart,
 Your liberal spirit scorns an art
 That can to sordid flattery bend,
 And basely counterfeit the friend ;
 For such the difference, I ween, 5
 The flatterer and friend between,
 As is betwixt a virtuous dame
 And women of uncertain fame.

Behold, in opposite excess,
 A different vice, though nothing less ; 10
 Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,
 With shaggy beard, and nasty tooth,
 That fondly would be thought to be
 Fair virtue, and pure liberty :
 But virtue in a medium lies, 15
 From whence these different follies rise.

Another, with devotion fervent,
 Is more than your obsequious servant ;
 Admitted as an humble guest,
 Where men of money break their jest, 20
 He waits the nod, with awe profound,
 And catches ere it reach the ground
 The falling joke, and echoes back the sound.
 A school-boy thus, with humble air,
 Repeats to pedagogue severe ; 25
 Thus players act an under part,
 And fear to put forth all their art.

Another in dispute engages,
 With nonsense arm'd for nothing rages,
 " My word of honour not believed ? 30
 Or my opinion not received ?

And shall I, whether right or wrong,
Be forced, forsooth, to hold my tongue ?
No : at a price so base and mean,
I would a thousand lives disdain." 35

But what's the cause of all this rage ?
Who's the best actor on the stage,
Or to which road you best may turn ye,
If to Brundusium lies your journey.

Now, Lollius, mark the wretch's fate 40
Who lives dependent on the great.

If the precipitating dice,
If Venus be his darling vice,
If vanity his wealth consumes,
In dressing, feasting, and perfumes, 45

If thirst of gold his bosom sways,
A thirst which nothing can appease,
If poverty with shame he views,
And wealth with every vice pursues,
My lord, more vicious as more great, 50

Views him with horror, and with hate :
At least shall o'er him tyrannise,
And like a fond mamma advise,
Who bids her darling daughter shun
The paths of folly she had run. 55

"Think not," he cries, "to live like me ;
My wealth supports my vanity ;
Your folly should be moderate,
Proportion'd to a small estate."

Eutrapelus, in merry mood, 60
The object of his wrath pursued,
And where he deepest vengeance meant,
Fine clothes, with cruel bounty, sent ;
For when the happy coxcomb's dress'd,
Strange hopes and projects fill his breast ; 65
He sleeps till noon, nor will he, listless
Of fame or fortune, leave his mistress.

Lavish he feeds the usurer's store,
And when the miser lends no more,

- He learns the gladiator's art, 70
 Or humbly drives a gardener's cart.
 Strive not with mean, unhandsome lore,
 Your patron's bosom to explore,
 And let not wine or anger wrest
 'Th' intrusted secret from your breast. 75
 Nor blame the pleasures of your friend,
 Nor to your own too earnest bend ;
 Nor idly court the froward muse,
 While he the vigorous chase pursues.
 Humours like these could fatal prove 80
 'To Zethus' and Amphion's love,
 Until Amphion kind complied,
 And laid th' offensive lyre aside.
 So to your patron's will give way,
 His gentle insolence obey, 85
 And when he pours into the plain
 His horses, hounds, and hunting train,
 Break from the peevish muse away,
 Divide the toils, and share the prey.
 The chase was by our sires esteem'd 90
 Healthful, and honourable deem'd.
 Thy swiftness far the hound's exceeds ;
 The boar beneath thy javelin bleeds,
 And who, like thee, with grace can wield
 The weapons of the martial field, 95
 Or with such loud applause as thine
 Amid the youthful battle shine ?
 In the destructive war with Spain
 Early you made your first campaign.
 Beneath a leader, who regains 100
 Our eagles from the Parthian fanes,
 Who boundless now extends his sway,
 And bids a willing world obey.
 Lollius, though all your actions rise
 From judgment temperate and wise, 105
 Yet oft at home you can unbend,
 And even to trifling sports descend.

Your little boats, with mimic rage,
 Like Actium's mighty fleets engage ;
 Your lake, like Adria's ocean spreads, 110
 The adverse war your brother leads,
 Till victory her wings display,
 And crown the conqueror of the day.
 Cæsar, who finds that you approve
 His taste, shall your diversions love. 115

If my advice regard my claim,
 Be tender of another's fame,
 And be the man with caution tried
 In whose discretion you confide.
 Th' impertinent be sure to hate ; 120
 Who loves to ask will love to prate.
 Ears, that unfold to every tale,
 Intrusted secrets ill conceal,
 And you shall wish, but wish in vain,
 To call the fleeting words again. 125

With cautious judgment, o'er and o'er,
 The man you recommend explore,
 Lest, when the scoundrel's better known,
 You blush for errors not your own.
 Then frankly give him up to shame, 130
 But boldly guard the injured fame
 Of a well-known and valued friend,
 With vigour and with zeal defend ;
 For, be assured, when he's defamed,
 At you the envenom'd shaft is aim'd. 135
 When flames your neighbour's dwelling seize,
 Your own with instant rage shall blaze ;
 Then haste to stop the spreading fire,
 Which, if neglected, rises higher.

Untried, how sweet a court attendance ! 140
 When tried, how dreadful the dependance !
 Yet, while your vessel's under sail,
 Be sure to catch the flying gale,
 Lest adverse winds with rapid force,
 Should bear you from your destined course. 145

The grave, a gay companion shun ;
 Far from the sad the jovial run ;
 The gay, the witty, and sedate,
 Are objects of each other's hate,
 And they who quaff their midnight glass, 150
 Scorn them, who dare their bumper pass,
 Although they loudly swear, they dread
 A sick debauch, and aching head.

Be every look serenely gay,
 And drive all cloudy cares away. 155
 The modest oft too dark appear,
 The silent, thoughtful and severe.

Consult with care the learned page ;
 Inquire of every scienced sage,
 How you may glide with gentle ease 160
 Adown the current of your days,
 Nor vex'd by mean and low desires,
 Nor warm'd by wild ambition's fires.
 By hope alarm'd, depress'd by fear,
 For things but little worth your care : 165
 Whether fair virtue's hallow'd rules
 Proceed from nature, or the schools ;
 What may the force of care suspend,
 And make you to yourself a friend ;
 Whether the tranquil mind and pure, 170
 Honours and wealth, our bliss ensure,
 Or down through life unknown to stray,
 Where lonely leads the silent way,

When happy in my rural scene,
 Whose fountain chills the shuddering swain, 175
 Such is my prayer :—Let me possess
 My present wealth, or even less,
 And if the bounteous gods design
 A longer life, that life be mine.
 Give me of books the mental cheer, 180
 Of wealth sufficient for a year,
 Nor let me float in fortunes power,
 Dependent on the future hour.

To Jove for life and wealth I pray,
 These Jove may give or take away, 185
 But for a firm and tranquil mind,
 That blessing in myself I'll find.

EPISTLE XIX.—TO MÆCENAS.

HORACE exposes the folly of some persons who would imitate,
 and the envy of others who would censure him.

To old Cratinus if you credit give,
 No water-drinker's verses long shall live,
 Or long shall please. Among his motley fold,
 Satyrs and fauns, when Bacchus had enroll'd
 The brain-sick rhymers, soon the tuneful Nine 5
 At morning breathed, and not too sweet, of wine.

When Homer sings the joys of wine, 'tis plain
 Great Homer was not of a sober strain;
 And Father Ennius, till with drinking fired,
 Was never to the martial song inspired. 10
 Let thirsty spirits make the bar their choice,
 Nor dare in cheerful song to raise their voice.

Soon as I spoke, our bards, before they write,
 Smell of their wine all day, and tipples all the night.
 What! if with naked feet and savage air, 15
 Cato's short coat some mimic coxcomb wear,
 Say, shall his habit and affected gloom
 Great Cato's manners or his worth assume?

Cordus, the Moor, while studious how to please
 With well-bred raillery, and learned ease, 20
 To rival gay Timagenes he tried,
 Yet burst with disappointed spleen and pride;
 By such examples many a coxcomb's caught,
 Whose art can only imitate a fault

Should I by chance grow pale, our bardlings think
 That bloodless cummin's the true rhyming drink. 26

• 26 Dioscorides assures us that cummin will make people pale
 who drink it, or wash themselves with it. Pliny says it was

Ye wretched mimics, whose fond heats have been,
 How oft! the objects of my mirth and spleen.
 Through open worlds of rhyme I dared to tread
 In paths unknown, by no bold footsteps led ; 30
 Who on himself relies with conscious pride,
 Most certainly the buzzing hive shall guide.
 To keen iambs I first tuned the lyre,
 And warmed with great Archilochus's fire
 His rapid numbers choose, but shunn'd with care 35
 The style that drove Lycambes to despair.

I fear'd to change the structure of his line,
 But shall a short-lived wreath be therefore mine ?
 Sappho, whose verse with manly spirit glows,
 Even great Alcæus his iambs chose, 40
 In different stanzas though he forms his lines,
 And to a theme more merciful inclines ;
 No perjured sire with blood-stain'd verse pursues,
 Nor ties, in damning rhyme, his fair one's noose.
 I first attempted in the lyric tone, 45
 His numbers, to the Roman lyre unknown,
 And joy that works of such unheard-of taste
 By men of worth and genius were embraced.

But would you know why some condemn abroad,
 Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud ? 50
 I purchase not the venal critic's vote
 With costly suppers, or a threadbare coat ;
 The works of titled wits I never hear,
 Nor vengeful in my turn assault their ear.
 The tribe of grammar pedants I despise, 55
 And hence these tears of spleen and anger rise.
 I blush in grand assemblies to repeat
 My worthless works, and give such trifles weight ;

reported that the disciples of Porcius Latro, a famous master of the art of speaking, used it to imitate that paleness which he had contracted by his studies.

52 It was customary, at an election for a magistracy, to make a present of a suit of clothes to a voter ; but to people of low condition they sent clothes which had been worn.—*San.*

Yet these professions they with wonder hear—
 “No. You reserve them for dread Cæsar’s ear; 60
 With your own beauties charm’d, you surely know
 Your verses with a honey’d sweetness flow.”
 Nor dare I rally with such dangerous folk,
 Lest I be torn to pieces for a joke,
 Yet beg they would appoint another day, 65
 A place more proper to decide the fray,
 For jests a fearful strife and anger breed,
 Whence quarrels fierce, and funeral wars proceed.

EPISTLE XX.—TO HIS BOOK.

THE poet here addresses his book, endeavouring to restrain it from going abroad, by showing it what trouble it is to undergo.

THE shops of Rome impatient to behold,
 And, elegantly polish’d, to be sold,
 You hate the tender seal, and guardian keys,
 Which modest volumes love, and fondly praise
 The public world, even sighing to be read— 5
 Unhappy book! to other manners bred,
 Indulge the fond desire with which you burn,
 Pursue your flight, yet think not to return.

But, when insulted by the critic’s scorn,
 How often shall you cry, “Ah! me forlorn!” 10
 When he shall throw the tedious volume by,
 Nor longer view thee with a lover’s eye.

If rage mislead not my prophetic truth,
 Rome shall admire, while you can charm with youth,
 But soon as vulgar hands thy beauty soil, 15
 The moth shall batten on the silent spoil,
 To Afric sent, or packeted to Spain,
 Our colonies of wits to entertain.

This shall thy fond adviser laughing see,
 As, when his ass was obstinate like thee, 20
 The clown in vengeance push’d him down the hill:
 For who would save an ass against his will?

At last thy stammering age in suburb schools
Shall toil in teaching boys their grammar rules :
But when in evening mild the list'ning tribe 25
Around thee throng, thy master thus describe ;
A freedman's son, with moderate fortune bless'd,
Who boldly spread his wings beyond his nest ;
Take from my birth, but to my virtue give
This honest praise, that I with freedom live 30
With all that Rome in peace and war calls great.
Of lowly stature ; fond of summer's heat,
And gray before my time. At sense of wrong
Quick in resentment, but it lasts not long.
Let them who ask my age be frankly told 35
That I was forty-four Decembers old
When Lollius chose with Lepidus to share
The power and honours of the consul's chair.

BOOK II.

EPISTLE I.—TO AUGUSTUS.

THE poet eulogizes Augustus: he then treats copiously of poetry, its origin, character, and excellence.

WHILE you alone sustain th' important weight
Of Rome's affairs, so various and so great ;
While you the public weal with arms defend,
Adorn with morals, and with laws amend ;
Shall not the tedious letter prove a crime, 5
That steals one moment of our Cæsar's time ?

Rome's founder, Leda's twins, the god of wine,
By human virtues raised to power divine,
While they with pious cares improved mankind,
To various states their proper bounds assign'd, 10
Commanded war's destroying rage to cease,
And bless'd their cities with the arts of peace,
Complam'd their virtues and their toils could raise
But slight returns of gratitude and praise.

Who crush'd the Hydra, when to life renew'd, 15
And monsters dire with fated toil subdued,
Found that the monster envy never dies
Till low in equal death her conqueror lies ;
For he who soars to an unwonted height,
Oppressive dazzles, with excess of light, 20
The arts beneath him : yet, when dead, shall prove
An object worthy of esteem and love.
Yet Rome to thee her living honours pays :
By thee we swear, to thee our altars raise,
While we confess no prince so great, so wise, 25
Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.

But when your people raise their Cæsar's name
Above the Greek and Roman chiefs in fame,

In this one instance they are just and wise,
 Yet other things they view with other eyes; 30
 With cold contempt they treat the living bard;
 The dead alone can merit their regard.

To elder bards so lavish of applause,
 They love the language of our ancient laws:
 On Numa's hymns with holy rapture pore, 35
 And turn our mouldy records o'er and o'er,
 Then swear transported, that the sacred Nine
 Pronounced on Alba's top each hallow'd line.

But if, because the world with justice pays
 To the first bards of Greece its grateful praise, 40
 In the same scale our poets must be weigh'd,
 To such disputes what answer can be made?
 Since we have gain'd the height of martial fame,
 Let us in peaceful arts assert our claim;
 The anointed Greeks no longer shall excel, 45
 And neither wrestle, sing, or paint so well.

But let me ask, since poetry, like wine,
 Is taught by time to mellow and refine,
 When shall th' immortal bard begin to live?
 Say, shall a hundred years completely give 50
 Among your ancients a full right of claim,
 Or with the worthless moderns fix his name?
 Some certain point should finish the debate,
 "Then let him live a hundred years complete."

What if we take a year, a month, a day, 55
 From this judicious sum of fame away,
 Shall he among the ancients rise to fame,
 Or sink with moderns to contempt and shame?

"Among the ancients let the bard appear,
 Though younger by a month, or even a year." 60
 I take the grant, and by degrees prevail,
 (For hair by hair I pull the horse's tail)
 And while I take them year by year away,
 Their subtil heaps of arguments decay;
 Who judge by annals, nor approve a line, 65
 Till death has made the poetry divine.

"Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wise,
 Another Homer in the critic's eyes,
 Forgets his promise, now secure of fame,
 And heeds no more his Pythagoric dream. 70
 No longer Nævius or his plays remain :
 Yet we remember every pleasing scene ;
 So much can time its awful sanction give
 In sacred fame to bid a poem live.

"Whate'er disputes of ancient poets rise, 75
 In some one excellence their merit lies :
 What depth of learning old Pacuvius shows !
 With strong sublime the page of Accius glows ;
 Menander's comic robe Afranius wears ;
 Plautus as rapid in his plots appears 80
 As Epicharmus ; Terence charms with art,
 And grave Cæcilius sinks into the heart.
 These are the plays to which our people crowd,
 Till the throng'd playhouse crack with the dull load.
 These are esteemed the glories of the stage, 85
 From the first drama to the present age."

Sometimes the crowd a proper judgment makes,
 But oft they labour under gross mistakes ;
 As when their ancients lavishly they raise
 Above all modern rivalship of praise. 90
 But that sometimes their style uncouth appears,
 Or their harsh numbers rudely hurt our ears ;
 Or that full flatly flows the languid line—
 He, who owns this, hath Jove's assent and mine.

Think not I mean in vengeance to destroy 95
 The works for which I smarted when a boy.
 But when as perfect models they are praised,
 Correct and chaste, I own I stand amazed.

67 Ennius, who boasted himself another Homer, who when alive was anxious to preserve this mighty character, is no longer disquieted about his reputation. Death has consecrated his name to posterity ; the critics confirm his title ; his promises are fulfilled, and his opinion of a transmigration of souls is no longer a dream, as his enemies pretend.—*Porphyrio*.

'Then if some better phrase, or happier line,
 With sudden lustre unexpected shine, 100
 However harsh the rugged numbers roll,
 It stamps a price and merit on the whole.

I feel my honest indignation rise
 When, with affected air, a coxcomb cries,
 "The work, I own, has elegance and ease; 105
 But sure no modern should presume to please:"
 Then for his favourite ancients dares to claim
 Not pardon only, but rewards and fame.

When flowers o'erspread the stage, and sweets
 perfume

The crowded theatre, should I presume 110
 The just success of Atta's plays to blame,
 The senate would pronounce me lost to shame.

What! criticise the scenes that charm'd the age
 When Æsop and when Roscius trod the stage!
 Whether too fond of their peculiar taste, 115

Or that they think their age may be disgraced,
 Should they, with awkward modesty, submit
 To younger judges in the cause of wit,
 Or own, that it were best, provoking truth!
 In age t' unlearn the learning of their youth. 120

He, to whom Numa's hymns appear divine,
 Although his ignorance be great as mine,
 Not to th' illustrious dead his homage pays,
 But envious robs the living of their praise.
 Did Greece, like Rome, her moderns disregard, 125
 How had she now possess'd one ancient bard?
 When she beheld her wars in triumph cease,
 She soon grew wanton in the arms of peace;

111 Perfumed waters were scattered through the Roman theatres, and the stage was covered with flowers, to which Horace pleasantly alludes when he supposes the plays of Atta limping over the stage like their lame author. Titus Quintius had the surname of Atta given him, which signifies a man who walks on tiptoe. We are obliged to Scaliger for discovering the beauty of this passage.

Now she with rapture views th' Olympic games,
 And now the sculptor's power her breast inflames ;
 Sometimes, with ravish'd soul and ardent gaze, 131
 The painter's art intensely she surveys ;
 Now hears, transported, music's pleasing charms,
 And now the tragic muse her passions warms.
 • Thus a fond girl, her nurse's darling joy, 135
 Now seeks impatient, and now spurns her toy :
 For what can long our pain or pleasure raise ?
 Such are the effects of happiness and ease.

For many an age our fathers entertain'd
 Their early clients, and the laws explain'd : 140
 Instructed them their cautious wealth to lend,
 While youth was taught with reverence to attend,
 And hear the old point out their prudent ways
 To calm their passions, and their fortunes raise.

Now the light people bend to other aims ; 145
 A lust of scribbling every breast inflames ;
 Our youth, our senators, with bays are crown'd,
 And rhymes eternal at our feasts go round.
 Even I, who verse and all its works deny,
 Can faithless Parthia's lying sons outlie ; 150
 And, ere the rising sun displays his light,
 I call for tablets, papers, pens, and—write.

A pilot only dares a vessel steer ;
 A doubtful drug unlicensed doctors fear ;
 Musicians are to sounds alone confined, 155
 And each mechanic hath his trade assign'd ;
 But every desperate blockhead dares to write ;
 Verse is the trade of every living wight.

And yet this wandering phrensy of the brain
 Hath many a gentle virtue in its train. 160
 No cares of wealth a poet's heart control ;
 Verse is the only passion of the soul.
 He laughs at losses, flight of slaves, or fires ;
 No wicked scheme his honest heart inspires
 To hurt his pupil, or his friend betray ; 165
 Brown bread and roots his appetite allay ;

And though unfit for war's tumultuous trade,
 In peace his gentle talents are display'd,
 If you allow that things of trivial weight
 May yet support the grandeur of a state. 170

He forms the infant's tongue to firmer sound,
 Nor suffers vile obscenity to wound
 His tender ears. Thén with the words of truth
 Corrects the passions, and the pride of youth.
 Th' illustrious dead, who fill his sacred page, 175
 Shine forth examples to each rising age ;
 The languid hour of poverty he cheers,
 And the sick wretch his voice of comfort hears.

Did not the muse inspire the poet's lays,
 How could our youthful choir their voices raise 180
 In prayer harmonious, while the gods attend,
 And gracious bid the fruitful shower descend ;
 Avert their plagues, dispel each hostile fear,
 And with glad harvests crown the wealthy year ?
 Thus can the sound of all melodious lays 185
 Th' offended powers of heaven and hell appease.

Our ancient swains, of vigorous, frugal kind,
 At harvest-home used to unbend the mind
 With festal sports ; those sports, that bade them
 bear,
 With cheerful hopes, the labours of the year. 190
 Their wives and children shared their hours of
 mirth,
 Who shared their toils ; when to the goddess Earth
 Grateful they sacrificed a teeming swine,
 And poured the milky bowl at Sylvan's shrine.
 Then to the genius of their fleeting hours, 195
 Mindful of life's short date, they offer'd wine and
 flowers.

Here, in alternate verse, with rustic jest
 The clowns their awkward raillery express'd ;
 And as the year brought round the jovial day,
 Freely they sported, innocently gay, 200
 Till cruel wit was turned to open rage,
 And dared the noblest families engage.

When some, who by its tooth envenom'd bled,
 Complain'd aloud, and others struck with dread,
 Though yet untouch'd, as in a public cause, 205
 Implored the just protection of the laws,
 Which from injurious libels wisely guard
 Our neighbour's fame; and now the prudent bard,
 Whom the just terrors of the lash restrain,
 To pleasure and instruction turns his vein. 210

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive
 arts,
 She triumph'd o'er her savage conquerors' hearts;
 Taught our rough verse its numbers to refine,
 And our rude style with elegance to shine.
 And yet some traces of this rustic vein 215
 For a long age remain'd, and still remain.
 For it was late before our bards inquired
 How the dramatic muse her Greeks inspired;
 How Æschylus and Thespis form'd the stage,
 And what improved the Sophoclean page. 220
 Then to their favourite pieces we applied,
 Proud to translate, nor unsuccessful tried;
 For ardent and sublime our native vein,
 It breathes the spirit of the tragic scene,
 And dares successful; but the Roman muse 225
 Disdains, or fears, the painful file to use.

Because the comic poet forms his plays
 On common life, they seem a work of ease;
 But if he less indulgence must expect,
 Sure he should labour to be more correct. 230
 Even Plautus ill sustains a lover's part,
 A frugal sire's, or wily pander's art.
 Dossennus slipshod shambles o'er the scene,
 Buffoons, with hungry jests, his constant train;
 For gold was all their aim, and then the play 235
 Might stand or fall—indifferent were they.

He, who on glory's airy chariot tries
 To mount the stage, full often lives and dies.
 A cold spectator chills the bard to death,
 But one warm look recalls his fleeting breath. 240

Such light, such trivial things depress or raise
A soul that feels this avarice of praise.

Farewell the stage ; for humbly I disclaim
Such fond pursuits of pleasure or of fame,
If I must sink in shame, or swell with pride, 245
As the gay palm is granted or denied ;
And sure the bard, though resolutely bold,
Must quit the stage, or tremble to behold
The little vulgar of the clamorous pit,
Though void of honour, virtue, sense, or wit, 250
When his most interesting scenes appear,
Call for a prize-fight or a baited bear ;
And should the knights forbid their dear delight,
They rise tumultuous, and prepare for fight.

But even our knights from wit and genius fly 255
To pageant shows, that charm the wandering eye.
Drawn are the scenes, and lo ! for many an hour
Wide o'er the stage the flying squadrons pour.
Then kings in chains confess the fate of war,
And weeping queens attend the victors car. 260
Chairs, coaches, carts, in rattling rout are roll'd,
And ships of mighty bulk their sails unfold.
At last the model of some captive towns,
In ivory built, the splendid triumph crowns.

Sure, if Democritus were yet on earth, 265
Whether a beast of mix'd and monstrous birth
Bid them with gaping admiration gaze,
Or a white elephant their wonder raise,
The crowd would more delight the laughing sage
Than all the farce, and follies of the stage ; 270
To think, that asses should in judgment sit,
In solid deafness, on the works of wit.
For where's the voice so strong, as to confound
The shouts with which our theatres resound ?
Loud, as when surges lash the Tuscan shore, 275
Or mountain-forests with a tempest roar,
So loud the people's cries when they behold
The foreign arts of luxury and gold ;

And if an actor is but richly dress'd,
 Their joy is in repeated claps express'd. 280
 But has he spoken? No. Then whence arose
 That loud applause? His robe with purple glows.

Though I attempt not the dramatic muse,
 Let me not seem malignant, to refuse
 The praises due to those, who with success 285
 Have tried this way to fame; for I confess
 He gives a desperate trial of his art
 Who with imagined woes can wring my heart;
 To pity sooth me, or to anger warm,
 Or with false fears my panting breast alarm; 290
 Then, like a sorcerer, my rapt spirit bear
 To Athens, or to Thebes, and fix it there.

But let the bards some little care engage,
 Who dare not trust the rough, contemptuous stage,
 Yet to the reader's judgment would submit, 295
 If you would offer to the god of wit
 Such volumes as his best protection claim;
 Or would you warm them in pursuit of fame,
 Bid them the hills of Helicon ascend,
 Where ever green the flowery lawns extend. 300

Yet into sad mishaps we poets fall,
 (I own the folly's common to us all)
 When, to present the labours of our muse,
 Your hours of business, or repose we choose; 305
 When even the manly freedom of our friends,
 Who blame one verse, our tenderness offends;
 When we, unask'd, some favourite lines repeat,
 Complaining that our toils, how wondrous great!
 Are unobserved—that subtilty of thought, 310
 That fine-spun thread, with which our poem's
 wrought:

Or when we hope, that soon as Cæsar knows
 That we can rhymes abundantly compose,
 Our fortune's made: he shall to court invite
 Our bashful muse, compelling us to write. 315

Yet is it thine, oh Cæsar, to inquire
 How far thy virtue can her priests inspire,

In peace or war, to sing her hero's fame,
Nor trust to worthless bards the sacred theme.

Dan Chœrilus was poet laureat made 320
By Philip's conquering son, who bounteous paid
The gold, on which his father's image shines,
For misbegotten and unshapen lines ;
And yet as ink the spotless hand defiles,
So our fair fame a wretched scribbler soils. 325

Yet the same monarch, who thus dearly paid
For worthless rhymes, a solemn edict made,
That none but famed Apelles dare to trace,
In desperate colours, his imperial face ;
And that Lysippus should presume alone 330
To mould great Ammon's son in brass or stone,
Then take this critic in the arts, that lie
Beneath the power and judgment of the eye
Take him to books, and poetry, you'll swear
This king was born in thick Bœotian air. 335

But never, sir, shall your judicious taste
By Virgil, or by Varius be disgraced,
For to your bounty they shall grateful raise
A deathless monument of fame and praise ;
Nor form'd in brass with more expression shines 340
The hero's face, than in the poet's lines
His life and manners ; nor would Horace choose
These low and grovelling numbers, could his muse
The rapid progress of your arms pursue ;
Paint distant lands and rivers to the view, 345
Up the steep mountain with thy war ascend,
Storm the proud fort, and bid the nations bend ;
Or bid fell war's destructive horrors cease,
And shut up Janus in eternal peace,
While Parthia bows beneath the Roman name, 350
And yields her glories to our prince's fame.

But Cæsar's majesty would sure refuse
The feeble praises of my lowly muse,
Nor I, with conscious modesty, should dare
Attempt a subject I want strength to bear ; 355

For sure a foolish fondness of the heart,
 At least in rhyming and the muse's art,
 Hurts whom it loves; for quickly we discern,
 With ease remember, and with pleasure learn,
 Whate'er may ridicule and laughter move, 360
 Not what deserves our best esteem and love.

'All such provoking fondness I disclaim,
 Nor wish to stand exposed to public shame
 In wax work form'd, with horrible grimace,
 Nor in splay-footed rhymes to show my face; 365
 Blushing the fulsome present to receive,
 And with my author be condemned to live;
 Perhaps, in the same open basket laid,
 Down to the street together be convey'd,
 Where pepper, odours, frankincense are sold, 370
 And all small wares in wretched rhymes enroll'd.

EPISTLE II.—TO JULIUS FLORUS.

IN apologizing for having neglected to write, the poet shows that the well ordering of life is of more importance than the composition of verses.

FLORUS, the friend of Nero, good and brave,
 Suppose a merchant, who would sell a slave,
 Should thus address you: "Sir, the boy's complete
 From head to foot, and elegantly neat:
 He shall be yours for fifty pounds. He plays 5
 The vassal's part, and at a nod obeys
 His master's will—then for the Grecian tongue
 He has a taste—so pliable and young,
 Like clay, well temper'd with informing skill,
 He may be moulded to what shape you will. 10
 His notes are artless, but his voice is fine,
 To entertain you o'er a glass of wine.
 He sinks in credit who attempts to raise
 His venal wares with overrating praise,

To put them off his hands. My wants are none ; 15
 My stock is little, but that stock my own.
 No common dealer, sir, would sell a slave
 On equal terms, nor should another have
 So good a bargain. Guilty of one slip,
 It seems, and fearful of the pending whip, 20
 I own he loiter'd once. The money pay ;
 The lad is only apt to run away."

I think he safely may the sum enjoy ;
 You knew his failing, and would buy the boy :
 The form was legal, yet you still dispute 25
 The sale, and plague him with an endless suit.

I told you, frankly told you, ere you went,
 That I was grown most strangely indolent.
 No longer fit for offices like these,
 Lest my not writing might my friends displease ; 30
 But what avails whatever I can say,
 If you demur against so just a plea ?
 Besides, you murmur, that my muse betrays
 Your expectations in her promised lays.

A common soldier, who by various toils 35
 And perils gain'd a competence in spoils,
 At night fatigued, while he supinely snored,
 Lost to a farthing his collected hoard.
 This roused his rage, in vengeance for his pelf,
 Against the foe, nor less against himself. 40

A very ravenous wolf, with craving maw,
 With hungry teeth and wide devouring jaw,
 He charged with fury, as the folks report,
 Scaled the high wall, and sack'd a royal fort,
 Replete with various wealth : for this renown'd, 45
 His name is honour'd, and his courage crown'd ;
 Besides, in money he receives a meed,
 A sum proportion'd to the glorious deed.

His chief soon after purposing to form
 Another siege, and take a town by storm, 50
 Began to rouse this desperado's fire
 With words, that might a coward's heart inspire :

“Go, my brave friend, where fame and honour call;
Go; with successful courage mount the wall,
And reap fresh honours with an ample prize:— 55
What stops your course?” The rustic shrewd re-
plies:

“An’t please you, captain, let another trudge it,
The man may venture who has lost his budget.”

It chanced, at Rome, that I was early taught
What woes to Greece enraged Achilles wrought; 60
Indulgent Athens then improved my parts
With some small tincture of ingenuous arts,
Fair truth from falsehood to discern, and rove
In search of wisdom through the museful grove.
But, lo! the time, destructive to my peace, 65
Me rudely ravish’d from that charming place;
The rapid tide of civil war amain
Swept into arms, unequal to sustain
The might of Cæsar. Dread Philippi’s field
First clipt my wings, and taught my pride to yield. 70
My fortune ruin’d, blasted all my views,
Bold hunger edged, and want inspired my muse.
But say, what dose could purify me, bless’d
With store sufficient, should I break my rest
To scribble verse? The waning years apace 75
Steal off our thoughts, and rife every grace.
Alas! already have they snatch’d away
My jokes, my loves, my revellings, and play.
They strive to wrest my poems from me too,
Instruct me then what method to pursue. 80
In short, the race of various men admire
As various numbers: thee the softer lyre
Delights: this man approves the tragic strain;
That joys in Bion’s keen, satiric vein.
I have three guests invited to a feast, 85
And all appear to have a different taste.

84 Bion imitated Archilochus and Hipponax in his satirical poems. He wrote a criticism on Homer.

What shall I give them ? What shall I refuse ?
 What one dislikes, the other two shall choose :
 And even the very dish you like the best,
 Is acid or insipid to the rest. 90

Besides, at Rome, amid its toils and cares,
 Think you that I can write harmonious airs ?
 One bids me be his bail ; another prays
 That I would only listen to his lays,
 And leave all business ; more to raise your wonder,
 Although they live the length of Rome asunder, 96
 Yet both must be obey'd and here you see
 A special distance—" But the streets are free,
 And, while you walk, with flowing fancy fraught,
 Nothing occurs to disconcert a thought." 100

Here furious drives a bullock with his team ;
 An engine there upheaves the lengthen'd beam,
 Or ponderous stone ; here jostling wagons jar
 With mournful hearses in tumultuous war :
 Hence runs a maddening dog with baneful ire . 105
 Thence a vile pig, polluted with the mire.
 Go then, and bustle through the noisy throng,
 Invoke the muse, and meditate the song.

The tribe of writers, to a man, admire
 The peaceful grove, and from the town retire, 110
 Clients of Bacchus, indolent they dose
 Beneath the shade, and court its calm repose.
 How then in noise unceasing tune the lay,
 Or tread where others hardly find their way ?

A genius who, in Athens' calm retreat, 115
 Had studied hard his seven long years complete,
 Now, waxen old in discipline and books,
 Abroad he comes, with pale and meager looks ;
 Dumb as a statue, slow he stalks along,
 And shakes with laughter loud the gazing throng.
 What then—at Rome ; in this tumultuous town, 121
 Toss'd by the noisy tempest up and down,
 Can I, though even the willing muse inspire,
 Adapt her numbers to the sounding lyre ?

A wight there was, for rhetoric renown'd, 125
 Whose brother was a lawyer most profound;
 In mutual praise all honours were their own,
 And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius shone.
 What mulder phrensy goads the rhyming train?
 Mine is the lyre ; in elegiac strain 130
 He soothes the soul. A wondrous work is mine !
 And his—was surely polish'd by the Nine !

With what an air of true poetic pride
 And high disdain, we view from side to side
 Apollo's temple, as if we ourselves, 135
 And none but we, should fill the vacant shelves !
 Then follow farther, if your time permits,
 And at a distance hear these mighty wits ;
 How far entitled to this mutual praise,
 Which freely gives, and arrogates the bays. 140
 Like gladiators, who, by candle-light,
 Prolong the combat, for with foils they fight ;
 With mimic rage we rush upon the foe,
 Wounded, we wound, and measure blow for blow.
 Alcaeus I in his opinion shine, 145
 He soars a new Callimachus in mine ;
 Or if Munnermus be his nobler fame,
 He struts and glories in the darling name.

Much I endured, when writing I would bribe
 The public voice, and soothe the fretful tribe 150
 Of rival poets. Now my rhyming heat
 Is cool'd, and reason reassumes her seat,
 I boldly bar mine ears against the breed
 Of babbling bards, who without mercy read.

Bad poets ever are a standing jest, 155
 But they rejoice, and, in their folly bless'd,
 Admire themselves ; nay, though you silent sit,
 They bless themselves in wonder at their wit.
 But he who studies masterly to frame
 A finish'd piece, and build an honest fame, 160
 Acts to himself the friendly critic's part,
 And proves his genius by the rules of art,

Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,
 Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure
 Immortal honour, though the words give way 165
 With warm reluctance, and by force obey ;
 Though yet enshrined within his desk they stand,
 And claim a sanction from his parent hand.

As from the treasure of a latent mine,
 Long darken'd words he shall with art refine ; 170
 Bring into light, to dignify his page,
 The nervous language of a former age,
 Used by the Catos, and Cethegus old,
 Though now deform'd with dust, and cover'd o'er
 with mould.

New words he shall endenizen, which use 175
 Shall authorize, and currently produce ;
 Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,
 Like a pure river, through his flowing song
 Shall pour the riches of his fancy wide,
 And bless his Latium with a vocal tide ; 180
 Prune the luxuriant phrase ; the rude refine,
 Or blot the languid and unsinew'd line.
 Yet hard he labours for this seeming ease ;
 As art, not nature, makes our dancers please.
 A stupid scribbler let me rather seem, 185
 While of my faults with dear delight I deem
 Or not perceive, than sing no mortal strain,
 And bear this toil, this torture of the brain.

At Argos lived a citizen, well known,
 Who long imagined that he heard the tone 190
 Of deep tragedians on an empty stage,
 And sat applauding in ecstatic rage ;
 In other points a person, who maintain'd
 A due decorum, and a life unstain'd,
 A worthy neighbour, and a friend sincere, 195
 Kind to his wife, nor to his slaves severe,
 Nor prone to madness, though the felon's fork
 Defaced the signet of a bottle cork ;

198 The Romans generally sealed a full bottle, to prevent their

"And wise to shun (well knowing which was which)
 The rock high pendent, and the yawning ditch. 200
 He, when his friends, at much expense and pains,
 Had amply purged with hellebore his brains,
 Came to himself—"Ah ' cruel friends '" he cried,
 "Is this to save me? Better far have died,
 Than thus be robbed of pleasure so refined, 205
 The dear delusion of a raptured mind."

'Tis wisdom's part to bid adieu to toys,
 And yield amusements to the taste of boys,
 Not the soft sound of empty words admire,
 Or model measures to the Roman lyre, 210
 But learn such strains and rhapsodies, as roll
 Tuneful through life, and harmonize the soul.

Thus, when alone, I commune with my heart,
 And silent meditate this nobler art;
 If no repletion from the limpid stream 215
 Allay'd the burnings of your thirsty flame,
 You strait would tell the doctor your distress,
 And is there none to whom you dare confess,
 That, in proportion to your growing store,
 Your lust of lucre is inflamed the more? 220
 If you were wounded, and your wound imbibed
 No soothing ease from roots or herbs prescribed,
 You would avoid such medicines, be sure,
 As roots and herbs, that could effect no cure.

But have you heard that folly flies apace 225
 From him whom heaven hath gifted with the grace
 Of happy wealth, and though you have aspired
 Not more to wisdom, since you first acquired
 A fund, yet will you listen to no rule,
 But that from fortune's insufficient school? 230
 Could riches add but prudence to your years,
 Restrain your wishes, and abate your fears,

slaves from stealing the wine. From whence Persius says he
 will never touch a bottle of bad wine with his nose, as misers try
 whether the seal be unbroken.

You then might blush with reason, if you knew
One man on earth more covetous than you.

If that be yours, for which you fairly told 235
The price concluded, (and as lawyers hold,
In some things use a property secures,)
The land which feeds you must of course be yours.
Your neighbour's bailiff, who manures the fields,
And sows the corn, which your provision yields, 240
Finds in effect, that he is but your slave :
You give your coin, and in return receive
Fowls, eggs, and wine ; and thus it will be found
That you have bought insensibly the ground,
The fee of which to purchasers before, 245
Perhaps, had been two thousand pounds or more ;
For what avails it in a life well pass'd,
At first to pay the purchase, or at last ?
The frugal man, who purchased two estates,
Yet buys the pot-herbs which his worship eats, 250
Though he thinks not : this tyrant of the soil
Buys the mere wood, which makes his kettle boil ;
And yet he calls that length of land his own
From which the poplar, fix'd to limits known,
Cuts off disputes, as if he had the power 255
Of that, which in the moment of an hour
By favour, purchase, force, or fate's commands,
May change its lord, and fall to other hands.

Since thus no mortal properly can have
A lasting tenure ; and, as wave o'er wave, 260
Heir comes o'er heir, what pleasure can afford
Thy peopled manors, and increasing hoard ?
Or what avails it, that your fancy roves
To join Lucanian to Calabrian groves,
Inflexible to gold if rigid fate 265
Mows down, at once, the little and the great ?

Gems, marble, ivory, vases, sculptured high,
Plate, pictures, robes, that drink the 'Tyrian die,
These are the general wish ; yet sure there are 269
Who neither have, nor think them worth their care.

Sauntering, perfumes, and baths, one brother loves
 Beyond the wealth of Herod's palmy groves ;
 Though rich the other, yet with ceaseless toil,
 Anxious he burns, ploughs, tames the stubborn soil.
 But whence these various inclinations rose 275
 The God of human nature only knows :

• That mystic genius, which our actions guides,
 Attends our stars, and o'er our lives presides ;
 Whose power appears propitious or malign,
 Stamp'd on each face, and varied through each line.

Be mine, my little fortune to enjoy ; 281

A moderate pittance on myself employ,
 Nor fear the censure of my thankless heir,
 That I have left too little to his share ;
 And yet the wide distinction would I scan 285

Between an open, hospitable man,
 And prodigal ; the frugalist secure,
 And miser, pinch'd with penury ; for sure
 It differs, whether you profusely spend
 Your wealth, or never entertain a friend ; 290

Or, wanting prudence, like a play-day boy
 Blindly rush on to catch the flying joy.
 Avert, ye gods, avert the loathsome load
 Of want inglorious, and a vile abode !
 To me are equal, so they bear their charge, 295
 The little pinnacle, and the lofty barge.

Nor am I wafted by the swelling gales
 Of winds propitious, with expanded sails,
 Nor yet exposed to tempest-bearing strife,
 Adrift to struggle through the waves of life, 300
 Last of the first, first of the last in weight,
 Parts, vigour, person, virtue, birth, estate.

You are not covetous : be satisfied.
 But are you tainted with no vice beside ?

272 Judea was famous for its woods of palms, from whence Herod drew a considerable revenue. He began to reign in 717 : he reigned thirty-three years, and died in 750, between the 13th and 28th of March, three months after the birth of our Saviour — *Sanadon.*

From vain ambition, dread of death's decree, 305
And fell resentment, is thy bosom free ?
Say, can you laugh indignant at the schemes
Of magic terrors, visionary dreams,
Portentous wonders, witching imps of hell,
The nightly goblin, and enchanting spell ? 310
Can you recount with gratitude and mirth
The day revolved that gave thy being birth,
Indulge the failings of thy friends, and grow
More mild and virtuous, as thy seasons flow ?
Pluck out one thorn to mitigate thy pain, 315
What boots it, while so many more remain ?
Or act with just propriety your part,
Or yield to those of elegance and art.
Already glutted with a farce of age,
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage, 320
Lest youth, more decent in their follies, scoff
The nauseous scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

THE ART OF POETRY.

THE ART OF POETRY.

SUPPOSE a painter to a human head
Should join a horse's neck, and wildly spread
The various plumage of the feather'd kind
O'er limbs of different beasts, absurdly join'd ; 5
Or if he gave to view a beauteous maid
Above the waist with every charm array'd,
Should a foul fish her lower parts enfold,
Would you not laugh such pictures to behold ?
Such is the book, that like a sick man's dreams, 10
Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes.
"Painters and poets our indulgence claim,
Their daring equal, and their art the same."
I own th' indulgence—such I give and take ;
But not through nature's sacred rules to break,
Monstrous to mix the cruel and the kind, 15
Serpents with birds, and lambs with tigers join'd.
Your opening promises some great design,
And shreds of purple with broad lustre shine
Sew'd on your poem. Here in labour'd strain
A sacred grove, or fair Diana's fane 20
Rises to view ; there through delicious meads
A murmuring stream its winding water leads ;
Here pours the rapid Rhine ; the wat'ry bow
There bends its colours, and with pride they glow.
Beauties they are, but beauties out of place ; 25
For though your talent be to paint with grace
A mournful cypress, would you pour its shade
O'er the tempestuous deep, if you were paid



To paint a sailor, mid the winds and waves,
When on a broken plank his life he saves? 30

Why will you thus a mighty vase intend,
If in a worthless bowl your labours end?
Then learn this wandering humour to control,
And keep one equal tenour through the whole.

But oft our greatest errors take their rise 35
From our best views. I strive to be concise;
I prove obscure. My strength, my fire decays,
When in pursuit of elegance and ease.

Aiming at greatness, some to fustian soar;
Some in cold safety creep along the shore, 40
Too much afraid of storms; while he, who tries
With ever-varying wonders to surprise,
In the broad forest bids his dolphins play,
And paints his boars disporting in the sea.
Thus, injudicious, while one fault we shun, 45
Into its opposite extreme we run.

One happier artist of th' Æmilian square,
Who graves the nails, and forms the flowing hair,
Though he excels in every separate part,
Yet fails of just perfection in his art, 50
In one grand whole unknowing to unite
Those different parts; and I no more would write
Like him, than with a nose of hideous size
Be gazed at for the finest hair and eyes.

Examine well, ye writers, weigh with care, 55
What suits your genius; what your strength can
bear.

To him, who shall his theme with judgment choose,
Nor words, nor method shall their aid refuse.
In this, or I mistake, consists the grace,
And force of method to assign a place 60
For what with present judgment we should say,
And for some happier time the rest delay.

Would you to fame a promised work produce,
Be delicate and cautious in the use
And choice of words; nor shall you fail of praise, 65
When nicely joining two known words you raise

A third unknown. A new-discover'd theme
 For those, unheard in ancient times, may claim
 A just and ample license, which, if used
 With fair discretion, never is refused. 70

New words, and lately made, shall credit claim,
 If from a Grecian source they gently stream
 For Virgil sure, and Varius, may receive
 That kind indulgence, which the Romans gave
 To Plautus and Cæcilius : or shall I 75
 Be envied, if my little fund supply
 Its frugal wealth of words, since bards, who sung
 In ancient days, enrich'd their native tongue
 With large increase ? An undisputed power
 Of coining money from the rugged ore, 80
 Nor less of coining words, is still confess'd,
 If with a legal, public stamp impress'd.

As when the forest, with the bending year,
 First sheds the leaves which earliest appear,
 So an old age of words maturely dies, 85
 Others new-born in youth and vigour rise.

We and our noblest works to fate must yield ;
 Even Cæsar's mole, which royal pride might build,
 Where Neptune far into the land extends,
 And from the raging north our fleets defends ; 90
 That barren marsh, whose cultivated plain
 Now gives the neighbouring towns its various grain ;
 Tiber, who taught a better current, yields
 To Cæsar's power, nor deluges our fields ;
 All these must perish, and shall words presume 95
 To hold their honours, and immortal bloom ?
 Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie ;
 Others, in present credit, soon shall die,
 If custom will, whose arbitrary sway,
 Words, and the forms of language, must obey. 100

By Homer taught, the modern poet sings,
 In epic strains, of heroes, wars, and kings.
 Unequal measures first were tuned to flow
 • Sadly expressive of the lover's wo ;

But now, to gayer subjects form'd, they move 105
 In sounds of pleasure, to the joys of love :
 By whom invented, critics yet contend,
 And of their vain disputings find no end.

Archilochus, with fierce resentment warm'd,
 Was with his own severe iambics arm'd, 110
 Whose rapid numbers, suited to the stage,
 In comic humour, or in tragic rage,
 With sweet variety were found to please,
 And taught the dialogue to flow with ease ;
 Their numerous cadence was for action fit, 115
 And form'd to quell the clamours of the pit.

The muse to nobler subjects tunes her lyre ;
 Gods, and the sons of gods, her song inspire,
 Wrestler and steed, who gain'd th' Olympic prize :
 Love's pleasing cares, and wine's unbounded joys.
 But if, through weakness, or my want of art, 121
 I can't to every different style impart
 The proper strokes and colours it may claim,
 Why am I honour'd with a poet's name ?
 Absurdly modest, why my fault discern, 125
 Yet rather burst in ignorance than learn ?

Nor will the genius of the comic muse
 Sublimar tones, or tragic numbers use ;
 Nor will the direful Thyestean feast
 In comic phrase and language be debased. 130
 Then let your style be suited to the scenc,
 And its peculiar character maintain.

Yet comedy sometimes her voice may raise,
 And angry Chremes rail in swelling phrase :
 As oft the tragic language humbly flows, 135
 For Telephus or Peleus, 'mid the woes
 Of poverty or exile, must complain
 In prose-like style ; must quit the swelling strain,
 And words gigantic, if with nature's art
 They hope to touch the melting hearer's heart. 140

'Tis not enough, ye writers, that ye charm
 With ease and elegance ; a play should warm

With soft concernment ; should possess the soul,
And, as it wills, the listening crowd control.

With them who laugh our social joy appears ;
With them who mourn we sympathize in tears : 146
If you would have me weep, begin the strain,
Then I shall feel your sorrows, feel your pain ;
But if your heroes act not what they say,
I sleep or laugh the lifeless scene away. 150

The varying face should every passion show,
And words of sorrow wear the look of wo ;
Let it in joy assume a vivid air ;
Fierce when in rage ; in seriousness severe :
For nature to each change of fortune forms 155
The secret soul, and all its passions warms :
Transports to rage, dilates the heart with mirth,
Wings the sad soul, and bends it down to earth.
The tongue these various movements must express ;
But, if ill-suited to the deep distress 160
His language prove, the sons of Rome engage
To laugh the unhappy actor off the stage.

Your style should an important difference make
When heroes, gods, or awful sages speak ;
When florid youth, whom gay desires inflame ; 165
A busy servant, or a wealthy dame ;
A merchant, wandering with incessant toil,
Or he, who cultivates the verdant soil ;
But if in foreign realms you fix your scene,
Their genius, customs, dialects maintain. 170

Or follow fame, or in th' invented tale
Let seeming, well-united truth prevail :
If Homer's great Achilles tread the stage,
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving rage,
Like Homer's hero, let him spurn all laws, 175
And by the sword alone assert his cause
With untamed fury let Medea glow,
And Ino's tears in ceaseless anguish flow.
From realm to realm her griefs let Io bear,
And sad Orestes rave in deep despair. 180

But if you venture on an untried theme,
 And form a person yet unknown to fame,
 From his first entrance to the closing scene,
 Let him one equal character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd fable to express, 185
 And make it seem your own. With more success
 You may from Homer take the tale of Troy,
 Than on an untried plot your strength employ.
 Yet would you make a common theme your own,
 Dwell not on incidents already known; 190
 Nor word for word translate with painful care,
 Nor be confined in such a narrow sphere,
 From whence (while you should only imitate)
 Shame and the rules forbid you to retreat.

Begin your work with modest grace and plain, 195
 Nor like the bard of everlasting strain;
 "I sing the glorious war and Priam's fate—"
 How will the boaster hold this yawning rate?
 The mountains labour'd with prodigious throes,
 And lo! a mouse ridiculous arose. 200
 Far better he, who ne'er attempts in vain,
 Opening his poem in this humble strain;
 Muse, sing the man who, after Troy subdued,
 Manners and towns of various nations view'd;
 He does not lavish at a blaze his fire, 205
 Sudden to glare, and in a smoke expire;
 But rises from a cloud of smoke to light,
 And pours his specious miracles to sight;
 Antiphates his hideous feast devours,
 Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars. 210

He would not, like our modern poet, date
 His hero's wanderings from his uncle's fate;
 Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various woes,
 From Helen's birth, from whom the war arose;
 But to the grand event he speeds his course, 215
 And bears his readers with resistless force
 Into the midst of things, while every line
 Opens, by just degrees, his whole design.

Artful he knows each circumstance to leave
Which will not grace and ornament receive : 220
Then truth and fiction with such skill he blends,
That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public judgment are the same ;
Then hear what I, and what your audience claim.
If you would keep us till the curtain fall. 225
And the last chorus for a plaudit call,
The manners must your strictest care engage,
The levities of youth and strength of age.
The child, who now with firmer footing walks,
And with unfaltering, well-form'd accents talks, 230
Loves childish sports, with causeless anger burns,
And idly pleased with every moment turns.

The youth, whose will no froward tutor bounds,
Joys in the sunny field, his horse and hounds ;
Yielding like wax, th' impressive folly bears ; 235
Rough to reproof, and slow to future caes ;
Profuse and vain ; with every passion warm'd,
And swift to leave what late his fancy charm'd.
With strength improved, the manly spirit bends
To different aims, in search of wealth and friends ;
Bold and ambitious in pursuit of fame, 241
And wisely cautious in the doubtful scheme.

A thousand ills the aged world surround,
Anxious in search of wealth, and when 'tis found,
Fearful to use what they with fear possess, 245
While doubt and dread their faculties depress.
Fond of delay, they trust in hope no more,
Listless, and fearful of th' approaching hour ;
Morose, complaining, and with tedious praise
Talking the manners of their youthful days ; 250
Severe to censure ; earnest to advise,
And with old saws the present age chastise.

The blessings flowing in with life's full tide,
Down with our ebb of life decreasing glide ;
Then let not youth or infancy engage 255
To play the parts of manhood or of age ;

For where the proper characters prevail,
We dwell with pleasure on the well-wrought tale.

The business of the drama must appear
In action or description. What we hear, 260
With weaker passion will affect the heart,
Than when the faithful eye beholds the part.
But yet let nothing on the stage be brought
Which better should behind the scenes be wrought ;
Nor force th' unwilling audience to behold 265
What may with grace and eloquence be told.
Let not Medea, with unnatural rage,
Slaughter her mangled infants on the stage ;
Nor Atreus his nefarious feast prepare,
Nor Cadmus roll a snake, nor Progne wing the air ;
For while upon such monstrous scenes we gaze, 271
They shock our faith, our indignation raise.

If you would have your play deserve success,
Give it five acts complete ; nor more, nor less ;
Nor let a god in person stand display'd, 275
Unless the labouring plot deserve his aid ;
Nor a fourth actor, on the crowded scene,
A broken, tedious dialogue maintain.

The chorus must support an actor's part ;
Defend the virtuous, and advise with art ; 280
Govern the choleric, the proud appease,
And the short feasts of frugal tables praise ;
Applaud the justice of well-govern'd states,
And peace triumphant with her open gates.
Intrusted secrets let them ne'er betray, 285
But to the righteous gods with ardour pray
That fortune with returning smiles may bless
Afflicted worth, and impious pride depress ;
Yet let their songs with apt coherence join,
Promote the plot, and aid the main design. 290

Nor was the flute at first with silver bound,
Nor rivall'd emulous the trumpet's sound :
Few were its notes, its form was simply plain,
Yet not unuseful was its feeble strain

To aid the chorus, and their songs to raise, 295
 Filling the little theatre with ease,
 To which a thin and pious audience came,
 Of frugal manners, and unsullied fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarged her state,
 And broader walls enclosed th' imperial seat, 300
 Soon as with wine grown dissolutely gay,
 Without restraint she cheer'd the festal day ;
 Then poesy in looser numbers moved,
 And music in licentious tones improved ;
 Such ever is the taste, when clown and wit, 305
 Rustic and critic, fill the crowded pit.

He, who before with modest art had play'd,
 Now call'd in wanton movements to his aid,
 Fill'd with luxurious tones the pleasing strain,
 And drew along the stage a length of train ; 310
 And thus the lyre, once awfully severe,
 Increased its strings, and sweeter charm'd the ear :
 Thus poetry precipitately flow'd,
 And with unwonted elocution glow'd ;
 Pour'd forth prophetic truths in awful strain, 315
 Dark as the language of the Delphic fane.

The tragic bard, who for a worthless prize
 Bade naked satyrs in his chorus rise,
 Though rude his mirth, yet labour'd to maintain
 The solemn grandeur of the tragic scene ; 320
 For novelty alone he knew could charm
 A lawless crowd, with wine and feasting warm.

And yet this laughing, prating tribe may raise
 Our mirth, nor shall their pleasantry displease ;
 But let the hero, or the power divine, 325
 Whom late we saw with gold and purple shine,
 Stoop not in vulgar phrase, nor yet despise
 The words of earth, and soar into the skies :
 For as a matron, on our festal days
 Obliged to dance, with modest grace obeys, 330

• 329 Young women were usually chosen to dance in honour of the gods . but in some festivals, as in that of the great goddess, the pontiffs obliged married women to dance.—*Dac.*

So should the muse her dignity maintain
Amid the satyrs, and their wanton train.

If e'er I write, no words too grossly vile
Shall shame my satyrs, and pollute my style.
Nor would I yet the tragic style forsake 335
So far, as not some difference to make
Between a slave, or vetch, too pertly bold,
Who wipes the miser of his darling gold,
And grave Silenus, with instructive nod
Giving wise lectures to his pupil god. 340

From well-known tales such fictions would I raise
As all might hope to imitate with ease ;
Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
Should find their labour, and their hopes are vain :
Such grace can order and connection give ; 345
Such beauties common subjects may receive.

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport
With amorous verses, as if bred at court ;
Nor yet with wanton jests, in mirthful vein,
Debase the language, and pollute the scene, 350
For what the crowd with lavish rapture praise
In better judges cold contempt shall raise.
Rome to her poets too much license gives,
Nor the rough cadence of their verse perceives ;
But shall I then with careless spirit write ? 355
No ! let me think my faults shall rise to light,
And then a kind indulgence will excuse
The less important errors of the muse.
Thus, though perhaps I may not merit fame,
I stand secure from censure and from shame. 360

Make the Greek authors your supreme delight ;
Read them by day, and study them by night.
" And yet our sires with joy cold Plautus hear,
Gay were his jests, his numbers charm'd their ear."
Let me not say too lavishly they praised, 365
But sure their judgment was full cheaply pleased :
If you or I with taste are haply bless'd
To know a clownish from a courtly jest ;

If skilful to discern, when form'd with ease
The modulated sounds are taught to please. 370

Thespis, inventor of the tragic art,
Carried his vagrant players in a cart :
High o'er the crowd the mimic tribe appear'd,
And play'd and sung, with lees of wine besmear'd.
Then Eschylus a decent vizard^u used ; 375

Built a low stage ; the flowing robe diffused.
In language more sublime his actors rage,
And in the graceful buskin tread the stage.
And now the ancient comedy appear'd,
Nor without pleasure and applause was heard ; 380
But soon its freedom rising to excess,
The laws were forced its boldness to suppress,
And, when no longer licensed to defame,
It sunk to silence with contempt and shame.

No path to fame our poets left untried ; 385
Nor small their merit when with conscious pride
They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied theme,
And dared to sing their own domestic fame,
With Roman heroes fill the tragic scene,
Or sport with humour in the comic vein. 390
Nor had the mistress of the world appear'd
More famed for conquest, than for wit revered,
Did we not hate the necessary toil
Of slow correction, and the painful file.

Illustrious youths, with just contempt receive, 395
Nor let the hardy poem hope to live,
Where time and full correction don't refine
The finish'd work, and polish every line.
Because Democritus in rapture cries,
" Poems of genius always bear the prize 400
From wretched works of art," and thinks that none
But brain-sick bards can taste of Helicon ;
So far his doctrine o'er the tribe prevails,
They neither shave their heads, nor pare their
nails ;

To dark retreats and solitude they run, 405
The baths avoid, and public converse shun ;

A poet's fame and fortune sure to gain,
If long their beards, incurable their brain.

Ah! luckless I! who purge in spring my spleen—
Else sure the first of bards had Horace been. 410

But shall I then in mad pursuit of fame,
Resign my reason for a poet's name?

No! let me sharpen others, as the hone
Gives edge to razors, though itself has none.

Let me the poet's worth and office show, 415
And whence his true poetic riches flow;

What forms his genius, and improves his vein;

What well or ill becomes each different scene;

How high the knowledge of his art ascends,
And to what faults his ignorance extends. 420

Good sense, the fountain of the muse's art,

Let the strong page of Socrates impart,

And if the mind with clear conceptions glow,

The willing words in just expression flow.

The poet, who with nice discernment knows 425

What to his country and his friends he owes;

How various nature warms the human breast,

To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest;

What the great offices of judges are,

Of senators, of generals sent to war; 430

He surely knows, with nice, well-judging art,

The strokes peculiar to each different part.

Keep nature's great original in view,

And thence the living images pursue;

For when the sentiments and diction please, 435

And all the characters are wrought with ease,

Your play, though void of beauty, force, and art,

Most strongly shall delight, and warm the heart,

Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,

And with sonorous trifles charms our ears. 440

To her loved Greeks the muse indulgent gave,

To her loved Greeks, with greatness to conceive,

And in sublimer tone their language raise—

Her Greeks were only covetous of praise.

Our youth, proficients in a nobler art, 445
 Divide a farthing to the hundredth part ;
 "Well done, my boy," the joyful father cries,
 "Addition and subtraction make us wise."

But when the rust of wealth pollutes the soul,
 And moneyed cares the genius thus control, 450
 How shall we dare to hope, that distant times
 With honour shall preserve our lifeless rhymes ?

Poets would profit or delight mankind,
 And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.
 Short be the precept, which with ease is gain'd 455
 By docile minds, and faithfully retain'd.
 If in dull length your moral is express'd,
 The tedious wisdom overflows the breast.
 Would you divert ¹ the probable maintain,
 Nor force us to believe the monstrous scene, 460
 That shows a child, by a fell witch devour'd,
 Dragg'd from her entrails, and to life restored.

Grave age approves the solid and the wise ;
 Gay youth from too austere a drama flies
 Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art, 465
 To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
 Shall gain all votes ; to booksellers shall raise
 No trivial fortune, and across the seas
 To distant nations spread the writer's fame,
 And with immortal honours crown his name. 470

Yet there are faults which we may well excuse,
 For oft the strings the intended sound refuse ;
 In vain his tuneful hand the master tries,
 He asks a flat, and hears a sharp arise ;
 Nor always will the bow, though famed for art, 475
 With speed unerring wing the threat'ning dart.

But where the beauties more in number shine,
 I am not angry when a casual line
 (That with some trivial faults unequal flows)
 A careless hand, or human frailty shows. 480
 But as we ne'er those scribes with mercy treat
 Who though advised, the same mistakes repeat ;

Or as we laugh at him who constant brings
 The same rude discord from the jarring strings ;
 So, if strange chance a Chœrilus inspire 485
 With some good lines, I laugh, while I admire ;
 Yet hold it for a fault I can't excuse,
 If honest Homer slumber o'er his muse ;
 Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent sleep
 O'er works of length allowably may creep. 490

Poems like pictures are ; some charm when nigh,
 Others at distance more delight your eye ;
 That loves the shade, this tempts a stronger light,
 And challenges the critic's piercing sight :
 That gives us pleasure for a single view ; 495
 And this, ten times repeated, still is new.

Although your father's precepts form your youth,
 And add experience to your taste of truth,
 Of this one maxim, Piso, be assured,
 In certain things a medium is endured. 500
 Who tries Messala's eloquence in vain,
 Nor can a knotty point of law explain
 Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,
 For pleading or advice, some right to fame ;
 But God, and man, and letter'd post denies 505
 That poets ever are of middling size.

As jarring music at a jovial feast,
 Or muddy essence, or th' ungrateful taste
 Of bitter honey, shall the guests displease,
 Because they want not luxuries like these ; 510

501 Messala Corvinus, who inherited the eloquence, as well as courage of his ancestors. A little before his death he so lost his memory, as to forget his own name.

503 Cascellius Aulus was a Roman knight, one of the greatest lawyers of his time. But his having courage to preserve his liberty in an age of universal slavery, raises his character with greater honour than all his wit and learning. The triumvirs, Lepidus, Antony, and Augustus, could not compel him to draw up their edict of proscription ; nor is it less glorious to Augustus, that a man of such a spirit of freedom should be mentioned with applause by a poet of his court.

So poems, form'd alone to yield delight,
Give deep disgust, or pleasure to the height.

The man who knows not how with art to wield
The sportive weapons of the martial field,
The bounding ball, round quoit, or whirling troque,
Will not the laughter of the crowd provoke : 516
But every desperate blockhead dares to write—
Why not ? his fortune's large to make a knight ;
The man's freeborn ; perhaps of gentle strain ;
His character and manners pure from stain. 520
But thou, dear Piso, never tempt the muse,
If wisdom's goddess shall her aid refuse ;
And when you write, let candid Metius hear,
Or try your labours on your father's ear,
Or even on mine ; but let them not come forth 525
Till the ninth ripening year mature their worth.
You may correct what in your closet lies ;
If publish'd, it irrevocably flies.

The wood-born race of men when Orpheus tamed,
From acorns and from mutual blood reclaim'd, 530
This priest divine was fabled to assuage
The tiger's fierceness, and the lion's rage.
Thus rose the Theban wall ; Amphion's lyre,
And soothing voice the list'ning stones inspire.
Poetic wisdom mark'd, with happy mean, 535
Public and private ; sacred and profane ;
The wand'ring joys of lawless love suppress'd ;
With equal rights the wedded couple bless'd :
Plann'd future towns, and instituted laws :
So verse became divine, and poets gain'd applause.

Homer, Tyrtæus, by the muse inspired, 541
To deeds of arms the martial spirit fired.
In verse the oracles divine were heard,
And nature's secret laws in verse declared ;

526 Cinna was nine years composing his poem called *Smyrna* ;
Isocrates was ten years correcting his *Panegyric* ; but Horace
does not positively limit the time, which depends on the judg-
ment and labour of each author ; for too much correction may
weaken the force, and enervate the spirit of his work — *Dac*

Monarchs were courted in Pierian strain, 545
 And comic sports relieved the wearied swain ;
 Apollo sings, the muses tune the lyre,
 'Then blush not for an art which they inspire.

'Tis long disputed, whether poets claim
 From art or nature their best right to fame ; 550
 But art, if not enrich'd by nature's vein,
 And a rude genius of uncultured strain,
 Are useless both ; but when in friendship join'd,
 A mutual succour in each other find.

A youth who hopes th' Olympic prize to gain,
 All arts must try, and every toil sustain ; 556
 Th' extremes of heat and cold must often prove,
 And shun the weakening joys of wine and love.
 Who sings the Pythic song, first learn'd to raise
 Each note distinct, and a stern master please ; 560
 But now—" Since I can write the true sublime,
 Curse catch the hindmost !" cries the man of rhyme.
 " What ! in a science own myself a fool,
 Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by rule ?"

As artful criers, at a public fair, 565
 Gather the passing crowd to buy their ware,
 So wealthy poets, when they deign to write,
 To all clear gains their flatterers invite.
 But if the feast of luxury they give,
 Bail a poor wretch, or from distress relieve, 570
 When the black fangs of law around him bend,
 How shall they know a flatterer from a friend ?

If e'er you make a present, or propose
 To grant a favour ; while his bosom glows
 With grateful sentiments of joy and praise, 575
 Never, ah ! never let him hear your lays ;
 Loud shall he cry, " How elegant ! how fine !"
 Turn pale with wonder at some happier line ;
 Distil the civil dew from either eye,
 And leap, and beat the ground in ecstasy. 580

As hirelings, paid for their funereal tear,
 Outweep the sorrows of a friend sincere,

So the false raptures of a flatterer's art
Exceed the praises of an honest heart.

Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing bowl
Search through the deep recesses of his soul, 586
Whom for their future friendship they design,
And put him to the torture in his wine ;
So try, whene'er you write, the deep disguise,
Beneath whose flattering smile false reynard lies.

Read to Quintilius, and at every line— 591
"Correct this passage, friend, and that refine."

Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—
"Haste to an anvil with your ill-form'd strain,
Or blot it out." But if you still defend 595
The favourite folly, rather than amend,
He'll say no more, no idle toil employ—

"Yourself unrivall'd, and your works enjoy."

An honest critic, when dull lines move slow,
Or harshly rude, will his resentment show ; 600
Mark every fault, and with his pen efface
What is not polish'd to its highest grace ;
Prune all ambitious ornaments away,
And teach you on th' obscure to pour the lay ;
Will mark the doubtful phrase with hand severe,
Like Aristarchus, candid and sincere : 606

Nor say, for trifles why should I displease
The man I love ? for trifles such as these
To serious mischiefs lead the man I love,
If once the flatterer's ridicule he prove. 610

From a mad poet, whosoe'er is wise,
As from a leprosy or jaundice, flies ;
Religious madness in its zealous strain,
Nor the wild phrensy of a moon-struck brain,
Are half so dreadful : yet the boys pursue him, 615
And fools, unknowing of their danger, view him.
But, heedless wandering, if our man of rhyme,
Bursting with verses of the true sublime,
Like fowler, earnest at his game, should fall
Into a well or ditch, and loudly call, 620

" Good fellow-citizens and neighbours dear,
 Help a poor bard"—not one of them will hear;
 Or if, perchance, a saving rope they throw,
 I will be there, and—" Sirs, you do not know
 But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt, 625
 Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out."

Then will I tell Empedocles's story,
 Who nobly fond of more than mortal glory,
 Fond to be deem'd a god, in madding fit
 Plunged in cold blood in Etna's fiery pit. 630
 Let bards be licensed then themselves to kill;
 'Tis murder to preserve them 'gainst their will
 But more than once this frolic he hath play'd,
 Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,
 Content to be a man; nor will his pride 635
 Lay such a glorious love of death aside.

Nor is it plain for what more horrid crime
 The gods have plagued him with this curse of
 rhyme;

Whether his father's ashes he disdain'd,
 Or hallow'd ground with sacrilege profaned: 640
 Certain he's mad, and like a baited bear,
 If he hath strength enough his den to tear,
 With all the horrors of a desperate muse
 The learned and unlearned he pursues.
 But if he seize you, then the torture dread, 645
 He fastens on you till he read you dead,
 And like a leech, voracious of his food,
 Quits not his cruel hold till gorged with blood.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

TRANSLATIONS OF VARIOUS ODES, &c.

BY

BEN JONSON, COWLEY, MILTON, DRYDEN, POPE,
ADDISON, SWIFT, BENTLEY, CHAITERTON,
G. WAKEFIELD, PORSON, BYRON, &c.

AND

BY SOME OF THE MOST EMINENT POETS OF THE PRESENT DAY.

THE ODES.—BOOK I.

ODE I.—TO MÆCENAS.

BY WILLIAM BROOME, D.D.—1743.

MÆCENAS, whose high lineage springs
From a long race of ancient kings,
Patron and friend! thy honour'd name
At once is my defence and fame.

There are, who with fond transport praise 5
The chariot thundering in the race;
Where conquest won, and palms bestow'd,
Lift the proud mortal to a god.

The man who courts the people's voice,
And dotes on offices and noise; 10
Or they who till the peaceful fields,
And reap what bounteous nature yields,
Unmoved the merchant's wealth behold,
Nor hazard happiness for gold;
Untempted by whole worlds of gain, 15
To stem the billows of the main.

The merchant, when the storm invades,
Envies the quiet of the shades;
But soon relaunches from the shore,
Dreading the crime of being poor! 20

Some careless waste the mirthful day
With generous wines and wanton play,
Indulgent of the genial hour,
By spring, or rill, or shade, or bower.

Some hear with joy the clanging jar 25
Of trumpets, that alarm to war;

While matrons tremble at the breath
 That calls their sons to arms and death.
 The sportsman, train'd in storms, defies
 The chilling blast and freezing skies; 30
 Unmindful of his bride, in vain
 Soft beauty pleads ! along the plain
 The stag he chases, or beguiles
 The furious boar into his toils.
 For you the blooming ivy grows, 35
 Proud to adorn your learned brows;
 Patron of letters you arise,
 Grow to a god, and mount the skies.
 Humbly in breezy shades I stray
 Where sylvans dance, and satyrs play; 40
 Contented to advance my claim
 Only o'er men without a name;
 Transcribing what the muses sing
 Harmonious to the pipe or string.
 But if indulgently you deign 45
 To rank me with the lyric train,
 Aloft the towering muse shall rise
 On bolder wings, and gain the skies.

ODE II.—TO AUGUSTUS.

BY ARTHUR MAYNWARING, ESQ.—1702.

Too long, alas ! with storms of hail and snow,
 Jove has chastised the world below !
 Too long his flaming arm has lightning thrown,
 And struck our blasted temples down,
 To terrify this guilty town ! 5
 Such floods of water have appear'd,
 The world a second deluge fear'd,
 Like that when Proteus drove his scaly flocks,
 To look for safety on the rocks.
 When caught in trees, where birds no longer sung,
 Expiring shoals of fishes hung; 11

And every creature of the plain,
 At once was swimming in the dreadful main.
 So have we seen destructive Tiber flow,
 And monuments of kings o'erthrow ; 15
 Nor e'en from Numa's fane retire,
 Nor fear to quench dread Vesta's fire ;
 When moved by tears which Ilia shed,
 (Ilia his wife, who mourn'd our monarch dead,
 When Cæsar, her great offspring, bled,) 20
 Back from the Tuscan shore his waves he drove,
 With passions greater than a husband's love,
 And took too much revenge on Rome,
 Preserved by Jove for his superior doom.

Next, we are punished with a civil war, 25
 For which we fatal arms prepare.
 Those arms, that should have bravely kill'd
 The haughty Persians in some foreign field,
 Fought battles here ; and, in succeeding times,
 Our youth will hear, astonish'd at our crimes, 30
 That Roman armies Romans slew ;
 Our youth, alas ! will then be few.

What god's protection shall our people crave,
 The falling state of Rome to save ?
 What moving song shall holy maids prepare ? 35
 To whom will Jove the power convey,
 To expiate our guilt away ?
 Oh, Phœbus ! hear our loud complaints at last,
 And to support this empire haste,
 With clouds around thy glittering shoulders cast !

Or you, fair Cyprian queen, descend, 41
 You, whom love and joy attend ;
 Or thou, oh Mars ! whose only pleasures are
 The pomp of arms, and the shrill noise of war ;
 To whom no look so charming shows, 45
 As the stern frown of soldiers, or their foes ;
 On thy neglected race look down,
 And spare our blood descended from thy own :
 For sure, our long unnatural fights
 Give thee a surfeit of thy own delights ! 50

Or, if 'tis you, bright Hermes, that appear
 Form'd in the shape of young Augustus here,
 Pleas'd to be call'd the avenger of our guilt,
 For Cæsar's blood, with horror spilt ;
 Late may you go to heaven again, 50
 And long o'er Romans happy reign ;
 Nor at our crimes offended fly
 Too soon from hence to bless your native sky.
 Here rather still great triumphs love ;
 Here your just titles still approve ; 60
 Be still call'd prince and father of our land,
 Nor let our foes insult while you our troops com-
 mand.

ODE III.—TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO ATHENS.

BY JOHN DRYDEN.—1676.

So may the auspicious queen of love,
 And the twin stars, (the seed of Jove,)
 And he who rules the raging wind,
 To thee, oh sacred ship, be kind,
 And gentle breezes fill thy sails, 5
 Supplying soft Etesian gales,
 As thou, to whom the muse commends
 The best of poets and of friends,
 Dost thy committed pledge restore,
 And land him safely on the shore ; 10
 And save the better part of me
 From perishing with him at sea.
 Sure he, who first the passage tried,
 In harden'd oak his heart did hide,
 And ribs of iron arm'd his side ! 15
 Or his at least, in hollow wood
 Who tempted first the briny flood ;
 Nor fear'd the winds' contending roar,
 Nor billows beating on the shore ;

Nor Hyades portending rain ; 20
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright
Who, unconcern'd, with steadfast sight,
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep ? 25
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below ?
In vain did nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane, 30
Invade the inviolable main ;
The eternal fences overleap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship can restrain
Ambitious man inured to pain ; 35
The more confined, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from heaven the reed of fire ;
A train of ills, a ghastly crew, 40
The robber's blazing track pursue ;
Fierce famine, with her meager face,
And fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms the offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground ; 45
And limping death, lash'd on by fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dedalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air :
To hell Alcides forced his way, 50
Plunged through the lake, and snatch'd the prey.
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes :
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull the unwilling thunder down. 55

ODE IV.—TO SESTIUS.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.—1821.

By spring and zephyr's gladsome sway
 Unloosed, stern winter hastes away.
 Again the vessel tempts the sea ;
 The herds again bound o'er the lea ;
 His ingle-nook the hind forsakes ; 5
 And frosts no longer bleach the brakes.
 Beneath the moon, o'er grassy meads
 The sprightly dance soft Venus leads ;
 And link'd, the nymphs' and graces' train
 With foot alternate beat the plain ; 10
 While Mulciber, with kindling fires,
 The Cyclops' toilsome forge inspires.
 Now round the brow be myrtle twined
 In verdant braid ; now chaplets bind
 Of flowers, from earth's freed bosom thrown :
 The sacrifice now lead to Faun, 16
 Lambkin or kid, whiche'er he claim,
 In grove deep-hallow'd with his name.
 Pale death knocks with impartial foot
 At prince's hall and peasant's hut : 20
 Warn'd Sestius, by life's brief amount,
 Forbear on distant bliss to count :
 Soon, soon to realms of night away
 Hurried, where fabled spectres play,
 Thou shalt 'neath Pluto's shadowy dome, 25
 Thyself a shadow, thither come ;
 No more shall dice allot to thee
 The banquet's jovial sov'reignty ;
 Nor Chloe more shalt thou admire,
 The virgins' pride, the youths' desire. 30

ODE V.—TO PYRRHA.

BY JOHN MILTON.—1656.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha! For whom bind'st thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness? Oh how oft shall he 5
 On faith and changed gods complain, and seas
 Rough with black winds, and storms
 Unwonted shall admire!
 Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who, always vacant, always amiable 10
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful. Hapless they
 To whom thou untried seem'st fair. Me, in my vow'd
 Picture, the sacred wall declares to have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds 15
 To the stern god of sea.

SAME ODE.

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.—1815.

PYRRHA, what ardent stripling now,
 In one of thy embower'd retreats,
 Would press thee to indulge his vow
 Amid a world of flowers and sweets?
 For whom are bound thy tresses bright 5
 With unconcern so exquisite?
 Alas! how oft shall he bewail
 His fickle stars and faithless gale,
 And stare with unaccustom'd eyes
 When the black winds and waters rise, 10

Though now the sunshine hour beguiles
 His bark along thy golden smiles,
 Trusting to see thee, for his play,
 For ever keep smooth holyday !
 Poor dazzled fools, who bask beside thee, 15
 And trust because they never tried thee !
 For me, and for my dangers past,
 The grateful picture hangs at last
 Within 'he mighty Neptune's fane,
 Who snatch'd me, dripping, from the main. 20

ODE VI.—TO AGRIPPA.

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD.—1795.

In strains majestic, Varius, bard sublime !
 The glories of thy conquering arm shall sing,
 Thy feats on every wave, in every clime,
 Borne on the plumes of the Mæonian wing.
 These high exploits, or fierce Achilles' rage, 5
 Daunt the faint warbling of my feeble lyre ;
 Daunt the long labours of the pilgrim sage :
 Far humbler themes my humbler muse inspire.
 She, all unconscious of the enraptured lays,
 That swell the loudly sounding strings along, 10
 Nor thine presumes, nor Cæsar's peerless praise,
 With genius cold and unimpassion'd song.
 What bard shall paint, unblest'd with Homer's strains,
 In mail of adamant the son of Jove ?
 Merion, embrown'd with dust on Trojan plains ? 15
 Tydides, rival to the powers above ?
 Convivial joys my sportive muse requires,
 The ravish'd kiss, the virgin's playful strife ;
 While, now at ease, now scorch'd with amorous fire,
 Transition sweet ! glides on my checker'd life. 20

ODE VIII.—TO LYDIA.

BY JOHN EVELYN, ESQ.—1688.

LYDIA, I conjure you, say,
Why haste you so to make away
Poor Sybaris with love ?
Why hates he now the open air ?
Why heat, and clouds of dust to bear,
Does he no more approve ?

Why leaves he off his martial pride?
Why is he now afraid to ride
Upon his Gallic steed?
Why swims he not the 'Tiber o'er? 10
Or wrestles as he did before?
Whence do his fears proceed?

Why boasts he not his limbs grown black
With bearing arms, or his strong back
With which he threw the bar ?
Is he like Thetis' son conceal'd,
And from all manly sports withheld,
To keep him safe from war ?

ODE IX.—TO THALIARCHUS.

BY ROBERT MONTGOMERY,
LINCOLN COLLEGE, OXFORD.—1831.

SEE! whiten'd into whelming snow,
 Begirt with crouching woods below,
 Soracte's mountain form;
 And, lock'd by winter's icy hand,
 How currentless the rivers stand!

Then heap the hearth with blazing piles !
 Let winter melt amid their smiles,
 And generously bring
 Your mellow'd wine, the best by far
 That flourisheth in Sabine jar. 10

My Thaliarchus, trust the god
 Who rules the ocean with his rod,
 And lays the winds asleep ;
 Till, in one leafy slumber bound,
 The warring trees are hush'd around ! 15

Whate'er to-morrow's hue may be,
 The living day is life to thee ;
 A treasure for the soul :
 Enjoy the reign of laugh and love,
 And all that virgin dances prove. 20

While yet unworn by wintry years
 Thy cheek a blooming manhood wears,
 The martial plain be thine !
 Or haunted path, or twilight seat,
 Where faltering lips their love repeat : 25

For now the laugh's delicious wile
 From lurking damsel, hid a while
 In some betrayful nook ;
 And pretty theft of token charms
 When forced from her forgiving arms ; 30

SAME ODE.

BY SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.—1692.

SEEST thou not, how Soracte's head
 (For all its height) stands covered
 With a white periwig of snow ;
 While the labouring woods below

Are hardly able to sustain	5
The weight of winter's feather'd rain ;	
And the arrested rivers stand	
Imprison'd in an icy band ?	
Dispel the cold ; and to the fire	
Add fuel, large as its desire ;	10
And from the Sabine cask let fly	
(As free as liberality)	
The grape's rich blood, kept since the sun	
His annual course four times hath run.	
Leave to the gods the rest, who have	15
Allay'd the winds, which fierce did rave	
In battle on the billowy main,	
Where they did blustering tug for reign :	
So that no slender cypress now	
Its spirelike crown does tottering bow,	20
Nor aged ash-trees, with the shock	
Of blasts impetuous, do rock.	
Seek not to-morrow's fate to know ;	
But what day fortune shall bestow,	
Put to a discreet usury.	25
Nor, gentle youth, so rigid be	
With froward scorn to disapprove	
The sweeter blandishments of love ;	
Nor mirthful revels shun, while yet	
Hoary austerity is set	30
Far from thy greener years ; the field	
Or carque should now thy pastime yield:	
Now nightly at the hour select,	
And 'pointed place, love's dialect,	
Soft whispers, should repeated be ;	35
And that kind laughter's treachery,	
By which some virgin, closely laid	
In dark confinement, is betray'd :	
And now from some soft arm, or wrist,	
A silken braid, or silver twist,	40
Or ring from finger, should be gain'd,	
By that too nicely not retain'd.	

ODE XI.—TO LEUCONOE.

BY SAMUEL BOYSE.—1740.

FORBEAR, my friend, with idle schemes
 To search into the maze of fate ;
 Your horoscopes are airy dreams,
 Your coffee-tossing all a cheat !

What adds it to our real peace 5
 To know life's accidents or date ?
 The knowledge would our pains increase,
 And make us more unfortunate.

Wisely conceal'd in endless night
 Has Heaven wrapp'd up its dark decrees ; 10
 The view, too strong for human sight,
 Might else destroy our present ease.

Then gladly use the courting hour ;
 Enjoy and make it all your own !
 And pull with haste the fairest flower, 15
 Ere time's quick hand hath cut it down.

Cheerful fill up the genial bowl,
 And crown it with some lovely toast !
 Fill the rich cordial, warm your soul,
 And every thought in joy be lost. 20

The fleeting moments of delight
 Improve with an uncommon care ;
 For now they urge their destined flight,
 And now are mix'd with vulgar air !

Still let me taste my share of bliss, 25
 Pure and unmix'd with care and sorrow ;
 No more, my friend, in life I wish ;
 'Tis all a jest to trust to-morrow.

ODE XII.—HYMN TO JOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER PITT.—1737.

WHAT man, what hero, will you raise,
 By the shrill pipe, or deeper lyre ?
 What god, oh Clio, will you praise,
 And teach the echoes to admire ?

Amid the shades of Helicon, 5
 Cold Hæmus' top, or Pindus' head,
 Whence the glad forests hasten'd down,
 And danced as tuneful Orpheus play'd.

Taught by the muse, he stopp'd the fall 10
 Of rapid floods, and charm'd the wind :
 The listening oaks obey'd the call,
 And left their wondering hills behind.

Whom should I first record, but Jove,
 Whose sway extends o'er sea and land,
 The king of men and gods above, 15
 Who holds the seasons in command ?

To rival Jove, shall none aspire ;
 None shall to equal glory rise :
 But Pallas claims beneath her sire
 The second honours of the skies. 20

To thee, oh Bacchus, great in war,
 To Dian will I strike the string,
 Of Phœbus wounding from afar,
 In numbers like his own I'll sing.

The muse Alcides shall resound ; 25
 The twins of Leda shall succeed ;
 This for the standing fight renown'd,
 And that for managing the steed,

- Whose star shines innocently still :
The clouds disperse; the tempests cease ; 30
The waves, obedient to their will,
Sink down, and hush their rage to peace.
- Next shall I Numa's pious reign,
Or thine, oh Romulus, relate ;
Or Rome, by Brutus freed again ; 35
Or haughty Cato's glorious fate ?
- Or dwell on noble Paulus' fame,
Too lavish of the patriot's blood ?
Or Regulus' immortal name, 40
Too obstinately just and good ?
- These, with Camillus brave and bold,
And other chiefs of matchless might,
Rome's virtuous poverty of old
Severely season'd to the fight.
- Like trees, Marcellus' glory grows 45
With an insensible advance ;
The Julian star, like Cynthia, glows,
Who leads the planetary dance.
- The fates, oh sire of human race,
Intrust great Cæsar to thy care ; 50
Give him to hold thy second place,
And reign thy sole vicegerent here.
- And whether India he shall tame,
Or to his chains the Seres doom ;
Or mighty Parthia dreads his name, 55
And bows her haughty neck to Rome ;
- While on our groves thy bolts are hurl'd,
And thy loud car shakes heaven above,
He shall with justice awe the world,
To none inferior but to Jove. 60

ODE XIII.—TO LYDIA.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.—1688.

WHEN thou commend'st the lovely eyes
 Of Telephus, that for thee dies,
 His arms of wax, his neck, or hair;
 Oh! how my heart begins to beat!
 My spleen is swell'd with gall and heat, 5
 And all my hopes are turn'd into despair.

Then both my mind and colour change,
 My jealous thoughts about me range,
 In twenty shapes, my eyes begin,
 The stealing drops, as from a still, 10
 Like winter springs, apace to fill,
 Fall down, and tell what fires I feel within.

When his reproaches make thee cry,
 And thy fresh cheeks in paleness die,
 I burn to think you will be friends; 15
 When his rough hand thy bosom strips,
 Or his fierce kisses tear thy lips,
 I die to see how all such quarrel ends.

Ah! never hope a youth to hold,
 So haughty, and in love so bold; 20
 What can him tame in anger keep
 Whom all this fondness can't assuage,
 Who even kisses turns to rage,
 Which Venus does in her own nectar steep?

Thrice happy they whose gentle hearts, 25
 Till death itself their union parts,
 An undisturbed kindness holds,
 Without complaints or jealous fears,
 Without reproach or spited tears,
 Which damps the kindest heats with sudden colds.
 HOR. VOL. II.—K

ODE XV.—THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

BY ELIZABETH CARTER.—1768.

FROM Sparta's hospitable shore,
 His prize when faithless Paris bore,
 While guilt impatient crowds his sail,
 Prophetic Nereus checks the gale.
 By force the flying robber holds, 5
 And thus the wrath of heaven unfolds :
 "In vain thy fleet transports the dame,
 Whom injured Greece shall soon reclaim,
 Prepared to break thy lawless tie,
 And Priam's ancient realm destroy. 10
 Behold the troops, the foaming steed,
 To labour's doom'd, and doom'd to bleed !
 See ! victim to thy lewd desires,
 Thy country blaze with funeral fires !
 See ! Pallas eager to engage, 15
 Prepares her car and martial rage :
 She waves her ægis, nods her plumes,
 And all the pomp of war assumes !
 In vain, devoted to thy side,
 Shall Cytherea swell thy pride ; 20
 In vain thy graceful locks express
 The studied elegance of dress ;
 Thy languid harp, with amorous air,
 In vain shall charm the listening fair ;
 The palace screen thy conscious heart 25
 In vain, against the Cretan dart,
 And Ajax, nimble to pursue.
 What though, conceal'd from public view,
 The chamber guards thy nicer ear
 From all the horrid din of war ? 30
 At length, adulterer ! fall thou must,
 And trail those beauteous locks in dust !
 See ! author of thy country's fate,
 Ulysses, practised in deceit.

Behold the hoary Pylian sage 35
 Against her forfeit towers engage.
 Teucer and Sthenelus unite
 With various skill, in various fight.
 Tydides, greater than his sire,
 To find thee, burns with martial fire. 40
 But as a grazing stag, that spies
 The distant wolf, with terror flies ;
 So shalt thou fly, with panting breath,
 And faltering limbs, the approach of death.
 Where is thy boasted courage ? Where 45
 Thy promise plighted to the fair ?
 Though fierce Achilles' sullen hate
 A while protracts the city's fate,
 Heaven shall its righteous doom require,
 And Troy in Grecian flames expire !" 50

ODE XVII.—TO TYNDARIS.

BY MR. MARRIOTT,

TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE.—1803.

Oft Faunus leaves Arcadia's plain,
 And to the Sabine hill retreats .
 He guards my flocks from rushing rain,
 From piercing winds, and scorching heats.
 Where lurks the thyme, or shrubs appear, 5
 My wanton kids securely play ;
 My goats no poisonous serpent fear,
 Safe wandering through the woodland way.
 No hostile wolf the fold invades ;
 Ustica's pendent rocks rebound 10
 My song ; and all the sylvan shades,
 By echo taught, return the sound.
 The gods my verse propitious hear,
 My head from every danger shield :

For you, o'erflows the bounteous year, 15
And plenty's horn hath heap'd my field.

Responsive to the Teian string,
Within the sun-defended vale,
Here, softly warbling, you shall sing
Each tender, túneful, amorous tale. 20

No rival here shall burst the bands
That wreathe my charmer's beauteous hair,
Nor seize her weakly struggling hands ;
But love and Horace guard the fair.

ODE XIX.—ON GLYCERA.

BY CHATTERTON.—1768.

YES ! I am caught, my melting soul
To Venus bends without control ;
I pour the impassion'd sigh ;
Ye gods ! what throbs my bosom move,
Responsive to the glance of love 5
That beams from Stella's eye !

Oh how divinely fair that face,
And what a sweet resistless grace
On every feature dwells ;
And on those features all the while, 10
The softness of each frequent smile
Her sweet good-nature tells !

Oh love ! I'm thine ; no more I sing
Heroic deeds : the sounding string
Forgets its wonted strains ; 15
For aught but love the lyre's unstrung ;
Love melts and trembles on my tongue,
And thrills in every vein.

Invoking the propitious skies,
 The green-sod altar let us rise, 20
 Let holy incense smoke :
 And if we pour the sparkling wine
 Sweet gentle peace may still be mine ;
 This dreadful chain be broke.

SAME ODE.

BY CONGREVE.—1702.

THE tyrant queen of soft desires,
 With the resistless aid of sprightly wine,
 And wanton ease, conspires
 To make my heart its peace resign,
 And to admit love's long rejected fires. 5
 For beauteous Glycera I burn :
 The flames so long repell'd with double force re-
 turn :
 Endless her charms appear, and shine more bright
 Than polish'd marble when reflecting light :
 With winning coyness she my soul disarms ; 10
 And when her looks are coldest, most she warms :
 Her face darts forth a thousand rays,
 Whose lustre an unwary sight betrays ;
 My eyeballs swim, and I grow giddy while I gaze.

She comes ! she comes ! she rushes in my veins ! 15
 At once all Venus enters, and at large she reigns !
 Cyprus no more with her abode is bless'd,
 I am her palace, and her throne my breast.
 Of savage Scythian arms no more I write,
 Or Parthian archers, who in flying fight, 20
 And make rough war their sport :
 Such idle themes no more shall move,
 Nor anything but what's of high import ;
 And what's of high import but love !

Vervain and gums, and the green turf prepare ; 25
 With wine of two years' old your cups be fill'd :
 After our sacrifice and prayer
 The goddess may incline her heart to yield.

ODE XXII.—TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

BY THE HON. W. HERBERT.—1792.

THAT happy man, whose virtuous heart
 Is free from guilt and conscious fear,
 Needs not the poison'd Moorish dart,
 Nor bow, nor sword, nor deadly spear.

Whether on shores that Ganges laves, 5
 Or Syrtes' quivering sands among ;
 Or where Hydaspes' fabled waves
 In strange meanders wind along.

When free from care I dared to rove,
 And Lalage inspired my lay ; 10
 A wolf within the Sabine grove
 Fled wild from his defenceless prey.

Such prodigy the Daunian bands
 In their drear haunts shall never trace ;
 Nor barren Libya's arid sands, 15
 Rough parent of the lion race.

Oh place me where no verdure smiles,
 No vernal zephyrs fan the ground,
 No varied scene the eye beguiles,
 Nor murmuring rivulets glide around ! 20

Place me on Thracia's frozen lands,
 Uncheer'd by genial light of day !
 Place me on Afric's burning sands,
 Scorch'd by the sun's inclement ray !

Love in my heart shall pain beguile, 25
 Sweet Lalage shall be my song ;
 The gentle beauties of her smile,
 ' ? gentle music of her tongue.

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SAME ODE.

BY JOHN SCOONES, ESQ.—1826.

THE man, my valued friend, whose soul
 Owns steadfast honour's strict control
 Guiltless in act and thought ;
 Nor needs stern Parthia's archer-craft,
 The Moor's dread lance, nor murderous shaft 5
 With mortal venom fraught.

Whether he tempt the whirlpool deep,
 Or climb the high Caucasian steep,
 Girt with eternal snows ;
 Or wandering seek that vision'd strand, 10
 Where, bank'd with gems, o'er silver sand
 Hydaspes foaming flows.

For, lo ! when late by joy and love
 Amid the sweet and Sabine grove
 My careless steps were led, 15
 Up bristling from his noonday lair,
 A furious wolf with felon glare
 Approach'd—then startling fled.

Ne'er from the wild and sweeping glades
 Of warlike Daunia's forest shades 20
 A deadlier savage stood ;
 Not such the land of Juba breeds,
 That dry and desert nurse, that feeds
 The lion's lordly brood.

For me !—though borne o'er sullen wild, 25
 Where never flower or blossom smiled

Beneath reviving May ;
 Where settled cloud, or howling storm,
 Or fiercer tropic suns deform
 The drooping face of day. 30

Homeless and hot seless let me rove,
 Still shall my latest lay of love
 To Jessy's name be given ;
 On each soft charm my verse shall dwell :
 Her voice—sweet music's silvery swell, 35
 Her look—the smile of heaven.

ODE XXIII.—TO CHLOE.

BY LORD GLENBERVIE.—1759.

As flies the fawn, who strives to find
 On pathless hills the trembling hind,
 You, gentle Chloe, fly from me.
 Timid fawn ! whose idle fear
 Tells her still of dangers near, 5
 In every breeze, in every tree.

Her courage fails, her strength declines,
 If Zephyr stir the rustling vines,
 Or lizards green the brambles shake :
 But ripe for pleasure, cease to blush : 10
 No tiger I, your limbs to crush ;
 For man your mother's arm forsake.

SAME ODE.

BY GLANVIL.—1699.

WHEN, Chloe, by your slave pursued,
 Why should you fly so fast ?
 So the stray'd fawn in the pathless wood
 To her lost dam makes haste.

Each noise alarms, and all things add 5
 New terror to her fear ;
She starts at every dancing shade,
 Each breath of singing air.

With every leaf, each bush that shakes
 Throughout the murmuring grove, 10
Her sympathetic heart partakes ;
 She trembles as they move.

Fond maid, unlike the wolf and boar,
 I hunt not to destroy :
My utmost prey would be no more 15
 Than you might give with joy.

Urged on by soft and gentle love,
 I harmlessly pursue :
Your flight to me may cruel prove,
 But not my chase to you. 20

Cease idle dreams of fancied harms,
 To childish fears trepans ;
Leave running to thy mother's arms
 Who now art fit for man's.

ODE XXIV.—TO VIRGIL.

BY THE REV. R. N. FRENCH.—1808.

AH me ! what bounds can sorrow know,
Or in what measured cadence flow
 For one so loved, so dear ?
Teach, plaintive muse ! to whom is given,
The lyre that charms the sons of heaven,
 To soothe a mortal ear.

Doth then the power of endless sleep
In his cold grasp Quintilius keep ?

Doth he remorseless bind
The hold but unassuming youth, 10
Whose spotless faith, unvarnish'd truth,
Have left no peer behind ?

Wept by the virtuous and the wise,
But most by thee, oh friend ! he lies,
Whose pious prayers in vain 15
From the unheeding gods implore,
That they would to thine arms restore
Quintilius once again.

Couldst thou the Thracian bard excel
Whose magic song enchanted hell, 20
Yet vain were all thine art !
Life's ruddy flame would ne'er return,
To kindle in their marble urn
The ashes of the heart ;

Nor couldst thou from the Stygian coast 25
Recall the pale departed ghost
From its relentless guide.
'Tis hard ! but resignation knows
To soothe irreparable woes,
And fate's stern will abide. 30

ODE XXV.—TO LYDIA.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM GOSTLING, M.A.—1774.

Young libertines no more molest
Your doors, your windows, or your rest ;
Those days, which riot calls the best,
Are over :

No more the serenader cries,
“ Sleep locks up Lydia's ears and eyes,
While slighted and expiring lies
Her lover.”

In vain you now haunt plays and park,
 Or trape in stormy nights and dark, 10
 In hopes you may some roving spark
 Recover.

For while, in tears, with weary feet,
 You caterwaul from street to street,
 Some opportunity to meet 15
 Of toying;

The rakes their wither'd myrtles join
 To offer up at winter's shrine,
 And, crown'd with ivy, are their wine
 Enjoying. 20

ODE XXVI.—TO HIS MUSE.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.—1831.

FRIEND to the muse, this day I give
 My sorrows to the Cretan wave:
 This day to love and friendship live,
 Nor think a thought of king or slave.

Careless alike whose scourge is laid 5
 On Asian hill or Scythian snow,
 Beside the muscs' stream, I braid
 The chaplet for my Lamia's brow.

Come, muse! without thee dies the wreath;
 Thy hand its rosiest buds must twine; 10
 Thy lip its sweetest fragrance breathe;
 Its life, bloom, beauty, all be thine.

ODE XXVII.—TO HIS COMPANIONS.

BY PROFESSOR PORSON.—1802.

Fr, friends ! were glasses made for fighting,
 And not your hearts and heads to lighten ?
 Quit, quit, for shame, the savage fashion,
 Nor fall in such a mighty passion.
 " Pistols and balls for six !" what sport ! 5
 How distant from " Fresh lights and port !"
 Get rid of this ungodly rancour,
 And bring your elbows to an anchor.
 Why, though your stuff is plaguy heady,
 I'll try to hold one bumper steady, 10
 Let Ned but say what wench's eyes
 Gave him the wound of which he dies.
 You won't ? then, damme if I drink !
 A proper question this to blink !
 Come, come ; for whomsoe'er you feel 15
 Those pains, you always sin genteel.
 And were your girl the dirtiest drab—
 (You know I never was a blab)
 Out with it ; whisper soft and low ;—
 What ! is it she ! the filthy frow ! 20
 You've got a roaring sea to tame,
 Boy, worthy of a better flame !
 What Lapland witch, what cunning man,
 Can free you from this haridan ?
 Saint George himself, who slew the dragon, 25
 Would idly waste his strength this hag on.

ODE XXVIII.—A MARINER AND THE GHOST
OF ARCHYTAS.

BY CHARLES BADHAM, M.D., F.R.S.—1831.

Mar. OH Archytas! that measuredst land and sea,
 A little dust alone remains of thee :
 A little dust wash'd by Apulia's tide !
 What has avail'd the science then, that tried
 The planets' course, and that capacious soul 5
 That scann'd the sphere and circumscribed the pole ?
 Death was thy lot! *Archytas.* And did not death
 await

The sire of Pelops, with the gods who sate,
 The guest of Jove; did not Tithonus, too,
 Pass into air withdrawn from human view ? 10
 Minos, that mix'd in council with the gods,
 Shares with Panthoides the drear abodes :
 Although his shield, that witness'd times of Troy,
 Assured him death was powerless to destroy,
 Save but his form, not him; ev'n so could err, 15
 Of nature's laws no mean interpreter !

One night awaits us all! we all must tread
 The broad and common pathway to the dead.
 Some, to delight stern Mars, war's furies tear;
 Some plough the sea for gain, and perish there. 20
 Of old and young the funeral pomps pass by.
 None can the fell Proserpine defy.

What marvel, then, that when the southern gale,
 Co-mate of swift Orion, rent the sail,
 I drank the Illyrian wave? but listen now : 25
 To grant my slender boon omit not thou!
 Take of the boundless sand around thee spread,
 And cast it o'er my yet unburied head;
 So may Hesperia's waves still bear thee free;
 Venusium's pines divert the penalty 30
 Of Eurys and his blast! large profit speed
 Thy course, and recompense thy pious deed!

HOR. VOL. II.—L

So may Jove aid thee and Tarentum's lord !
 Dost thou refuse ? then, sailor, heed my word :
 A well-earn'd retribution, if it light, 35
 Not on thyself, thy children shall requite.
 Deem not thy guilt no penal scourge incurs ;
 Refuse, and not a shrine thy life ensures :
 Thou art in haste ; I know it · thou say'st well ;
 Thrice cast the dust upon me, and farewell. 40

ODE XXIX.—TO ICCIUS.

BY B. A. MARSHALL, ESQ.—1831.

Iccius, alack ! how soon the fire
 Of transient, covetous desire,
 For fruitful wealth of Arab chief afar,
 Is kindled in thy breast a while !
 Why all this great and mighty toil, 5
 This fierce preparative for strife and war ?

Dost thou in chains propose to lead
 The deadly, formidable Mede,
 Or kings, unconquer'd yet, of Saba's land ?
 What barbarous maid her charms shall lend, 10
 And on thy silken couch attend,
 Her lover slain by thy remorseless hand ?

What youth from festive hall shall come,
 His ringlets breathing out perfume,
 And nightly there thy sparkling goblet fill ? 15
 Whose pliant hand, perchance, may know
 To wield with grace his father's bow,
 And arrows Serican direct with skill.

Who now will dare to hint, or say,
 That rushing rivers shall not stray 20
 In backward flow their native hills to find ?

Old Tiber some new track shall range?
 Since thou art seeking to exchange
 The noble works Panætius left behind,

 Gather'd with care from every place, 25
 And all the old Socratic race,
 That thou, with them, Iberia's arms mayst buy;
 When thou hadst caused us to maintain
 Some hopes for thee, (how idly vain!)
 Which now before thy warlike temper fly, 30

ODE XXXI.—TO APOLLO.

BY L. N. TORRE, ESQ.—1831.

WHAT gift of Phœbus have I pray'd?
 The fresh libation duly made,
 What asks the bard? No fruitful stores,
 The harvests of Sardinian shores
 No herds Calabrian hills supply, 5
 Nor gold, nor Indian ivory;
 For rural meads no wish he knows,
 Where Liris, gentle river, flows.
 Let others prune Calenian vines,
 For whom propitious fortune shines; 10
 Let merchants at their board produce
 In golden cups the purple juice,
 Exchanged for Syrian wares; who brave
 Thrice in each year the Atlantic wave,
 And safe in Heaven's peculiar care 15
 The perils of the ocean bear.
 For me shall be the olive dress'd,
 Mallows and endive be my feast.
 Son of Latona! grant me this—
 My destined lot to meet in bliss! 20
 Grant to my prayer health unconfined
 And, oh! preserve my perfect mind!
 Let my old age unspotted prove,
 And brighten'd by the muse's love!

ODE XXXIV.

BY DR. RIDLEY.—1727.

I ONCE despised the providence of Jove,
 Nor paid my worship to the powers above :
 I pictured out those beings to my mind,
 Full of themselves, regardless of mankind :
 Mad sapience all ! but, conscious of the truth, 5
 I now reject the error of my youth ;
 For heaven's Almighty, thundering from on high,
 Shot the red lightning from the opening sky ;
 And, greatly dreadful, through the brighten'd air,
 Lash'd his swift steeds, and urged his thundering
 car. 10
 The affrighted ocean trembled at his look,
 And the fix'd world's eternal basis shook ;
 Wide-yawning chasms the secret regions show,
 And all the terrors of the world below.
 From hence I learn that heavenly beings guide 15
 The affairs of men, and o'er the world preside ;
 Riches and honours are removed and given
 By them, and fortune is the hand of heaven.

ODE XXXV.—TO FORTUNE.

BY T. BOURNE, ESQ.—1831.

FAIR Antium's goddess ! whose sweet smile or frown
 Can raise weak mortals from the depths of wo,
 Or bring the lofty pride of triumph down,
 And bid the bitter tear of funeral grief to flow !
 Thee the poor farmer courts with anxious prayer : 5
 Thee, sovereign of the seas ! does he implore,
 Who in Bythynian bark will boldly steer,
 Where wild Carpathia's waves in vex'd commo-
 tion roar !

The Dacian fierce, rude Scythia's wandering bands,
 And towns and nations, warlike Italy, 10
 Mothers of kings who reign in barbarous lands,
 And purpled tyrants fear, and trembling kneel to
 thee.

Let not thy wrath with scornful foot o'erthrow
 The column firm on which we rest our fate ;
 Nor let wild discord work anew our wo, 15
 Or rouse to arms again, and overturn the state.

Before thee stalks stern fate, who joys to bear
 In iron hand the wedge—the spikes so dire ;
 Nor wants the hook, to torture and to tear ;
 Nor molten lead that rolls its streams of liquid
 fire. 20

Thee hope, and white-robed faith so seldom found,
 Attend to cheer ; nor from thy presence fly,
 When those proud halls, for splendour long renown'd
 Thou leav'st in angry haste and garb of poverty.

But that false crew which flatters to betray— 25
 The perjured partner of love's wanton bower—
 Will drain the lowest dregs ; then shrink away,
 Nor bear the equal yoke in friendship's trying
 hour.

Oh goddess ! let great Cæsar be thy care,
 Whose daring sail seeks Britain's distant coast : 30
 Return his new-raised bands again to bear
 Our arms beyond the east—a gallant conquering
 host.

But ah ! what crimes are ours ! what deeds of shame !
 Dishonest scars and blood by brothers spilt :
 Our iron age, well worthy of the name, 35
 What has it left undared !—when made a pause in
 guilt !

Whose altar spared, by piety restrain'd !

But, oh dread goddess ! let thy powerful hand

Our blunted swords by kindred blood distain'd,

New whet against our foes of Scythia's barbarous
land.

BOOK II.

ODE II.—TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

BY JOHN TAYLOR, ESQ.—1827.

OH, Sallust, to that ore a foe
Which churlish earth conceals below,
Can silver e'er be bright,
Unless, restricted from abuse,
And guided to a temperate use, 5
It spreads a friendly light ?

Long, long to grace his noble line,
Shall virtuous Proculus shine,
Who, with a parent's care,
Acknowledged each fraternal claim ; 10
And hence his honour'd worth shall fame
To latest times declare.

If avarice thou canst still subdue,
To thee more glory will accrue
Than hadst thou power to bring 15
Libya to Gades, or to sway
Each Carthage, should they both obey
Thee as their rightful king.

Art ne'er dire Hydrops can repel,
Which still we see luxurious swell, 20
While yet the cause remains ;
Unless with potent skill we try
To make the growing mischief fly,
And drive it from the veins.

Virtue contemns the silly crowd, 25
Who in Phraates' praise are loud,
Restored to Parthia's throne ;

She tells them, far more great and wise
Is he who riches can despise,
And honours him alone. 30

SAME ODE.

BY EDWARD BAGNALL, ESQ.—1831.

SALUST' thou foe to useless gold,
Which earth's unyielding bowels hold,
Concealing hoarded treasure;
No lustre hath the shining coin,
Except the splendour it conjoin 5
With moderated pleasure.

Known, though a brother, for the love
Which only sons from fathers prove,
Long Proculus shall live;
The never-resting wing of fame 10
Shall onward bear his welcome name
For ages to survive.

Wider dominion you shall find
In governing a craving mind,
And silencing its tone, 15
Than if both Carthages obey'd,
And Gades were with Libya made
Subject to you alone.

Indulgence swells the dropsy higher,
Nor will the parching thirst's desire 20
Relinquish aught of pain,
Unless the noxious watery cause
From the pale body first withdraws,
And clears the blood again.

Although restored to Cyrus' throne, 25
Once more Phraates empire own,
His soul can find no rest;

For, differing from the vulgar herd,
 Virtue's uncompromising word
 Excludes him from the bless'd. 30

Virtue but gives the diadem,
 The kingly brow of him to gem,
 Whose heart gold cannot buy ;
 And laurels are the rightful due
 Of him who heap'd-up wealth can view 35
 Without a wishful eye.

ODE III.—TO DELLIUS.

BY J. MERIVALE, ESQ.—1806.

WHEN dangers press, a mind sustain
 Unshaken by the storms of fate ;
 And when delight succeeds to pain,
 With no glad insolence elate ; 5
 For death will end the various toys
 Of hopes, and fears, and cares, and joys.

Mortal alike, if sadly grave
 You pass life's melancholy day,
 Or, in some green retired cave
 Wearing the idle hours away, 10
 Give to the muses all your soul,
 And pledge them in the flowing bowl ;

Where the broad pine, and poplar white,
 To join their hospitable shade
 With intertwined boughs delight ; 15
 And, o'er its pebbly bed convey'd,
 Labours the winding stream to run,
 Trembling, and glittering to the sun.

Thy generous wine, and rich perfume,
 And fragrant roses hither bring, 20
 And with the early zephyrs bloom,
 And wither with declining spring,

While joy and youth not yet have fled,
And fate still holds the uncertain thread.

You soon must leave your verdant bowers 25
And groves, yourself had taught to grow ;
Your soft retreats from sultry hours,
Where Tiber's gentle waters flow,
Soon leave ; and all you call your own
Be squander'd by an heir unknown. 30

Whether of wealth and lineage proud,
A high patrician name you bear,
Or pass ignoble in the crowd
Unshelter'd from the midnight air,
'Tis all alike ; no age or state 35
Is spared by unrelenting fate.

To the same port our barks are bound ;
One final doom is fix'd for all :
The universal wheel goes round,
And, soon or late, each lot must fall, 40
When altogether shall he sent
To one eternal banishment.

ODE IV.—TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

BY RICHARD DUKE.—1699.

BLUSH not, my friend, to own the love
Which thy fair captive's eyes do move :
Achilles, once the fierce, the brave,
Stoop'd to the beauties of a slave ;
Tecmessa's charms could overpower 5
Ajax her lord and conqueror ;
Great Agamemnon, when success
Did all his arms with conquest bless ;
When Hector's fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before, 10
By a bright captive virgin's eyes
E'en in the midst of triumph dies,

You know not to what mighty line
 The lovely maid may make you join ;
 See but the charms her sorrow wears, 15
 No common cause could draw such tears ;
 Those streams sure that adorn her so
 For loss of royal kindred flow.
 Oh ! think not so divine a thing
 Could from the bed of commons spring ; 20
 Whose faith could so unmoved remain,
 And so averse to sordid gain,
 Was never born of any race
 That might the noblest love disgrace
 Her blooming face, her snowy arms, 25
 Her well-shaped leg, and all her charms
 Of her body and her face,
 I, poor I, may safely praise.
 Suspect not love, the youthful rage,
 From Horace's declining age, 30
 But think removed by forty years
 All his flames and all thy fears.

ODE V.

BY THOMAS CREECH.—1684.

THY heifer, friend, is hardly broke,
 Her neck uneasy to the yoke ;
 She cannot draw the plough, nor bear
 The weight of the obliging steer :
 In flowery meads is her delight, 5
 Those charm her taste and please her sight :
 Or else she flies the burning beams,
 To quench her thirst in cooler streams ;
 Or with the calves through pastures plays,
 And wantons all her easy days : 10
 Forbear, design no hasty rape
 On such a green, untimely grape :
 Soon ruddy autumn will produce
 Plump clusters, ripe, and fit for use :

She now that flies, shall then pursue,	15
She now that's courted dote on you	
For age whirls on, and every year	
It takes from thee it adds to her :	
Soon Lalage, shall soon proclaim	
Her love, nor blush to own her flame :	20
Loved more, for she more kindly warms	.
Than Phloe coy, or Chloris charms :	
So pure her breast, so fair a white	.
As in a clear and smiling night,	
In quiet floods the silver moon	25
Or Cretan Gyges never shone ;	
Who, placed among the maids, defies	
A skilful stranger's prying eyes ;	
So smooth his doubtful looks appear,	
So loose, so womanish, his hair.	30

ODE X.—TO LICINIUS.

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—1579.

You better sure shall live, not evermore
 Trying high seas, nor while seas rage you flee,
 Pressing too much upon ill-favour'd shore.
 The golden mean who loves, lives safely free
 From filth of foreworne house, and quiet lives, 5
 Releas't from court, where envie needs must be.

The winde most oft the hugest pine-tree grieves ;
 The stately towers come downe with greater fall ;
 The highest hills the bolt of thunder cleaves ;
 Evil haps doe fill with hope, good haps appall 10
 With feare of change, the courage well prepared ;
 Foule winters as they come, away they shall.

Though present times and past with ills be snared,
 They shall not last ; with Citherne, silent musc,

Apollo wakes, and bow hath sometimes spared. 15
 In hard estate with stout show valour use :
 The same man still in whom wisdom prevails,
 In too full winde draw in thy swelling sailes.

SAME ODE.

BY WILLIAM COWPER.—1784.

RECEIVE, dear friend, the truths I teach ;
 So shalt thou live beyond the reach
 Of adverse fortune's power ;
 Not always tempt the distant deep,
 Nor always timorously creep 5
 Along the treacherous shore.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
 And lives contentedly between
 The little and the great,
 Feels not the wants that pinch the poor, 10
 Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
 Imbittering all his state.

The tallest pines feel most the power
 Of wintry blasts ; the loftiest tower
 Comes heaviest to the ground ; 15
 The bolts that spare the mountain's side,
 His cloud-capt eminence divide
 And spread the ruin round.

The well-inform'd philosopher
 Rejoices with a wholesome fear, 20
 And hopes, in spite of pain ;
 If winter bellow from the north,
 Soon the sweet spring comes dancing forth,
 And nature laughs again.

What if thine heaven be overcast ? 25
 The dark appearance will not last ;
 Expect a brighter sky.

HOR. VOL. II.—M

The god, that strings the silver bow,
Awakes sometimes the muses too,
And lays his arrows by. 30

If hindrances obstruct thy way,
Thy magnanimity display,
And let thy strength be seen ;
But oh ! if fortune fill thy sail
With more than a propitious gale, 35
Take half thy canvass in.

ODE XI.—TO QUINTUS HIRPINUS.

BY SIR THOMAS HAWKINS.—1625.

WHAT the Cantabrian stout, or Scythian think
Divided with opposed Adria's brinke,
Quintus Hirpinus, doe not thou enquire ;
Nor for life's use, which little doth desire,
Bee thou too careful : smooth-faced youth apace 5
Doth backward flie, and with it beautie's grace,
Dry aged hoarinesse with furrows deepe,
Dispelling amorous fires, and gentle sleepe.
The summer flowers keep not their native grace,
Nor shines the bright moon with a constant face. 10
Why dost thou tyre thy mind, subordinate
Unto the councells of eternall fate ?
Why under this high plane, or pine-tree's shade
In discomposed manner, carelesse layde,
Our hoary hayre perfumed with fragrant rose, 15
And odours, which Assyria doth disclose,
Doe we anoynted not to drink prepare ?
Free Bacchus dissipates consuming care :
But oh ! what boy, Falernian wines' hot rage
Will soone for me, with gliding streames assuage ? 20
Ah ! who retyred Lyde will require,
Hither to come ? boy, with her ivory lyre,
Bid her make haste, and haire to tie not shame,
In carelesse knot, like a Laconian dame.

ODE XII.—TO MÆCENAS.

BY SIR JEFFREY GILBERT,

CHIEF BARON OF THE EXCHEQUER.—1740.

- DIRE Hannibal, the Roman dread,
 Numantian wars, which raged so long,
 And seas with Punic slaughter red,
 Suit not the softer lyric song ;
- Nor savage centaurs, mad with wine ; 5
 Nor earth's enormous rebel brood,
 Who shook with fear the powers divine,
 Till by Alcides' arms subdued.
- Better, Mæcenas, thou in prose
 Shalt Cæsar's glorious battles tell ; 10
 With what bold heat the victor glows,
 What captive kings his triumphs swell.
- Thy mistress all my muse employs ;
 Læcinia's voice, her sprightly turns,
 The fire that sparkles in her eyes, 15
 And in her faithful bosom burns.
- When she adorns Diana's day,
 And all the beauteous choirs advance,
 With sweetest airs, divinely gay,
 She shines, distinguish'd in the dance ! 20
- Not all Arabia's spicy fields
 Can with Læcinia's breath compare ;
 Nor India's self a treasure yields,
 To purchase one bright flowing hair :
- When she with bending neck complies 25
 To meet the lover's eager kiss,
 With gentle cruelty denies,
 Or snatches first the fragrant bliss.

ODE XIV.—TO POSTUMUS.

BY RALPH BERNAL, ESQ., M.P.—1831.

SWIFT fly the rolling years, my friend !
 Nor can your anxious prayers extend
 The fleeting joys of youth ;
 The trembling hand, the wrinkled cheek,
 Too plainly life's decay bespeak, 5
 With sad but silent truth.

What though you daily offerings rise
 In fragrant clouds of sacrifice
 To Jove's immortal seat ;
 You cannot fly death's cold embrace, 10
 Where peasants, chiefs of kingly race,
 An equal welcome meet.

In vain, from battle fields afar,
 You gently dream of raging war,
 Secure in peace and wealth : 15
 In vain you shun the stormy wave,
 The scorching breeze, that others brave,
 Profuse of vigorous health.

Though zealous friends your portals throng,
 They cannot still your life prolong 20
 By one short lingering hour ;
 Whate'er our plans, whate'er our state,
 We mortals own one common fate,
 One stern, unbending power.

When your parch'd lips shall faintly press 25
 On your fond wife their last caress,
 And farewell murmurs breathe,
 Your wandering eyes shall feebly rove
 O'er each loved wood, and well-train'd grove,
 To seek a funeral wreath. 30

The purple vineyard's luscious stores,
 Secured by trebly bolted doors,
 Excite in vain your care ;
 Soon shall the rich and sparkling hoard
 Flow largely o'er the festive board 35
 Of your unsparing heir.

ODE XV.

BY THE REV. J. MITFORD.—1831.

GLEAMING on Baiæ's golden shore,
 Yon marble domes their sunny wings expand ;
 And glittering villas crown the yellow strand ;
 But, ah ! its wealthy harvests wave no more,
 The faithful ploughshare quits the encumber'd land. 5

Mark yon broad lakes their glittering bosoms spread,
 Wide, as the Lucrine wave, their waters sheen ;
 And lo ! the solitary plane is seen,
 Spreading its broad and fruitless boughs of green,
 Where erst above the maple's social head, 10
 Laden with grapes, the tendrils wont to twine ;
 And thou, thy purple clusters shed,
 Oh ! Italy's beloved vine !

How rich the balm Favonius breathes,
 From banks with rose, and spicy myrtle set ! 15
 How fair his fragrant blossoms wreathes
 Of the dark-eyed violet.
 But, ah ! the sons of joy forget,
 (Who the fierce splendours of the summer sky,
 In the green depth of laurel-groves defy,) 20
 How autumn's ripening hand was wont to pour
 The orchard fruits from every golden tree,
 And o'er the ruddy fallows smiled to see
 • The olive drop its fat and mellow shower

How stern old Cato's shaggy brows would bend ; 25
 How darkly glare our founder's angry look ;
 For ill could they the conscript fathers brook
 To see yon marble porticoes extend,
 Wooing the north his breezy shades to lend
 From many a mountain nook. 30

The green turf was their humble bed,
 Their costliest canopy the wild-wood tree ;
 While its rich breast the marble quarry spread,
 And high the temple rear'd its stately head
 In honour of the deity. 35

ODE XVI.—TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

BY THOMAS OTWAY.—1678.

In storms when clouds the moon do hide,
 And no kind stars the pilot guide,
 Show me at sea the boldest there,
 Who does not wish for quiet here. 5
 For quiet, friend, the soldier fights,
 Beats weary marches, sleepless nights,
 For this feeds hard, and lodges cold ;
 Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
 Since wealth and power too weak we find
 To quell the tumult of the mind ; 10
 Or from the monarch's roofs of state
 Drive thence the cares that round him wait
 Happy the man with little bless'd
 Of what his father left, possess'd ;
 No base desires corrupt his head, 15
 No fears disturb him in his bed.
 What then in life, which soon must end,
 Can all our vain designs intend ?
 From shore to shore why should we run,
 When none his tiresome self can shun ? 20
 For baneful care will still prevail,
 And overtake us under sail ;

'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
 Outrun the roe, outfly the wind.
 If then thy soul rejoice to-day, 25
 Drive far to-morrow's cares away.
 In laughter let them all be drown'd,
 No perfect good is to be found :
 One mortal feels fate's sudden blow,
 Another's ling'ring death comes slow ; 30
 And what of life they take from thee,
 The gods may give to punish me.
 Thy portion is a wealthy stock,
 A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
 Horses and chariots for thy ease, 35
 Rich robes to deck and make thee please.
 For me a little cell I choose,
 Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
 Which soft content does best adorn.
 Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn. 40

SAME ODE.

BY WARREN HASTINGS,

ON HIS PASSAGE FROM BENGAL TO ENGLAND, IN 1785.

Addressed to John Shore, Esq., now Lord Teighmouth.

For ease the harass'd seaman prays,
 When equinoctial tempests raise
 The Cape's surrounding wave ;
 When hanging o'er the reef he hears
 The cracking mast, and sees or fears, 5
 Beneath his wat'ry grave.

For ease the slow Mahratta spoils,
 And harder Sic erratic toils,
 While both their ease forego :
 For ease, which neither gold can buy, 10
 Nor robes, nor gems, which oft belie
 The cover'd heart, bestow.

For neither gold, nor gems combined,
 Can heal the foul or suffering mind.
 Lo ! where their owner lies, 15
 Perch'd on his couch, distemper breathes ;
 And care, like smoke, in turbid wreaths,
 Round the gaily ceiling flies.

He who enjoys nor covets more
 Than lands his father held before, 20
 Is of true bliss possess'd :
 Let but his mind unfetter'd tread,
 Far as the paths of knowledge lead,
 And wise, as well as bless'd.

No fears his peace of mind annoy, 25
 Lest printed lies his fame destroy,
 Which labour'd years have won ;
 Nor pack'd committees break his rest,
 Nor avarice sends him forth in quest
 Of climes beneath the sun 30

Short is our span ; then why engage
 In schemes, for which man's transient age
 Was ne'er by fate design'd ?
 Why slight the gifts of nature's hand ?
 What wanderer from his native land 35
 E'er left himself behind ?

The restless thought, and wayward will,
 And discontent, attend him still,
 Nor quit him while he lives :
 At sea, care follows in the wind ; 40
 At land, it mounts the pad behind,
 Or with the post-boy drives.

He who would happy live to-day,
 Must laugh the present ills away,
 Nor think of woes to come ; 45
 For come they will, or soon or late ;
 Since mix'd at best is man's estate,
 By Heaven's eternal doom.

To ripen'd age Clive lived renown'd,
 With lacs enrich'd, with honours crown'd, 50
 His valour's well-earn'd meed.

Too long, alas ! he lived, to hate
 His envied lot ; and died too late,
 From life's oppression freed.

An early death was Elliott's doom : 55
 I saw his opening virtues bloom,

 And manly sense unfold,
 Too soon to fade ! I bade the stone
 Record his name mid hordes unknown,
 Unknowing what it told. 60

To thee perhaps the fates may give
 (I wish they may in health to live)
 Herds, flocks, and fruitful fields ;
 Thy vacant hours in mirth to shine :
 With these, the muse already thine, 65
 Her present bounties yields.

For me, oh Shore ! I only claim
 To merit, not to seek for fame ;
 The good and just to please :
 A state above the fear of want ; 70
 Domestic love, Heaven's choicest grant,
 Health, leisure, peace, and ease.

55 Mr. Elliott died in October, 1778, in his way to Nangpore.

BOOK III.

'ODE I.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY.—1656.

HENCE, ye profane ! I hate you all ;
Both the great, vulgar, and the small.
To virgin minds, which yet their native whiteness
hold,
Nor yet discoloured with the love of gold,
That jaundice of the soul, 5
(Which makes it look so gilded and so foul,)
To you, ye very few, these truths I tell ;
The muse inspires my song ; hark, and observe it
well.
We look on men, and wonder at such odds
'Twixt things that were the same by birth ; 10
We look on kings, as grants of the earth,
'These grants are but pigmies to the gods.
The humblest bush and proudest oak
Are but of equal proof against the thunder-stroke.
Beauty, and strength, and wit, and wealth, and
power, 15
Have their short flourishing hour ;
And love to see themselves, and smile,
And joy in their pre-eminence a while :
Ev'n so in the same land, 19
Poor weeds, rich corn, gay flowers, together stand ;
Alas ! death mows down all with an impartial hand :
And all ye men, whom greatness does so please,
Ye feast, I fear, like Damocles :
If ye your eyes could upward move,
(But ye, I fear, think nothing is above,) 25

Ye would perceive by what a little thread
 The sword still hangs over your head :
 No tide of wine would drown your cares ;
 No mirth of music overnoise your fears .
 The fear of death would you so watchful keep , 30
 As not t' admit the image of it, sleep.
 Sleep is a god too proud to wait in palaces,
 And yet so humble, too, as not to scorn
 The meanest country cottages :
 " His poppy grows among the corn." 35
 The halcyon sleep will never build his nest
 In any stormy breast.
 'Tis not enough that he does find
 Clouds and darkness in their mind ,
 Darkness but half his work will do . 40
 'Tis not enough ; he must find quiet too.
 The man, who in all wishes he does make,
 Does only nature's counsel take,
 That wise and happy man will never fear
 The evil aspects of the year ; 45
 Nor tremble, though two comets should appear ;
 He does not look in almanacs, to see
 Whether he fortunate shall be :
 Let Mars and Saturn in the heavens conjoin,
 And what they please against the world design, 50
 So Jupiter within him shine.
 If of your pleasures and desires no end be found,
 God to your cares and fears will set no bound.
 What would content you ? who can tell ?
 Ye fear so much to lose what ye have got, 55
 As if ye liked it well :
 Ye strive for more, as if ye liked it not.
 Go, level hills, and fill up seas,
 Spare naught that may your wanton fancy please .
 But trust me, when you have done all this, 60
 Much will be missing still, and much will be amiss.

ODE II.—TO HIS FRIENDS.

BY DEAN SWIFT.

Sent to the Earl of Oxford, late lord treasurer, when in the
Tower, 1617.

How bless'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies !
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back ;
Though fear should lend him pinions like the wind,
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind. 6

Virtue repulsed, yet knows not to repine,
But shall with unattainted honour shine ;
Nor stoops to take the staff, nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown. 10

Virtue, to crown her favourites, loves to try
Some new unbeaten passage to the sky ;
Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward ; 15
Within our breast he every secret barr'd !
He who betrays his friend, shall never be
Under one roof, or in one ship, with me ;
For who with traitors would his safety trust,
Lest, with the wicked, Heaven involve the just ? 20
And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
Slow vengeance, like a bloodhound, at his heels.

ODE III.—TO DELLIUS.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.—1704.

The man resolved and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries ;

The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles, 5
 And the stern brow, and the harsh voice defies,
 And with superior greatness smiles.
 Not the rough whirlwind, that deforms
 Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
 The stubborn virtue of his soul can move; 10
 Nor the red arm of angry Jove,
 That flings the thunder from the sky,
 And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
 Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd, 15
 He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amid a falling world.
 Such were the godlike arts, that led
 Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes ;
 Such did for great Alcides plead, 20
 And gain'd a place among the gods ;
 Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies,
 And to his lips the nectar bowl applies :
 His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
 And with immortal stains divinely glow. 25
 By arts like these did young Lyæus rise :
 His tigers drew him to the skies ;
 Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
 In vain they foam'd, in vain they stared,
 In vain their eyes with fury glared ; 30
 He tamed them to the lash, and bent them to the
 yoke.
 Such were the paths that Rome's great founder
 trod,
 When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high,
 He shook off dull mortality,
 And lost the monarch in the god. 35
 Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
 And thus th' assembled deities bespoke :
 "Troy," says the goddess, "perjured Troy has felt
 The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt ;
 The towering pile, and soft abodes, 40
 Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
 HOR. VOL. II.—N

Now spreads its ruins all around,
 And lies inglorious on the ground.
 An umpire partial and unjust,
 And a lewd woman's impious lust 45
 Lay heavy on her head, and sink her to the dust.
 Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway
 That durst defraud th'immortals of their pay,
 Her guardian gods renounced their patronage,
 Nor would the fierce invading foe repel; 50
 To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
 The guilty king and the whole people fell.
 And now the long protracted wars are o'er,
 The soft adulterer shines no more;
 No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield, 55
 That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd
 the field.
 My vengeance sated, I at length resign
 To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line :
 Advanced to godhead, let him rise,
 And take his station in the skies : 60
 There entertain his ravish'd sight
 With scenes of glory, fields of light :
 Quaff with the gods immortal wine,
 And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.
 The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host 65
 In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
 And flourish on a foreign coast ;
 But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
 Removed by seas from the disastrous shore,
 May endless billows rise between, and storms un-
 number'd roar. 70
 Still let the cursed, detested place
 Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
 Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass.
 There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray ;
 Or, while the lonely shepherd sings, 75
 Amid the mighty ruins play,
 And frisk upon the tombs of kings.

May tigers there, and all the savage kind
 Sad solitary haunts and deserts find;
 In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces, 80
 May th' unmolested lioness
 Her brinded whelps securely lay,
 Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
 While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
 Rome and the Roman capitol shall rise; 85
 Th' illustrious exiles unconfined
 Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
 In vain the sea's intruding tide
 Europe from Afric shall divide,
 And part the sever'd world in two. 90
 Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall
 spread,
 And the long train of victories pursue
 To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
 Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
 And look on gold with undesiring eyes, 95
 Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
 In search of the forbidden ore;
 Those glittering ills, conceal'd within the mine
 Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
 To the last bounds that nature sets 100
 The piercing colds and sultry heats,
 The godlike race shall spread their arms,
 Now fill the polar circle with alarms,
 Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine;
 Now sweat for conquest underneath the line. 105
 This only law the victor shall restrain;
 On these conditions shall he reign:
 If none his guilty hand employ
 To build again a second Troy,
 If none the rash design pursue, 110
 Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
 A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
 That shall the new foundations rase;
 Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
 To storm the rising town with fire, 115

And at their armies' head myself will show
 What Juno, urged to all her rage, can do.
 Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
 And line it round with walls of brass;
 Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works con-
 found, 120
 And hew the shining fabric to the ground:
 Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return
 And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands
 mourn."
 But hold, my muse, forbear thy towering flight,
 Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light: 125
 In vain would thy presumptuous verse
 Th' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
 The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
 Forget their majesty, and lose the sound.

SAME ODE.

BY ELIJAH FENTON.—1704.

AN honest mind, to virtue's precepts true,
 Contemns the fury of a lawless crew:
 Firm as a rock he to his purpose stands,
 And thinks a tyrant's frowns as weak as his com-
 mands.
 Him loudest storms can't from his centre move, 5
 He braves the almighty thunder e'en of Jove.
 If all the heavenly orbs, confus'dly hurl'd
 Should dash in pieces, and should crush the world,
 Undaunted he the mighty crush would hear,
 Nor in his breast admit a thought of fear. 10
 Pollux, and wandering Hercules of old,
 Were by such acts among the gods enroll'd.
 Augustus thus the shining powers possess'd,
 By all the immortal deities caress'd;
 He shares with them in their ethereal feasts, 15
 And quaffs bright nectar with the heavenly guests

This was the path the frisking tigers trod,
 Dragging the car that bore their jolly god,
 Who fix'd in heaven his crown and his abode.
 Romulus by Mars through this bless'd path was
 shown, 20
 And 'scaped the woes of gloomy Acheron.
 In virtue's rugged road he took his way,
 And gain'd the mansions of eternal day;
 For him e'en Juno's self pronounced a word,
 Grateful to all the ethereal council board. 25
 Oh Ilion! Ilion! I with transport view
 The fall of all thy wicked, perjured crew;
 Pallas and I have borne the rankling grudge
 To that cursed shepherd, that incestuous judge;
 Nay, e'en Laomedon his gods betray'd, 30
 And basely broke the solemn oath he made.
 But now the painted strumpet and her guest,
 No more are in their pomp and jewels dress'd;
 No more is Hector licensed to destroy,
 To slay the Greeks, and save his perjured Troy. 35
 Priam is now become an empty ghost,
 Doom'd with his house to tread the burning coast.
 The god of battle now has ceased to roar,
 And I, the queen of heaven, pursue my hate no
 more.
 I now the Trojan priestess' son will give 40
 Back to his warlike sire, and let him live
 In lucid bowers, and give him leave to use
 Ambrosia, and the nectar's heavenly juice;
 To be enroll'd in these serene abodes,
 And wear the easy order of the gods. 45
 In this bless'd state I grant him to remain,
 While Troy from Rome's divided by the main;
 While savage beasts insult the Trojan tombs,
 And in their caves unlade their pregnant wombs.
 Let the exiled Trojans reign in every land, 50
 And let the capitol triumphant stand,
 And all the tributary world command.

Let awful Rome, with seven refulgent heads
Still keep her conquest o'er the vanquish'd Medes.
With conquering terror let her arms extend 55
Her mighty name to shores without an end;
Where midland seas divide the fruitful soil
From Europe to the swelling waves of Nile.
Let them be greater by despising gold,
Than digging it from forth its native mould, 60
To be the wicked instrument of ill.
Let sword and ruin every country fill
That strives to stop the progress of her arms;
Not only those that sultry Sirius warms;
But where the fields in endless winter lie, 65
Whose frosts and snows the sun's bright rays defy.
But yet, on this condition I decree
The warlike Romans' happy destiny;
That, when they universal rule enjoy,
They not presume to raise their ancient Troy; 70
For then all ugly omens shall return,
And Troy be built but once again to burn;
E'en I myself a second war will move,
E'en I, the sister and the wife of Jove.
If Phœbus' harp should thrice erect a wall, 75
And all of brass, yet thrice the work shall fall,
Sack'd by my fav'rite Greeks; and thrice again
The Trojan wives should drag a captive chain,
And mourn their children and their husbands slain.
But, whither wouldst thou, soaring muse, aspire, 80
To tell the councils of the heavenly choir?
Alas! thou canst not strain thy weakly strings,
To sing, in humble notes, such mighty things:
No more the secrets of the gods relate,
Thy tongue's too feeble for a task so great. 85

SAME ODE.—FRAGMENT.

BY LORD BYRON.—1815.

THE man of firm and noble soul
 No factious clamours can control;
 No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow
 Can swerve him from his just intent:
 Gales the warring waves which plough 5
 By Auster on the billows spent,
 To curb the Adriatic main,
 Would awe his fix'd, determin'd mind in vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,
 Hurdling his lightnings from above, 10
 With all his terrors then unfurl'd,
 He would unmoved, unawed behold:
 The flames of an expiring world
 Again in crashing chaos roll'd,
 In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd. 15
 Might light his glorious funeral pile:
 Still dauntless mid the wreck of earth he'd smile.

ODE IV.—TO CALLIOPE.

BY ROBERT A. WILMOTT, ESQ.—1831.

COME from heaven, come and sing
 Some many-linked melody;
 If the glad voice loud and clear,
 Or the wood-reed please thine ear,
 Or Apollo's cittern be more dear, 5
 Oh Queen Calliope!
 Do ye hear? oh, can it be,
 A sweet deceiving ecstasy!
 I seem to hear, I seem to roam
 Through some spirit-haunted home, 10

Where beneath the leaves dark hushing,
 The pleasant winds, and streams are gushing !
 Alone upon the Vultur-mount,
 From fond Apulia's threshold straying,
 The doves the dewy foliage wound 15
 The weary poet child around,
 Worn out with sleep and playing.
 And wonder woke in every breast,
 On Acherontia's crowned crest,
 And through the Bantine fields, and where 20
 Tarentum looketh green and fair,—
 That I, untouch'd by prowling bear,
 Or viper black, should sleep,
 A spirit-guarded, gleeful boy,
 Upon that sacred myrtle heap ! 25
 Daughters of music ! I am borne
 Into your towering Sabine hills,
 Or mid Præneste's cooling leaves,
 Or where its path the Tiber weaves,
 Or Baiæ's crystal rills. 30
 Dance beside me, and I go
 A sailor on the stormy sea,
 Or over Syria's burning sands,
 A pilgrim journeying joyfully.
 I will see the Briton's dwelling, 35
 The Spaniard banqueting on gore ;
 I will behold the quiver'd Scythian,
 Wandering on the desert shore.
 When mighty Cæsar, victory-crown'd,
 A home among the towns hath found 40
 For his legions tired with fight,
 His grief-forgetting heart your songs
 In the Pierian cave delight.
 With gentle counsel, singers sweet,
 Rejoicing in your gifts, ye greet. 45
 A tale is in my memory :
 The Titans and the giant band,
 Scatter'd by the thunder hand,

Whose sceptred might is over all—
The earth, its towns, the wind-shook sea, 50
And Hades with its agony.
Alike that fearful hand doth fall
On man, and immortality!
A thought the rebel brothers woke
Of terror in the monarch's breast, 55
As glorying in their arms, they strove to fling
Pelion upon Olympus' forked crest.
Vain boasters!—Typhon, mighty Mimas,
Porphyryon with the threatening form,
Or Rhætus, or the demon hurler 60
Of trees uprooted, like a storm;
Feebly they rush'd, untaught to yield,
Against Minerva's sounding shield.
Here eager Vulcan stood, and there
The matron Juno, proudly fair; 65
And he whose bow is ever on his back;
Who bathes his wild locks in the dew
Of Castaly, and roameth through
The Lycian plain, his native glen—
Apollo, the many named of men! 70
Brute strength, if wisdom guide it not,
By its own weight to earth is press'd;
But thought-restrain'd, the gods exalt
Its weakness into power: they hale the breast
Where sin abides, a busy guest. 75
Bear witness to my story, thou,
Gyges! the hundred-handed king;
And thou, whose tongue unchill'd by fear,
Hath whisper'd love in Dian's ear,
Within thy soul the virgin's dart is quivering! 80
Earth upon the monsters thrown,
Sadly weepeth for her own,
Mourning for her children sent
Unto hell's lurid element;
Not yet the rapid flame doth leap 85
Through Etna's vast upgather'd heap.

By Tityus' heart the vulture sitteth,
 A watcher sleeping never ;
 And hell about the cloud-born lover
 Hath bound its manacles for ever ! 90

ODE V.—THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.—1831.

Jove's power the thunder-peal proclaims :
 Britain's and Parthia's hated names,
 Inscribed mid Cæsar's victories,
 Exalt the hero to the skies.
 And has thy soldier, Crassus, wived 5
 With barbarous consort, meanly lived ?
 Beneath a Median standard ranged.
 (Oh senate shamed ! Oh manners changed !)
 Mail'd in a foreign sire's array,
 Has the stern Marsian's brow grown gray— 10
 Vesta, race, robes, and rites forgot,
 As if great Rome, Rome's Jove were not ?
 This, patriot Regulus foreknew ;
 And spurn'd, to home and honour true,
 The terms whose chronicled disgrace 15
 Would paralyze each rising race.
 If they, who bore to live in chains,
 Pined not unwept : " In Punic fanes
 Rome's captive banner hung," he cried,
 " These eyes have witness'd ; from a side 20
 Gash'd by no wound the sword resign'd,
 And cords round Roman arms entwined ;
 Carthage unbolted, and her field,
 (Erst our rich spoil,) securely till'd !
 Hope ye more brave a ransom'd race 25
 Ye coupled damage with disgrace.
 Alas ! once tinctured for the loom,
 Ne'er will the fleece its snow resume ;

Nor valour, sullied by a stain,
Renew its fire, and glow again. 30

If stag released will brave the fight,
Then count upon that soldier's might
Who once has trusted treacherous foe :
Then deem he'll strike heroic blow,
Who once has felt the hostile cord, 35
And quiver'd at a Punic sword.

'Twas his, in wild despair of life,
To crouch for peace mid battles' strife—
Oh mighty Carthage, rear'd to fame
On ruin of the Roman name!" 40

And thus, his wife's chaste kiss declined,
His infant's clinging arms untwined,
With eyes cast down, in sternest mood
The self-attainted warrior stood ;
Till he the wavering senate bent 45
With counsel beyond precedent,

And mid his weeping friends' dismay,
Illustrious exile ! hied away—

Though well, alas ! he knew what woes
Were meant him by his savage foes ; 50

Through kin, through crowds before him cast,
With foot as firm the hero pass'd,

As if each client's petty broil
Duly composed, from civil toil
He turn'd to some Venafran dome, 55
Or far Tarentum's quiet home !

ODE VI.—TO THE ROMANS.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.—1672.

THOSE ills your ancestors have done,
Romans, are now become your own ;

And they will cost you dear,

Unless you soon repair

The falling temples which the gods provoke, 5
And statues sullied yet with sacrilegious smoke.

Propitious Heaven, that raised your fathers high,
 For humble, grateful piety,
 (As it rewarded their respect,)
 Hath sharply punish'd your neglect. 10
 All empires on the gods depend,
 Begun by their command, at their command they end.
 Let Crassus' ghost and Labienus tell
 How twice by Jove's revenge our legions fell,
 And with insulting pride 15
 Shining in Roman spoils the Parthian victors ride.
 The Scythian and Egyptian scum
 Had almost ruin'd Rome,
 While our seditions took their part,
 Fill'd each Egyptian sail, and wing'd each Scythian
 dart. 20
 First, these flagitious times
 (Pregnant with unknown crimes)
 Conspire to violate the nuptial bed,
 From which polluted head
 Infectious streams of crowding sins began, 25
 And through the spurious breed and guilty nation
 ran.
 Behold a fair and melting maid,
 Bound 'prentice to a common trade;
 Ionian artists at a mighty price
 Instruct her in the mysteries of vice, 30
 What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay,
 And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.
 'Tis not the spawn of such as these
 That dy'd with Punic blood the conquer'd seas,
 And quash'd the stern Æacides; 35
 Made the proud Asian monarch feel
 How weak his gold was 'gainst Europe's steel;
 Forced e'en dire Hannibal to yield,
 And won the long disputed world at Zama's fatal
 field.
 But soldiers of a rustic mould, 40
 Rough, hardy, season'd, manly, bold;

Either they dug the stubborn ground,
Or through hewn woods their weighty strokes did
sound ;

And after the declining sun
Had changed the shadows, and their task was done,
Home with their weary team, they took their way, 46
And drown'd in friendly bowls the labour of the day.

Time sensibly all things impairs ;

Our fathers have been worse than theirs ;

And we than ours, next age will see 50

A race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be.

ODE IX.—TO LYDIA.

BY BISHOP ATTERBURY.—1700.

Horace. WHILE I was fond, and you were kind,
Nor any dearer youth reclined
On your soft bosom, sought to rest,
Phraates was not half so bless'd.

Lydia. While you ador'd no other face, 5
Nor loved me in the second place,
My happy celebrated fame
Outshone e'en Ilia's envied flame.

H. Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice and lyre command my soul ; 10
Nor would I death itself decline,
Could her life ransom'd be with mine.

L. For me young lovely Calais burns,
And warmth for warmth my heart returns,
Twice would I life with ease resign, 15
Could his be ransom'd once with mine.

H. What if sweet love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke ;
HOR. VOL. II.—O

Should banish'd Chloe cease to reign,
And Lydia her lost power regain? 20

L. Though Hesperus be less fair than he,
Thou wilder than the raging sea,
Lighter than down; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

SAME ODE.

BY CHARLES BADHAM, M.D.—1831.

Horace. WHILST I, and none but I was heard,
Nor dwelt in dread of youth preferr'd,
And none but I—thou fickle thing!
I lived more bless'd than Persia's king.

Lydia. And Lydia, long as Lydia's breast, 5
Not Chloe's, was thy place of rest:
Ere yet she glowed at Chloe's name,
Lightly she cared for Ilia's fame!

H. The Thracian girl divinely sings,
Forth from the lyre such tones she brings! 10
Hers, only hers, for her I live,
Content to die—so she survive!

L. My hours a young Tarentine charms:
We breathe but in each others arms;
And as for dying! I would brave 15
A thousand deaths his life to save!

H. Come, Lydia! should a former yoke
One's weakness, after all, provoke
To quit the girl with golden hair—
That yoke, once more—will Lydia wear? 20

L. Thou fairer be than morning star,
And thou than winds be lighter far,
And hastier, than the fretful sea;
With thee she lives—she dies with thee!

ODE XIII.—TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

BY JAMES BEATTIE.—1790.

BANDUSIA ! more than crystal clear !
 Whose soothing murmurs charm the ear !
 Whose margin soft, with flow'rets crown'd,
 Invites the festive band around.
 Their careless limbs diffused supine, 5
 To quaff the soul-enlivening wine.

To thee a tender kid I vow,
 That aims for light his budding brow ;
 In thought the wrathful combat proves,
 Or wantons with his little loves . 10
 But vain are all his purposed schemes,
 Delusive all his flattering dreams ;
 To-morrow shall his fervent blood
 Stain the pure silver of thy flood.

When fiery Sirtus blasts the plain, 15
 Untouch'd thy gelid streams remain.
 To thee, the fainting flocks repair,
 To taste thy cool, reviving air ;
 To thee, the ox with toil oppress'd,
 And lays his languid limbs to rest. 20

As springs of old renown'd, thy name,
 Bless'd fountain ! I devote to fame ;
 Thus while I sing in deathless lays
 The verdant holm, whose waving sprays,
 Thy sweet retirement to defend, 25
 High o'er the moss-grown rock impend,
 Whence, prattling in loquacious play,
 Thy sprightly waters leap away.

SAME ODE.

BY JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.—1805.

OH fount ! with fair unruffled face
 More clear than crystal and more bright than glass ;
 To thee my only bowl shall pour
 The sweet libation crown'd with many a flower.
 To thee a sportive kid shall bleed, 5
 Proud of the spreading honours of his head ;
 Who meditates the angry shock,
 For some first love the fairest of the flock.
 In vain ! for Venus will not save—
 His youthful blood shall tinge thy azure wave. 10
 Not Phœbus, with his summer beams,
 Can penetrate thy shade, and gild thy streams ;
 But ever from the dogstar's heat
 The wearied herds require thy green retreat.
 Let other bards their fountains sing, 15
 A bard shall love and celebrate thy spring ;
 The secret shelter of thy wood,
 And bubbling rills that fall into thy flood.

SAME ODE.

BY J. WARTON.—1776.

YE waves, that gushing fall with purest stream,
 Bandusian fount ! to whom the products sweet
 Of richest wines belong,
 And fairest flowers of spring ;
 To thee a chosen victim will I slay,
 A kid, who glowing in lascivious youth,
 Just blooms with budding horn,
 And with vain thought elate
 Yet destines future war : but, ah ! too soon
 His reeking blood with crimson shall enrich 10

Thy pure translucent flood,
 And tinge thy crystal clear.
 Thy sweet recess the sun in midday hour
 Can ne'er invade, thy streams the labour'd ox
 Refresh with cooling draught, 15
 And glad the wand'ring herds.
 Thy name shall shine, with endless honours graced,
 While on my shell I sing the nodding oak,
 That o'er thy cavern deep
 Waves his imbowering head. 20

ODE XVI.—TO MÆCENAS.

BY SAMUEL SAY.—1720.

DANAE, enclosed in tow'rs of brass,
 Strong iron doors, and opening dogs,
 Wakeful, had well secured by day,
 Had well secured by night;
 If Jove and Venus had not mock'd 5
 The jealous sire—so fables tell—
 Vain iron! vain brass! transform'd to gold,
 He won the greedy maid.
 When gold appears, the guards retire,
 The floods divide, the rocks are rent; 10
 Not thunder flings the fiery bolt
 With such resistless power.
 Subjects their kings, and priests their gods
 Exchange for gold. The gownman right
 And wrong confounds: for gold he pleads, 15
 For gold betrays the cause.
 Touch'd by thy stronger force, tow'rs thee
 The compass veers, almighty gold!
 Before thee, wisdom, valour, sense,
 And virtue are no more! 20

Care follows close where gold precedes :
 Sweet innocence, contentment, peace,
 No more shall bless the day ; no more
 Soft slumbers bless the night !

This Horace saw ; wise bard ! and durst 25
 Refuse the glittering bribe ; to share
 With Cæsar all the world—to share
 The world, and share the toil.

Tempt me no more, Mæcenæ ! tempt 30
 No more thy Flaccus to aspire
 To wealth and power : he fears the helm,
 Because he fears the storm.

What we deny ourselves, just Heaven
 Restores with interest. Naked, see—
 Naked, thy humble friend deserts 35
 The party of the great :

Glad fugitive—he longs to reach
 The camp of the contented few,
 Whose little is enough—enough—
 That sweeter word for all ! 40

Oh decent pride ! oh truly lord
 Of his possessions, who still bears
 A soul above 'em ! richer far
 Than all Apulia's stores,

Heap'd in the crowded barn, could make 45
 The mind that covets without end,
 And, drinking, thirsts for more—oh wretch,
 In utmost plenty poor !

A silver stream, a silent grove,
 A summer's eve, a small estate 50
 Still faithful to its lord : a life,
 Retired from noise or care,

Steals through the world with joys unknown
To the profaner mind ; with joys
Unknown to crowded courts ; to peers, 55
And sceptred kings unknown !

Though no proud palace loads the ground,
Or towers into the sky nor car
With gilded trappings gay ; behind
Bestuck with pampered slaves ; 60

Moves slow in state ; nor costly wines,
Tokay, Champaign, or Burgundy,
Nor high ragouts deceive the taste,
And propagate disease ;

Yet fair content my cottage cheers ; 65
Lettuce and pulse my garden yields :
Plain food, soft ale, or home-brew'd wines,
Still crown my healthful board.

Through fragrant fields, or spreading lawns,
Where the sheep graze and oxen low, 70
Or stalks the stag with head erect,
I sometimes musing rove :

Pleased with his load, sometimes my pad
Smooth ambles to the neighbouring gate,
That opens friendly to receive 75
The not unwelcome guest.

Happy ! who knows himself, and knows
To judge of happiness ; to whom
Wise Heaven, with kind but frugal hand,
Has every want supplied. 80

SAME ODE.

BY THE REV. J. MITFORD.—1831.

"The lone gray tower on Argo's mountain shore,
 The faithful watchdog at the midnight door."
 Safe in their guard imprison'd love had slept,
 Her baffled suitors youthful Danae wept.
 But with rich bribes the laughing gods betray'd 5
 The yielding guardian, and the enamour'd maid.
 Through armed satellites, and walls of stone,
 Gold wings its flight, resistless though alone.

Ah! who the wiles of womankind hath tried?
 By gold, the priest, the blameless augur died. 10
 Mark Philip's march! the obedient cities fall,
 Ope the wide gates, and yields the embattled wall.
 To gold, each petty tyrant sank a prey,
 King after king confess'd its powerful sway,
 On wisdom's patriot voice the siren hung, 15
 And stay'd the thunders of the Athenian tongue,
 The warworn veteran oft his trophies sold,
 And venal navies own'd the power of gold.

Enlarging wealth increasing wishes share,
 The gods have cursed the miser's hoard with care; 20
 To modest worth are choicest blessings sent,
 Heaven loves the humble virtues of content.
 Far from the rich thy poet loves to dwell,
 And share the silence of the hermit's cell.

The wide brook babbling down the mountain's side,
 The chestnut copse that spreads its leafy pride, 26
 The garden-plot that asks but little room,
 The ripening corn-field, and the orchard's bloom,
 These simple pleasures, trust me, are unknown
 To the rich palace, or the jewell'd throne; 30
 The wealthy lords of Afric's wide domain
 Would spurn my lowly roof and bounded plain.

Cold are the Sabine hills! hives not for me
 Its hoarded nectar the Calabrian bee.
 Here no rich vines their amber clusters rain, 35
 Not mine the fleece that decks Gallicia's plain.
 Yet want, for once, avoids a poet's door,
 Content, and grateful, can I ask for more?
 But should thy bard seek ampler means to live,
 Patron and friend! thy liberal hand would give. 40

What if increasing wealth withholds its shower,
 If the rich widow guards her jealous dower;
 Then wiser learn the effect is still the same,
 From humbler wishes, and contracted aim.
 More wealthy thou, than if thy lands could join 45
 All Phrygia's harvests to the Lydian mine;
 Not want alone surrounds the opening door,
 For pride and avarice are ever poor;
 Delusive hope, and wild desire combined,
 Feed with vain thoughts the hunger of the mind. 50
 But bless'd is he to whom indulgent Heaven
 Man's happiest state, enough, not more, has given.

ODE XVIII.—TO FAUNUS.

BY GEORGE DYER, ESQ.—1831.

OH Pan, of flying nymphs the dread,
 Though loved by thee, my pastures fair
 Range kindly round, and as you go
 Let my young flock thy bounty share.

For I, as wanes each circling year, 5
 Have pour'd to thee a kid's pure blood,
 While with rich wine, and odour sweet
 Perfumed thine ancient altar glow'd

Soon as December's nones arrive,
 O'er the green fields the cattle play; 10

From toil relieved, the ox and hind
 Enjoy in ease each festal day.
 Near the grim wolf the lamb grows bold,
 Their leaves the woodlands scatter round,
 And the gay ditcher's rustic foot 15
 To thrice-told measures beats the ground.

SAME ODE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS WARTON, B.D.,
 FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, OXFORD—1752.

FAUNUS, who lov'st to chase the light-foot nymphs,
 Propitious guard my fields and sunny farm,
 And nurse with kindly care
 The promise of my flock.
 So to thy power a kid shall yearly bleed, 5
 And the full bowl to genial Venus flow;
 And on thy rustic shrine
 Rich odours incense breathe:
 So through the vale the wanton herds shall bound,
 When thy December comes, and on the green 10
 The steer in traces loose
 With the free village sport:
 No more the lamb shall fly the insidious wolf,
 The woods shall shed their leaves, and the glad hind
 The ground, where once he dug, 15
 Shall beat in sprightly dance.

ODE XXI.—TO HIS CASK.

BY N. ROWE.—1697.

HAIL, gentle cask! whose venerable head
 With hoary down and ancient dust o'erspread,

Proclaims that since the vine first brought thee
forth

Old age has added to thy worth.

Whether the sprightly juice thou dost contain, 5

Thy votary's will to wit and love,

Or senseless noise and lewdness move,

Or sleep, the cure of these and every other pain.

Since to some day propitious and great,
Justly at first thou wast design'd by fate; 10

This day, the happiest of thy many years,

With thee I will forget my cares.

To my Corvinus' health thou shalt go round,

(Since thou art ripen'd for to-day,

And longer age would bring decay,) 15

Till every anxious thought in the rich stream be
drown'd.

To thee my friend his roughness shall submit,

And Socrates himself a while forget:

Thus when old Cato would sometimes unbend

The rugged stiffness of his mind, 20

Stern and severe, the stoic quaff'd his bowl,

His frozen virtue felt the charm,

And soon grew pleased, and soon grew warm,

And bless'd the sprightly power that cheer'd his
gloomy soul.

With kind constraint ill-nature thou dost bend, 25

And mould the snarling cynic to a friend.

The sage reserved, and famed for gravity,

Finds all he knows summ'd up in thee,

And by thy power unlock'd, grows easy, gay, and
free.

The swain who did some credulous nymph persuade

To grant him all, inspired by thee, 31

Devotes her to his vanity,

And to his fellow-fops toasts the abandon'd maid.

The wretch who, press'd beneath a load of cares,
 And labouring with continual woes, despairs; 35
 If thy kind warmth does his chill'd sense invade,
 From earth he rears his drooping head :
 Revived by thee, he ceases now to mourn ;
 His flying cares give way to haste,
 And to the god resigns his breast, 40
 Where hopes of better days and better things return.

The labouring hind, who with hard toil and pains,
 Amid his wants a wretched life maintains ;
 If thy rich juice his homely supper crown,
 Hot with thy fires, and bolder grown, 45
 Of kings, and of their arbitrary power,
 And how by impious arms they reign,
 Fiercely he talks with rude disdain,
 And vows to be a slave, to be a wretch no more.

Fair queen of love ! and thou, great god of wine ! 50
 Hear, every grace, and all ye powers divine,
 All that to mirth and friendship do incline,
 Crown this auspicious cask, and happy night,
 With all things that can give delight ;
 Be every care and anxious thought away ; 55
 Ye tapers, still be bright and clear,
 Rival the moon, and each pale star ;
 Your beams shall yield to none but his who brings
 the day.

ODE XXV.—TO BACCHUS.

BY B. W. PROCTER, ESQ. (BARRY CORNWALL.)—1831.

WHERE dost thou drag me, son of Semele,
 Me who am lost in wine ?
 Through what lone groves, through what wild haunts
 of thine
 Am I, in this strange phrensy, forced to flee ?

From what deep caverns (as I meditate 5
 On peerless Cæsar's fame and deathless fate)
 Shall I be heard, when my exulting cries
 Proclaim him friend of Jove, and star in yon bright
 skies?
 Something I'll shout—new—strange—as yet unsung
 By any other human tongue! 10
 Thus, stung by thee, the sleepless Bacchanals ever
 Grow mad while gazing on the Hebrus river,
 Or snow-white Thrace, and Rhodope, whose crown
 Barbarian footsteps trample down.
 And oh! like them it joys my soul 15
 To wander where the rivers roll,
 To gaze upon the dark and desert groves.
 Oh thou great power, whom the Naiad loves
 And Bacchant women worship, (who o'erthrow
 The mighty ash-trees as they go,) 20
 Nothing little, nothing low,
 Nothing mortal will I sing.
 'Tis risk, but pleasant risk, oh king!
 To follow thus a god who loves to twine
 His temples with the green and curling vine. 25

ODE XXIX.—TO MÆCENAS.

BY SIR J. BEAUMONT.—1603.

MÆCENAS, (sprung from Tuscan kings,) for thee
 Milde wine in vessels, never toucht, I keepe,
 Here roses, and sweete odours be,
 Whose dew thy haire shall steepe:

 Oh stay not! let moyst Tibur be disdain'd 5
 And Æsulæ's declining fields and hills,
 Where once Telegonus remain'd,
 Whose hand his father kills;

 Forsake that height where loathsome plenty cloyes,
 And owres, which to the lofty clouds aspire, 10
 HCR. VOL. II.—P

The smoke of Rome, her wealth and noyse
 Thou wilt not here admire.

In pleasing change the rich man takes delight,
 And frugall meales in homely seates allowes,
 Where hangings want, and purple bright, 15
 He cleares his careful browes.

Now Cephæus plainly shewes his hidden fire,
 The dogstarre now his furious heate displayes,
 The lion spreads his raging ire,
 The sunne brings parching dayes. 20

The shepherd now his sickly flocke restores
 With shades, and rivers, and the thickets finds
 Of rough Silvanus; silent shores
 Are free from playing winds.

To keepe the state in order is thy care, 25
 Solicitous for Rome, thou fear'st the warres,
 Which barbrous easterne troopes prepare,
 And Tanais, used to jarres.

The wise Creator from our knowledge hides
 The end of future times in darksome night; 30
 False thoughts of mortals he derides
 When them vaine toyes affright.

With mindful temper present houres compose,
 The rest are like a river, which with ease
 Sometimes within its channell flowes 35
 Into Etrurian seas.

Oft stones, trees, flocks, and houses it devoures,
 With echoes from the hills and neighb'ring woods
 When some fierce deluge, raised by showres,
 Turnes quiet brookes to floods. 40

He, master of himself, in mirth may live
Who saith, "I rest well pleased with former dayes,
Let God from heaven to-morrow give
Blacke clouds or sunny rayes."

No forse can make that voide, which once is past, 45
These things are never alter'd, or undone,
Which from the instant rolling fast
With flying moments run.

Proud fortune, joyfull sad affaires to find,
Insulting in her sport, delights to change 50
Uncertaine honours : quickly kinde,
And straight again as strange.

I prayse her staye ; but if she stirre her wings,
Her gifts I leave, and to myselfe retire,
Wrapt in my vertue : honest things 55
In want no dowre require.

When Lybian stormes the mast in pieces shake
I never God with prayers and vowes implore,
Lest precious wares addition make
To greedy Neptune's store. 60

Then I, contented with a little bote,
Am through Ægean waves by winds convayed
Where Pollux makes me safely flote,
And Castor's friendly aide.

BOOK IV.

ODE I.—TO VENUS.

BY BEN JONSON.—1599.

VENUS, againe thou mov'st a warre
Long intermitted ; pray thee, pray thee spare :
I am not such as in the reigne
Of the good Cynara I was ; refraine,
Sower mother of sweet loves, forbear 5
To bend a man now at his fiftieth yeare
Too stubborne for commands, so slack :
Goe where youth's soft entreaties call thee back.
More timely hie thee to the house,
With thy bright swans, of Paulus Maximus : 10
There jest, and feast, make him thine host,
If a fit liver thou dost seeke to toast :
For he's both noble, lovely, young,
And for a troubled clyent fylls his tongue,
Child of a hundred arts, and farre 15
Will he display the ensines of thy warre.
And when he smiling finds his grace,
With thee 'bove all his rivals' gifts take place,
He will thee a marble statue make,
Beneath a sweet-wood roose, neere Alba lake : 20
There shall thy dainty nostrill take
In many a gumme, and for thy soft eare's sake
Shall verse be set to harpe and lute,
And Phrygian hau'boy, not without the flute.
There twice a day in sacred laies, 25
The youths and tender maids shall sing thy praise ;
And in the Salian manner meet
Thrice 'bout thy altar with their ivory feet.
Me now, nor wench, nor wanton toy,
Delights, nor credulous hope of mutuall joy, 30

Nor care I now healths to propound ;
 Or with fresh flowers to girt my temple round.
 But why, oh why, my Ligurine,
 Flow my thin teares downe these pale cheeks of
 mine ;
 Or why, my well-graced words among, 35
 With an uncomely silence failes my tongue ?
 Hard-hearted, I dreame every night
 I hold thee fast ' but fled hence, with the light,
 Whether in Mars his field thou be,
 Or Tyber's winding streames, I follow thee. 40

SAME ODE.

BY ALEXANDER POPE.—1734.

AGAIN ! new tumults in my breast ?
 Ah, spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
 I am not now, alas ! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my Queen Anne.
 Ah ! sound no more thy soft alarms, 5
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms !
 Mother too fierce of dear desires !
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To number five direct your doves,
 There spread round Murray all your blooming loves ;
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart 11
 With every sprightly, every decent part ;
 Equal, the injured to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He with a hundred arts refined, 15
 Shall stretch thy conquest over half the kind :
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace,
 (Thy Grecian form,) and Chloe lend the face ; 20
 His house, imbosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,

Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene ;
 Thither the silver sounding lyres 25
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires ;
 There, every grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
 There youths and nymphs, in concert gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day. 30
 With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu ! fond hope of mutual fire,
 The still believing, still renew'd desire :
 Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl, 35
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
 But why ! ah, tell me, ah, too dear !
 Steals down my cheek the involuntary tear ?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ? 40
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent, I follow through the extended dream :
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah, cruel !) from my arms !
 And swiftly shoot along the Mall, 45
 Or softly glide by the canal ;
 Now shewn by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

ODE II.—TO ANTONIUS IULUS.

BY MR. TOWNSHEND.—1790.

THE poet, whose too flattering hopes aspire
 To reach the noble heat of Pindar's fire ;
 Like the fam'd boy, by no persuasion won,
 Opposes wax'n pinions to the sun ;
 The feeble wings dissolve in scorching light, 5
 And drop the mad adventurer from his flight ;

Whose rash attempts to gain forbidden fame
Disgrace his fall with a more signal shame,
And only serve to give the sea a name.

As headlong floods, swoln with perpetual rain, 10
No more their once-surmounted banks restrain,
Deep streams of eloquence, in Pindar's page,
Swell with such uncontroll'd, impetuous rage ;
Worthy the laurel's consecrated prize,
As oft as his obedient pen he tries, 15
Whether his pompous dithyrambic song
In arbitrary numbers rolls along ;
Or if of gods he sings, in godlike words,
Or heaven-born heroes, and their acts records ;
No bard so fit the immortal men to tell, 20
By whom the fires were quench'd, or monsters fell.
Or if his muse embalms the victors' names,
Renown'd for godlike deeds at Pisa's games ;
Describes the champions, and the fiery steed
Measuring the extended plain with winged speed ;
Each action with peculiar lustre shines, 26
And warms us o'er again in Pindar's lines,
In whose eternal volume thus to live,
Is greater praise than thousand statues give.

Not less successful, when his style he turns, 30
And some brave youth's too early funeral mourns ;
Who might without the muse compassion move,
Untimely snatch'd from the new joys of love :
The widow'd bride admits of no relief,
No intervals break off her endless grief ; 35
Till Pindar, with the power of numbers, tries
To bring the lovely image to her eyes ;
Whom he describes so virtuous and so brave,
That in his nobler part he triumphs o'er the grave.

SAME ODE.

BY DR. BENTLEY.—1721.

Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
 And thence poetic laurels bring,
 Must first acquire due force and skill,
 Must fly with swan's or eagle's wing.

Who nature's treasures would explore, 5
 Her myst'ries and arcana know,
 Must high as lofty Newton soar,
 Must stoop as delving Woodward low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites, 10
 Tongues, arts, and arms, and history,
 Must drudge, like Selden, days and nights,
 And in the endless labour die.

Who travels in religious jars,
 (Truth mix'd with error, shades with rays,) 15
 Like Whiston, wanting pyx or stars,
 In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our hero's hope long toil
 And comprehensive genius crown,
 All sciences, all arts his spoil,
 Yet what reward, or what renown? 20

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
 Envy steps in and stops his rise ;
 Envy with poison'd tarnish fouls
 His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious or in want, 25
 To college and old books confined ;

Instead of learn'd, he's call'd pedant,
 Dunces advanced, he's left behind :
 Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
 Great without patron, rich without South Sea. 30

ODE III.—TO MELPOMENE.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A.—1831.

WHOM thou, Melpomene, hast view'd
 Once at his natal hour with favouring eye,
 Him nor the Isthmian labour rude
 Shall grace with pugilistic crown ; nor high
 On car Achæan, the fleet steed
 Whirl him victorious ; war no chaplet brings
 Of Delian bay, bright valour's meed,
 Nor, trampler of the threats of haughty kings,
 Climbs he the capitol of Jove ;
 But murmuring waves that by fair Tibur roll, 10
 And warblings of the leafy grove,
 Train to Æolian harmonies his soul.
 Empress of cities, mighty Rome,
 Hath deign'd the holy choir of bards among
 To bid me my proud throne assume ; 15
 And silence creeps on envy's venom'd tongue.
 Queen of soft airs and measured strains !
 Muse ! modulatress of the golden lyre !
 Who couldst the tribes of ocean's plains
 With the swan's dying notes, if such thy will, in-
 spire ! 20
 This, goddess, this is all thy boon,
 That strangers point the bard of Latian lays,
 That I one lyric note can tune,
 Or please, (if e'er I please,) thine be the immortal
 praise !

ODE IV.—THE PRAISES OF DRUSUS.

BY LORD LYTTLETON.—1760.

As the wing'd minister of thund'ring Jove
To whom he gave his dreadful bolts to bear,
Faithful assistant of his master's love,
King of the wand'ring nations of the air,

When balmy breezes fann'd the vernal sky, 5
On doubtful pinions left his parent nest,
In slight essays his growing force to try,
While inborn courage fired his generous breast ;

Then, darting with impetuous fury down,
The flocks he slaughter'd, an unpractised foe ; 10
Now his ripe valour to perfection grown,
The scaly snake and crested dragon know ;

Or, as a lion's youthful progeny,
Wean'd from his savage dam and milky food,
The gazing kid beholds with fearful eye, 15
Doom'd first to stain his tender fangs in blood :

Such Drusus, young in arms, his foes beheld,
The Alpine Rhæti, long unmatched in fight :
So were their hearts with abject terror quell'd,
So sunk their haughty spirit at the sight. 20

Tamed by a boy, the fierce barbarians find
How guardian prudence guides the youthful flame ;
And how great Cæsar's fond paternal mind
Each generous Nero forms to early fame ;

A valiant son springs from a valiant sire : 25
Their race by mettle sprightly coursers prove ;
Nor can the warlike eagle's active fire
Degenerate to form the timorous dove.

But education can the genius raise,
 And wise instructions native virtue aid ; 30
 Nobility without them is disgrace,
 And honour is by vice to shame betray'd.

Let red Metaurus, stain'd with Punic blood,
 • Let mighty Asdrubal subdued, confess
 How much of empire and of fame is owed 35
 . By thee, oh Rome, to the Neronian race.

Of this be witness that auspicious day
 Which, after a long, black, tempestuous night,
 First smiled on Latium with a milder ray,
 And cheer'd our drooping hearts with dawning 40
 light.

Since the dire African with wasteful ire
 Rode o'er the ravaged towns of Italy ;
 As through the pine-trees flies the raging fire,
 Or Eurus o'er the vex'd Sicilian sea.

From this bright era, from this prosperous field, 45
 The Roman glory dates her rising power ;
 From hence 'twas given her conquering sword to
 wield,
 Raise her fallen gods, and ruin'd shrines restore.

Thus Hannibal at length despairing spoke :
 " Like stags, to ravenous wolves an easy prey,
 Our feeble arms a valiant foe provoke, 51
 Whom to elude and 'scape were victory :

" A dauntless nation, that from Trojan fires,
 Hostile Ausonia, to thy destined shore
 Her gods, her infant sons, and aged sires, 55
 Through angry seas and adverse tempests bore :

" As on high Algidus the sturdy oak,
 Whose spreading boughs the axe's sharpness feel,
 Improves by loss, and thriving with the stroke,
 Draws health and vigour from the wounding steel

“ Not Hydra sprouting from her mangled head 61
 So tired the baffled force of Hercules ;
 Nor Thebes, nor Colchis, such a monster bred,
 Pregnant of hills, and famed for prodigies.

“ Plunge her in ocean, like the morning sun, 65
 Brighter she rises from the depths below :
 To earth with unavailing ruin thrown,
 Recruits her strength, and foils the wond’ring foe.

“ No more of victory the joyful fame
 Shall from my camp to haughty Charrhage fly ; 70
 Lost, lost, are all the glories of her name !
 With Asdrubal her hopes and fortunes die !”

What shall the Claudian valour not perform
 Which power divine guards with propitious care ;
 Which wisdom steers through all the dangerous
 storm, 75
 Through all the rocks and shoals of doubtful war !

SAME ODE.

BY GEORGE JEFFREYS.—1746.

As Jove’s imperial bird, to whom the sway
 O’er all the feather’d race was given ;
 (For so did he his trusty favourite pay,
 For wafting Ganymede to heaven ;)

With native vigour, join’d to youthful prime, 5
 Springs from the nest, though check’d by fear,
 Unwonted heights with tender wing to climb
 The sky when summer breezes clear ;

With hostile rage the spoiler next descends
 Impetuous on the bleating fold : 10
 Thence, more assured, reluctant dragons rend,
 With love of prey and combat bold :

Or as^a a kid, on pastures fair to graze
 Intent, the lion's progeny,
 Wean'd from his yellow mother's milk, surveys, 15
 By fangs, in slaughter new, to die :

Such Drusus the Vindelici beheld
 Beneath the Alps, unmatched in war !
 And by a sage and youthful leader quell'd,
 The troops, victorious, long, and far, 20

Proved what a genius and a mind could dare,
 By precept and example taught ;
 And what, Augustus, that paternal care
 In either Nero's bloom has wrought.

The brave beget the brave : the bull, the steed, 25
 Are stamp'd upon their generous race ;
 Nor is the dove's unwarlike brood decreed
 The royal eagle to disgrace.

But culture calls the hidden vigour forth ;
 And virtue, when on learning built, 30
 Confirms the heart : in blood devoid of worth,
 The conscious shame enhances guilt.

What Rome her Neroes owes, let Asdrubal
 Be witness, that decisive day,
 The first, that near Metaurus, by his fall, 35
 From Latium chased the night away :

When the dire African to Mars, among
 The Italian cities gave the rein,
 Impetuous as the flame that runs along
 The pines, or Eurys o'er the main. 40

From that bright hour the Roman youth sustain'd
 With better fate the toils of fight ;
 And the sad shrines, by Punic foes profaned,
 Now found their guardian gods upright.
 HOR. VOL. II.—Q

When Hannibal at length desponding spoke, ' 45
 " Like stags, the prey of wolves, are we,
 And rashly to the fight such foes provoke,
 As to elude were victory.

" The warrior race, who to the Latian coast, '
 From Ilium, sunk in Grecian fires, ' 50
 Convey'd their gods, on Tuscan billows toss'd,
 Their off-spring and their aged sires, .

" Uninjured, like the widely spreading oak
 On Aglidus, with shade imbrown'd,
 Defy the sturdy steel's repeated stroke, 55
 And draw new vigour from the wound.

" Not baffled Hercules received a soil
 More grievous from the sprouting store
 Of Hydra's heads ; no greater pest the soil
 Of Thebes or Cholchis ever bore. 60

" Plunged in the deep, more graceful thence they
 spring,
 The sons of dearly purchased fame ;
 Though thrown, with vast applause the victor fling,
 And matrons their exploits proclaim.

" With lofty tidings I shall ne'er again 65
 My long-triumphant Carthage hail :
 Lost, lost, in Asdrubal untimely slam,
 Our name's best hope and fortune fail."

The Claudian hands all wonders shall perform,
 By Jove's indulgent aid secured ; 70
 And by sagacious care, to rule the storm
 Of well-connected war, inured.

ODE V.—TO AUGUSTUS.

BY THE REV. S. SANDERSON.—1831.

GREAT chieftain ! Heaven's paternal care !
Who wield'st the destinies of Rome ;
And rul'st with sway propitious there,
Speed, speed thy ling'ring steps, long absent,
home.

Haste to thy country, oh ! return ; 5
Their prince beloved the people claim
For thee the people, senates burn,
With hearts of fire, and breathe thy sacred
name.

When like the beams of rosy spring,
Thy face its living lustre throws, 10
The hours more vivid pleasures bring,
And the glad sun with brighter splendour glows.

As pensive on the winding shore
The mother bends her lonely way,
And listens to the distant roar 15
Of sullen waves that wanton in the fray ;

Then turns to heaven th' imploring eye,
And prays the gods her son to bless ;
And safely to his native sky
Restore whom love is ardent to caress. 20

'Tis thus, e'en thus with strong desire,
In steadfast faith the suppliant hand
Italia lifts : she asks her sire,
Asks that, return'd, he glad a grateful land.

- For mid the rich and flow'ry fields . 25
Disporting herds in quiet graze :
The golden harvest Ceres yields,
And smiling fortune all her wealth displays.
- Safe on the wave from hostile arms
The seaman steers : ' her guiltless course 30
Firm faith sustains, nor virtue's charms
Are marr'd by darkling wiles or daring force.
- Stern law with iron arm subdues
Crimes whose foul blackness blots the skies :
In each loved child the father views 35
Himself. transgression winged vengeance rues.
- And who can now the Parthian fear,
The wand'ring tribes of Scythian snows
The German fierce with lance and spear,
Or shun the conflict with Iberian foes, 40
- 'Neath Cæsar's rule ? The happy swain
Weds to the trees his tender vine ;
Then fills the bowl, and pours again
To powers supreme the richly flowing wine.
- To thee we breathe full many a pray'r, 45
O'er costly goblets sound thy name :
The feast the gods domestic share,
And Greece thus celebrates her Castor's fame,
- Or great Alcides'. " Mayst thou bring
To Latium oft such joys as these !" 50
When cheerful morning blushes thus we sing,
And when the lamp of day sinks in the western
seas.

ODE VII.—TO TORQUATUS.

BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.—1784.

THE snow dissolved, no more is seen ;
 The fields and woods, behold, are green ;
 The changing year renews the plain ;
 The rivers know their banks again ;
 The sprightly nymph and naked grace 5
 The mazy dance together trace :
 The changing year's successive plan
 Proclaims mortality to man.
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way ;
 Spring yields to summer's sovereign ray ; 10
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign ;
 And winter chills the world again.
 Her losses soon the moon supplies ;
 But wretched man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid, 15
 Is naught but ashes and a shade.
 Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,
 Will rouse us in a morning more !
 What with your friend you nobly share,
 At least you rescue from your heir. 20
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,
 Or eloquence, or splendid birth,
 Or virtue, shall replace on earth.
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain, 25
 Diana calls to life in vain ;
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

SAME ODE.

BY J. MERIVALE, ESQ.—1806.

THE snows are pass'd away, the field renews
 Its grassy robe, the trees with leaves are crown'd;
 All nature feels a change; the streams unloose
 Their bands of ice, and bathe the meads around;
 The sister graces with the nymphs advance 5
 In light attire, weaving the joyous dance.

Warn'd by the varying year and hast'ning day,
 Expect not thou, my friend, immortal joys:
 Spring's zephyr melts the winter's frost away,
 And spring the summer's hotter breath destroys,
 Soon forced to wait on autumn's mellow train, 11
 Till cold and sluggish winter rules again.

The seasons' difference rolling moons repair;
 But we, if once to that sad shore convey'd
 Where the great manes of our fathers are, 15
 Shall be but empty ashes and a shade.
 Who knows if they that rule this mortal clime
 Will add to-morrow to our sum of time?

Thy generous soul can best improve the hours
 Of the short life allow'd by partial Heaven; 20
 Yet thee, Torquatus, in those gloomy bow'rs
 Where Minos' last tremendous doom is given,
 Not all thy pride of honourable birth,
 Nor wit, nor virtue, can restore to earth!

Not e'en the huntress of the silver bow, 25
 Who made the chaste Hippolytus her care,
 Could bring his spirit from the realms below:
 Nor Theseus, arm'd with force immortal, tear
 His loved Pirithous from the triple chain
 That bound his soul to that infernal plain. 30

ODE IX.—TO LOLLIUS.

BY GEORGE STEPNEY.—1689.

- VERSES immortal (as my bays) I sing,
 When suited to my trembling string:
 When by strange art both voice and lyre agree
 To make one pleasant harmony.
 All poets are by their blind captain led, 5
 (For none e'er had the sacrilegious pride
 To tear the well-placed laurel from his aged head.)
 Yet Pindar's rolling dithyrambic tide
 Hath still this praise, that none presume to fly
 Like him, but flag too low, or soar too high. 10
 Still does Stesichorus his tongue
 Sing sweeter than the bird which on it hung.
 Anacreon ne'er too old can grow,
 Love from every verse does flow:
 Still Sappho's strings do seem to move, 15
 Instructing all her sex to love.
- Golden rings of flowing hair
 More than Helen did insnare;
 Others a prince's grandeur did admire,
 And wond'ring, melted to desire. 20
 Not only skilful Teucer knew
 To direct arrows from the bending yew.
 Troy more than once did fall,
 Though hireling gods rebuilt its nodding wall.
 Was Sthenelus the only valiant he, 25
 A subject fit for lasting poetry?
 Was Hector that prodigious man alone,
 Who, to save others' lives, exposed his own?
 Was only he so brave to dare his fate,
 And be the pillar of a tot'ring state? 30
 No; others buried in oblivion lie,
 As silent as their grave,
 Because no charitable poet gave
 Their well-deserved immortality.

Virtue with sloth, and cowards with the brave, 35
Are levell'd in the impartial grave,

If they no poet have.

But I will lay my music by,
And bid the mournful strings in silence lie ;
Unless my songs begin and end with you, 40
To whom my strings, to whom my songs are due.

No pride does with your rising honours grow,
You meekly look on suppliant crowds below.
Should fortune change your happy state,
You could admire, yet envy not, the great. 45

Your equal hand holds an unbiass'd scale,
Where no rich vices, gilded baits, prevail.
You with a generous honesty despise
What all the meaner world so dearly prize.

Nor does your virtue disappear 50
With the small circle of one short-lived year.
Others, like comets, visit and away ;
Your lustre, great as theirs, finds no decay,
But with the constant sun makes an eternal day.

We barbarously call those bless'd 55
Who are of largest tenements possess'd,
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.

More truly happy those, who can
Govern the little empire, man :
Bridle their passions, and direct their will 60
Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill ;
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas given
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven ;
Who in a fix'd unalterable state,

Smile at the doubtful tide of fate, 65
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate ;
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear ;

But kindly for their friend embrace cold death,
And seal their country's love with their departing
breath. 70

ODE X.—TO LIGURINUS.

BY ARCHDEACON WRANGHAM.—1821.

VAIN of thy charms, and cruel still !
 When winter's unexpected chill
 Thy pride shall humble ; when the hair,
 Now floating on thy shoulders fair,
 Shall fall ; and the bright flush, that glows 5
 With tint surpassing damask rose
 On thy soft cheek, by sure decay
 Shall roughen, fade, and die away—
 How oft before thy glass thou'lt cry,
 As the sad change appals thine eye, 10
 “ Why, when in early youth I shone,
 Wore not my mind its present tone ?
 Or why, since now such tone is mine,
 Wear not my cheeks their youthful shine ? ”

SAME ODE.

BY ALEXANDER CUNNINGHAM.—1746.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
 Always coy, and always fair,
 Should unwish'd-for languor spread
 O'er that beauteous white and red ;
 Should these locks, that sweetly play 5
 Down these shoulders, fall away,
 And that lovely bloom, that glows
 Fairer than the fairest rose,
 Should it fade, and leave thy face
 Spoil'd of every killing grace ; 10
 Should your glass the charge betray,
 Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say,
 “ Cruel gods ! does beauty fade ?
 Now warm desires my breast invade ;
 And why, while blooming youth did glow, 15
 Was this heart as cold as snow ? ”

ODE XII.—TO VIRGIL.

BY LORD THURLOW.—1821.

COMPANIONS of the spring, that lull the sea,
Now the soft airs of Thrace the sails impel :
Now not the meads are frozen, nor rivers swell,
Loud with the snows of winter, down the lea.

Her nest she puts, that Itys weeping cries, 5
The hapless bird, of the Cecropian name
The sad reproach for ever, that ill she came
T' avenge barbarian kings' impieties.

Laid on the tender grass, at listless ease,
The shepherds of fat flocks their music rear, 10
And charm the god to whom the herd is dear
Whom the dark hills of his Arcadia please.

The season hath brought thirst ; but if you think
To quaff the generous wine at Cales press'd,
Oh Virgil, by the noble youth caress'd, 15
Then purchase with sweet nard the pleasing drink.

Of nard a little onyx shall prepare,
A cask, which in Sulpician barns is laid,
Rich to produce new hope, and full of aid
To wash away the bitterness of care. 20

These joys if you delight in, quickly come
With merchandise of price. I have no thought
To steep you in my laughing cups for naught,
As the rich man in his abundant home.

But loosing dreams of wealth, that poor deceit ; 25
Mindful of the dark fires, while yet you may,
Mix a short folly with your studious day :
To trifle as the fool in place is sweet.

BY W. CARTWRIGHT.—1638

Whither is now that softness flown ? 25
Whither that blush, that motion gone ?
Alas, what now in thee
Is left of all that she—
That she that loves did breathe and deal ?
That Horace from himself did steal ? 30

Thou wert a while the cried-up face
Of taking arts, and catching grace,
 My Cynara being dead;
 But my fair Cynara's thread
Fates broke, intending thine to draw
Till thou contest with the aged daw;

That those young lovers, once thy prey,
Thy zealous eager servants, may
 Make thee their common sport,
 And to thy house resort
To see a torch that proudly burn'd
Now into colder ashes turn'd.

BOOK V.

ODE I.—TO MÆCENAS.

BY K. CHETWOOD.—1706.

WHEN you, Mæcenas, with your train,
Embarking on the royal fleet,
Expose yourselves to the rough main,
And Cæsar's threat'ning danger meet.
While in ignoble ease I'm left behind, 5
And shall I call you cruel, or too kind ?

Pastimes and wine, which verse inspire,
Are tasteless all, now you are gone,
Untuned is both my mind and lyre,
And in full courts I seem alone. 10
The relish you to my enjoyments give,
And life, deprived of you, could hardly live.

Then should I a young seaman grow,
And take a cutlass in my hand ?
Yes, with you to the pole I'd go, 15
Or tread scorch'd Afric's treacherous sand.
And I perhaps could fight, or such as I,
At least, instead of better men, could die.

You'll say, what are my pains to you ?
I'm not for war and action made : 20
Bid me my humble care pursue,
Seek winter sun and summer shade :
While both your great example and commands
Require more active and experienced hands.
HOR. VOL. II.—R

If you say this, you never knew 25
 Friendship, the noblest part of love;
 What for her fawn can the old one do,
 Or for her young the timorous dove?
 They're more at ease, though helpless, being near;
 And absence, ev'n in safety, causes fear. 30

This voyage, and a hundred more,
 To gain your favour I would take:
 But don't what's said on virtue's score
 For servile flattery mistake.
 No city palace, or large country seat, 35
 I seek, nor aim so low as to be great.

I never liked those restless minds,
 Which by mean arts with mighty pain,
 Climb to the region of the winds.
 Then of court hurricanes complain. 40
 Kind Heaven assures me I shall ne'er be poor,
 And O——n be damned to increase his store.

ODE II.—THE PRAISES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

BY C. COTTON—1681.

"HAPPY's that man that is from city care
 Sequester'd as the ancients were;
 That with his own ox ploughs his father's lands,
 Untainted with usurious bands:
 That from alarms of war in quiet sleeps; 5
 Nor's frighted with the raging deeps:
 That shuns litigious law, and the proud state
 Of his more potent neighbour's gate.
 Therefore, he either is employ'd to join
 The poplar to the sprouting vine, 10
 Pruning luxurious branches, grafting some
 More hopeful offspring in their room;

Or else his sight in humble vallies feasts
 With scatter'd troops of lowing beasts :
 Or refined honey in fine vessels keeps ; 15
 Or sheers his snowy tender sheep :
 Or, when Autumnus shows his fruitful head
 In the mellow fields with apples covered,
 How he delights to pluck the grafted pear
 And grapes, whose cheeks do purple wear ! 20
 Of which to thee, Priapus, tithes abound,
 And Sylvan, patron of his ground.
 Now, where the aged oak his green arms spreads,
 He lies, now in the flowery meads :
 While through their deep-worn banks the murmur-
 ing floods 25
 Do glide, and birds chant in the woods ;
 And bubbling fountains, flowing streams, do weep,
 A gentle summons unto sleep.
 But when cold winter does the storms prepare,
 And snow of thundering Jupiter ; 30
 Then with his dogs the furious boar he foils,
 Compell'd into objected toils .
 Or, on the forks extends his meshy net
 For greedy thrushes a deceit.
 The fearful hare too, and the stranger crane 35
 With gins he takes, a pleasant gain.
 Who but with such diversions would remove
 All the malignant cares of love ?
 But, if to these he have a modest spouse
 To nurse his children, keep his house, 40
 Such as the Sabine women, or the tann'd
 Wife of the painful Apulian,
 To make a good fire of dry wood, when come
 From his hard labour weary home ;
 The wanton cattle in their booths to tie, 45
 Stripping their stradling udders dry,
 Drawing the must from forth the cleanly vats
 To wash down their unpurchased cates ;
 Mullet or thornback cannot please me more,
 Nor oysters from the Lucrine shore, 50

When by an eastern tempest they are toss'd
 Into the sea that sweeps this coast.
 The turkey fair of Afric shall not come
 Within the confines of my womb ;
 As olives from the fruitfull'st branches got, 55
 Ionian suites so sweet are not ;
 Or sorrel growing in the meadow ground,
 Or mallows for the body sound ,
 The lam^b kill'd for the Terminalia,
 Or kid redeem'd from the wolf's prey. 60
 While thus we feed, what joy 'tis to behold
 The pastured sheep haste to their fold !
 And the unwearied ox with drooping neck to come,
 Haling the inverted culture home ;
 And swarms of servants from their labour quit 65
 About the shining fire sit "
 Thus when the usurer Alphius had said,
 Now purposing this life to lead,
 the ides call'd in his money ; but for gain
 I' th' kalends put it forth again. 70

ODE V.

BY THE REV. C. A. WHEELWRIGHT,

PREBENDARY OF LINCOLN —1831.

" But oh !—whoever of celestial birth
 Directs the mortal race of earth,
 What means this tumult ?—why on me alone
 Are all these savage glances thrown ?
 Ah ! by your children, if Lucina's aid 5
 Thee ever a true parent made,
 By this vain purple honour, and by Jove,
 Who will not e'er such deeds approve,
 Why look you on me with a stepdame's glance,
 Or beast struck by the iron lance ?" 10
 While thus with trembling voice the boy forlorn
 Deplored his ravish'd honours torn,

He stood ; his body's fresh and blooming youth
 Might soften Thracian breasts to ruth ;
 Canidia with short vipers overspread 15
 Around her lock-dishevell'd head
 Commands wild fig-trees pluck'd from open graves,
 And cypress o'er the tomb that waves,
 Eggs and the plumage of nocturnal owl,
 With frogs' ensanguined entrails foul, 20
 Herbs which folcos and Iberia's plain,
 Fertile in venom'd stores, contain,
 And ravish'd bones the fasting bitch's prey,
 In Colchian flames to melt away.
 But Sagma swift from Avernus spring 25
 Around the waters scattering,
 With horrent hair like porcupine uprear'd,
 Or a Laurentian boar, appear'd.
 While Veta, whom no conscience e'er could wound,
 With rugged spades dug out the ground, 30
 In act to bury, groaning o'er her toil,
 The stripling deep beneath the soil ;
 That for the food changed twice thrice a day
 His longing soul should pine away.
 When, as a swimmer plunged the wave within, 35
 He might extend his upraised chin ;
 That marrow parch'd and liver dry should prove
 A medicated draught of love.
 While to the interdicted food inclined
 With fix'd desire his eyeballs pined. 40
 That Armensian Folia join'd the rites
 (Whose heart in vigorous lust delights)
 Naples resign'd to indolence believed,
 And every neighb'ring town received :
 To whom by her Thessalian voice 'tis given 45
 To charm the stars and moon from heaven.
 Here while her mangled thumb with livid jaws
 Implacable Canidia gnaws,
 What accents through her silence broke ?—" Oh ! ye
 True arbiters of destiny, 50

Night and Diana, whose o'erruling power
 The orgies guides at this still hour,
 Now, now approach ; your vengeful anger show
 Turn'd on the mansions of the foe.
 While languid beasts in gentle sleep are laid 55
 Beneath their forest's dreadful shade,
 Let curs Suburran drive with barkings loud
 This dotard through the laughing crowd ;
 Smear'd o'er with spikenard, with these hands of
 mine
 Could once in perfect art combine. 60
 But what hath chanced ? that now these venoms dire
 Less potent influence should inspire,
 When barbarous Medea to the grave
 Proud Creon's haughty daughter gave ;
 What time the robe in poison'd juices died 65
 With flames destroy'd the recent bride.
 And yet no herb or latent root that strays
 In the rough soil escapes my gaze.
 He sleeps in every damsel's essenced bed,
 While I am from his memory fled. 70
 Ah ! ah !—he wanders, by the strain set free
 Of one more skill'd in sorcery.
 Drugg'd by new draughts, oh doom'd in tears to
 mourn,
 Varus, to me thou shalt return.
 Nor will thy mind, howe'er by Marsian strain 75
 Recall'd, turn back to thee again.
 A drink of greater potency my art
 Shall mix for thy disdainful heart :
 Sooner will heaven beneath the sea remain,
 While stretch'd above is earth's long plain, 80
 Than you not burn for me with fierce desire,
 As pitch dissolves in murky fire."
 The boy with tender words no longer strove
 The unrelenting hags to move,
 But doubtful whence to break the silence dread, 85
 These imprecations uttered :—

"Poisons may change the course of good and ill,
 But human chance continues still.
 With curses will I urge you—direful hate
 No victim e'er shall expiate. 90
 Soon as I shall expire by your command,
 A nightly fury will I stand,
 Your countenance with crooked talons rend,
 (Such powers the spectral race attend,) 95
 And clinging close to your unquiet heart,
 Bid sleep, by terror chased, depart.
 You, hags obscene, the village streets around,
 Indignant crowds with stones shall wound;
 Then wolves on your unburied members prey,
 And birds funereal bear away; 100
 This shall my parents view with vengeful joy,
 Who must, alas! survive their boy."

ODE XV.—TO NEÆRA.

BY W. SOMERVILLE, ESQ.—1737.

'TWAS night, and heaven intent with all its eyes
 Gazed on the dear deceitful maid;
 A thousand pretty things she said,
 A thousand artful tricks she play'd,
 From me, deluded me, her falsehood to disguise. 5

She clasp'd me in her soft encircling arms,
 She press'd her glowing cheek to mine:
 The clinging ivy, or the curling vine,
 Did never yet so closely twine;
 Who could be man and bear the lustrè of her charms?

And thus she swore: "By all the powers above, 11
 When winter storms shall cease to roar,
 When summer suns shall shine no more,
 When wolves their cruelty give o'er,
 Neæra then, and not till then, shall cease to love!"

Ah! false Neæra! perjured fair! but know, 16
 I have a soul too great to bear
 A rival's proud insulting air:
 Another may be found as fair,
As fair, ungrateful nymph! and far more just than 20
 you.

Shouldst thou repent, and at my feet be laid,
 Dejected, penitent, forlorn,
 And all thy former follies mourn,
 Thy proffer'd passion I would scorn:
The gods shall do me right on that devoted head. 25

And you, spruce sir, who, insolently gay,
 Exulting, laugh at my disgrace,
 Boast with vain airs, and stiff grimace,
 Your large estate, your handsome face,
Proud of a fleeting bliss, the pageant of a day; 30

You too shall soon repent this haughty scorn;
 When fickle as the sea or wind,
 The prostitute shall change her mind,
 To such another coxcomb kind; 34
Then shall I clap my wings, and triumph in my turn.

THE SECULAR POEM.

BY WILLIAM DUNCOME—1759.

CHOIR OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

PHÆBUS, and Cynthia, o'er the chase
Presiding; Heaven's eternal grace!
Whom, as pass'd times, the future shall adore,
Grant what, this sacred season, we implore!

Now when the sibyl's lines command 5
That youths and maids, a chosen band!
Shall to the gods, whom our seven hills delight,
A choral hymn alternately recite.

CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

Indulgent sun! whose various ray
Now spreads, and now withdraws the day, 10
Another and the same, may years to come
No prospect yield thee more august than Rome!

CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Your aid, mild Ilthyia, give
To matrons, and their pangs relieve:
Whether you choose Lucina for your name, 15
Or rather that of Genetyllis claim.

To pregnant wives give large increase;
The laws that favour wedlock bless,
Those laws, ordain'd to multiply our race,
Which fathers with peculiar honours grace. 20

BOTH CHOIRS.

Oft, as the allotted term of years
Returns, and a new age appears,

May it restore such grateful songs and plays,
Three shining nights, and three distinguish'd days !

25

Ye Parcæ, whose resistless will
Events infallibly fulfil;
Whose word once spokè immutable shall last,
With future blessings still improve the past.

Let earth, with corn and flocks o'erspread
Weave yellow wreaths for Ceres' head : 30
Let wholesome streams, sweet air, and grassy food,
Cherish the herds, the flocks, and tender brood.

CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

With bow unstrung, and favouring ear
Kindly the suppliant youths, Apollo ! hear.

CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Horn'd queen of stars! the maids attend, 35
Who to thy throne, with humble homage, bend.

BOTH CHOIRS.

If Rome was rear'd by your command ;
If 'Trojans sought the Etruscan land,
Enjoin'd by you to leave their native shore,
And foreign realms, with prosperous course, explore ;

41

Whom safely through devouring flame,
The chief, immortalized by fame,
Led to a fairer soil, a happier coast,
A nobler empire than in Troy they lost ;

Let youth with probity be bless'd! 45
To age, ye gods! give needful rest;
And crown the Romans with a numerous race,
With large increase of wealth, and every grace!

Let Cæsar in his vows succeed,
 Who bids the milk-white victims bleed ; 50
 Cæsar, who triumphs o'er his stubborn foes,
 But generous mercy to the suppliant shows.

The Mede now fears, by sea and land,
 The Albanian axe, and Cæsar's hand :
 Scythians and Indians, late so haughty, wait 55
 From Rome's revered decrees to learn their fate.

Now honour, truth, and ancient shame,
 And peace, our savage passions tame :
 Virtue unveils her face, secure from scorn,
 And plenty scatters fruits with plenteous horn. 60

CHOIR OF YOUTHS.

The prophet-god, with golden bow,
 Dear to the Nine, who well can show
 The healing power of every herb and plant,
 And sprightly health to languid mortals grant ;

If he survey with gracious eye 65
 His own high towers, which pierce the sky,
 Will add fresh glories to our envied name,
 And spread from age to age the Roman fame !

CHOIR OF VIRGINS.

Cynthia, adored on Aventine
 And Algidus, with looks benign 70
 Regards these rites ; the priestly vows receives,
 And what we beg, with kind indulgence gives.

BOTH CHOIRS.

We, who have sung in sacred lays
 Apollo's and Diana's praise,
 Will home return with just presage that Jove 75
 Allows our prayers, and all the powers above.

BOOK III.—ODE IX.—TO LYDIA.

BY H. MATTHEWS,

AUTHOR OF "THE DIARY OF AN INVALID."—1821.

Horace. LYDIA, while thou wert only mine,
 Nor any younger favourite cull
 Toy'd with that soft white neck of thine,
 I envied not the great Mogul !

Lydia. Ere Chloe had thy heart estranged, 5
 And Lydia held thee all her own ;
 She would not bliss like this have changed,
 To mount the Queen of Sheba's throne !

H. To Chloe, now my bosom's queen,
 My life, nay, e'en my death I vow, 10
 Her dearer life from harm to screen,
 Would fate the substitute allow !

L. Young Calais woos me, nothing loth
 To share in all his amorous joy :—
 Had I two lives, I'd give them both, 15
 Would fate but spare my darling boy !

H. What if, this folly just worn out,
 I'd buckle on my ancient chain ?
 Turn Chloe to the right-about,
 And beckon Lydia back again ? 20

L. Though he were fair as any star,
 Though rough and fickle as the sea ;
 Yet be it still my constant prayer,
 To live, and love, and die with thee !

THE SATIRES.—BOOK I.

SATIRE III. IMITATED.

BY JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE, ESQ.—1809.

Ask modish sirens for a song,
You must entreat the whole day long;
Make no request, and out they come,
And squeak and squall you from the room. 5
This fault had Sardus. oft in vain
His patron ask'd him for a strain;
Yet when he pleased, he struck a tune,
To last from morning unto noon:
And from his top to lowest note 10
Tried all the compass of his throat
To say the truth, above the ground
So strange a mortal ne'er was found;
Now quick as those whom bailiffs fright,
Now slow as coronation knight: 15
Now with two lackeys and a chair,
And now no barber for his hair.
Now all for lords and court and show,
And now a friend and box at Kew;
With food not high, but just enough,
And coat in winter warm, though rough. 20
Yet should some friend, or lucky hit,
Enrich this man of sense and wit,
Not e'en a thousand pounds would pay
Our hermit's bills at quarter day.
He, like the fools about the town, 25
Would turn the world quite upside down:
Leaves daylight to the city drone,
And lives throughout the night alone:
HOR. VOL. II.—S

Add that his passion, wish, and aim,
 Were never for one hour the same. 30
 Some friendly listener says, "And you—
 Have you no faults!" Yes, sir, a few
 I am not to my failings blind,
 But think them of another kind.
 Sir Francis loves a sly attack 35
 On ——'s faults behind his back.
 Says honest George, conceal you thus
 Your vices from yourself and us?
 Pooh! pooh! he cries, my faults are known,
 But let me keep them. they're my own. 40
 A passion this, that sure must call
 For laughter and reproach from all!
 Blind towards himself should B——t try
 To search his friends with lynx's eye?
 'Tis true, his friends as curious learn 45
 To sound and sift him in their turn:
 Your friend is testy, and provokes
 The humours of some waggish folks;
 And fops may justly laugh—for why?
 His shoes are loose, his coat awry. 50
 Yet Marcus has a generous soul,
 No man a better on the whole;
 With wit how bright, and heart how warm,
 Beneath a rude unpolish'd form!
 Add, that he loves you well beside: 55
 Then shake off all your selfish pride;
 And search if any vice remain
 That nature mingled with your grain;
 Or such as evil habit yields:
 Tares flourish in neglected fields. 60
 Observe how dull the lover's sight,
 The fair he thinks all over right;
 No faults he sees in face or limb,
 Or if he sees, they're none to him:
 Thus friends might err without a vice, 65
 Nor be too scrupulous and nice.

Let us, by love paternal taught,
 Not force a frown on every fault :
 This father has a squinting boy,
 The lad's arch eyes are all his joy : 70
 That gets a dwarf, misshaped and thick,
 And dotes upon the pretty chick.
 For crooklegs there are softer words,
 And little humpbacks are my lords.
 Does one adopt a niggard plan ? 75
 Let him be call'd a prudent man.
 'This boasts, and talks, and never ends
 A lively fellow with his friends.
 Is this morose and over rude ;
 Esteem him brave and roughly good. 80
 Another loves a cunning hit ;
 Then take him for a man of wit.
 This happy knack at wise mistakes,
 Preserves all friendships as it makes ;
 But we, alas ! with barbarous skill, 85
 Pervert the very good to ill ;
 The tainted breath of slander draws
 A cloud upon the clearest vase.
 Lives there a modest man of worth ?
 What's he ? the dullest wretch on earth ! 90
 Should ere your cautious sense refuse
 To ensure a swindler with his Jews :
 (A measure just, when death or dice
 May mar the captain in a trice.)
 No former kindness then will save, 95
 And you're a worldly-minded knave ;
 He's quite surprised his friend to find
 So like the rest of all mankind.
 If e'er a simple youth appear,
 Though with a friend too thick and near, 100
 (As I sometimes may seem to be,
 Perchance, my B——n, e'en to thee ;
 Disturbing with too early knock
 Your daily rest, ere two o'clock,)

Him kindly we pronounce at once	105
A forward fellow and a dunce.	
Against our very selves, alas !	
These penal laws we rashly pass :	
For if 'tis true that since the fall,	
Some sin must be the lot of all,	110
The best good man, it must be thought,	
Is only he the least in fault.	
My generous friend will fairly weigh	
Each vicious and each virtuous trait ;	
And if the good at all prevail,	115
Throw in his love to sink the scale :	
In this same equal balance tried,	
He then may all my heart divide.	
Kn—t thinks his legs are no disgrace,	
Then let him pardon F——'s face ;	120
'Tis only justice to restore	
That favour we received before.	
Since perseverance can, no doubt,	
Root many mighty vices out ;	
But often is employed in vain,	125
'Gainst lighter follies of the brain :	
In her own scales let common sense	
Decide the weight of each offence ;	
And, as the case requires it, teach	
The punishment that's due to each.	130
Your servant tastes a dish that's left:	
Should you imprison him for theft,	
The world with justice might suppose,	
Some madman had escaped Monroe's.	
Yet there are follies worse than these,	135
And madder, too, by ten degrees.	
'The friend for whom you seemed to live,	
Has err'd at last. Why, then, forgive !—	
Forgive ! exclaim the good and wise,	
But you avoid him, and despise ;	140
And fly with eager haste away,	
Like debtors on a quarter day,	

Who know their fate, if they should meet
 Their landlord Lewis in the street :
 Condemn'd to rot in Dorset jails, 145
 Or hear his verse and bitter tales ;
 And wait for similes and tropes,
 With outstretch'd neck, like rogues for ropes.
 Should W——r once like Fuller roar,
 Or wipe his boots upon your floor ; 150
 Or with a rude, untimely paw,
 Seize on your favourite lobster claw ;
 Must you, my lord ! your commerce end,
 And for a fish forsake a friend ?
 Should he commit a real crime, 155
 And steal your similes or rhyme ;
 Or else pretend that he forgets
 Some guineas of his lawful debts ;
 Your friendship's lost—but that's no more
 Than trifles forfeited before. 160
 Who say that crimes are sins alike,
 At common sense and manners strike :
 And e'en utility despise,
 Whence equity and law arise.
 When creatures first, at nature's birth, 165
 Dumb, and unseemly crawl'd on earth ;
 For acorns and for beds of leaves,
 They strove with fists, and then with staves :
 Next use with iron arms supplied,
 And wars were fought, and warrior's died : 170
 Then speech was found, then language rose,
 And peaceful words succeeded blows.
 Now towns were built, and laws were framed,
 That punish'd villany, or shamed ;
 Preserving all the goods of life, 175
 The person, property, and wife.
 For women oft have been the cause
 Of direful war, ere Helen was.
 Inquire of ages past the cause,
 The fear of crimes invented laws : 180

Not simple nature taught the skill,
 To draw the line 'twixt good and ill ;
 'Twixt certain virtues, certain sins,
 Whence merit ends, and crime begins.
 Nor reason, sure can say that he 185
 Must just as great a villain be,
 Who idly breaks his neighbours bounds,
 As M—— with his thousand pounds.
 Let punishments in these our times,
 Variously vicious, suit our crimes : 190
 Nor British judges from their hall,
 Send ropes for every rogue and all.
 Who reads our code can never fear
 A statute not enough severe.
 Two rogues ascend our Newgate drop, 195
 One robb'd the exchequer, one a shop ;
 Our modern stoic, judge in chief,
 Would hang us every petty thief.

SATIRE IX.

BY HENRY HALL JOY, M.A.—1831.

As in the Sacred Way I wander'd,
 And on some nothings deeply ponder'd ;
 One, whom by name I barely knew,
 Seizes my hand, with " How do you do,
 Sweet sir ?" I answer, " As times go, 5
 I'm pretty well ; and hope you're so."
 Seeing him follow, I inquire
 What more with me he can desire :
 " That we should better know each other :
 In literature I'm your brother." 10
 " Such learning I appreciate." Dying
 To escape ; all artifices trying ;
 I hurry on ; abruptly stop ;
 Or in my servant's ear I drop

Some idle whisper. Fairly spent, 15

Nor finding to my anguish vent ;

I invoke, in mutter'd agony,

The impenetrability

Of such an enviable brain as

Inhabits thy thick scull, Bolanus ! 20

Much of the city now he prated,

And much upon its streets dilated :

But having ascertain'd that I

Vouchsafed his nonsense no reply,

He had the cruelty to say, 25

" I see you long to get away ;

But 'tis in vain , wherever you

Proceed, your footsteps I'll pursue.

What is your route ?"

" There is no need

You such a desperate round to lead ; 30

Beyond the Tiber, far, I go,

To visit one you do not know."

" I'm a good walker, and at leisure,

So I'll attend you there with pleasure."

Like ass, with overladen back, 35

I hang my ears. He thus th' attack

Renews : " If I correctly scan

My merits, there is not a man,

Not Viscus, though your chosen friend, or 40

Varius, you'll so dearly tender ;

For who more promptly can display

The unpremeditated lay ?

Who with more graceful elegance

Can thread the mazes of the dance ?—

And then I sing so charmingly, 45

Hermogenes might envy me."

Here I broke in : " Your preservation

To a mother, or some relation,

Must needs be dear."

" I have none alive."

Bless'd mortals ! I, alas ! survive. 50

- Slay me. I feel the curse, of old
 By Sabine sorceress foretold :—
 “ Nor sword, nor poison, gout, nor cough,
 Nor pleurisy shall take him off;
 But it is written he shall be 55
 The victim of garfality :
 Let him, when grown to man’s estate,
 Shun chattering, as he would his fate.”
- And now a quarter of the day
 Having elapsed, upon our way 60
 We came to Vesta’s temple. Here
 He was on summons bound to appear,
 Or, failing, lose his cause. “ Befriend me,
 And if you love me, pray, attend me
 In court a while.”
- “ Sir, let me die 65
 If I can stand it; or if I
 Aught of the forms or practice know :
 And you’re aware that I must go
 Whither I told you.”
- “ Now,” quoth he,
 “ Whether to leave my cause, or thee, 70
 I’m sore perplex’d !”
- “ Me, good sir, me.”
 “ No, I’ll not do so.” He precedes me.
 I follow, where my victor leads me :
 “ Pray tell me if of late you’ve been as
 Cordial as usual with Mæcenas ?— 75
 A man of first-rate intellect ;
 In his associates most select.
 I own no mortal ever knew
 With more dexterity than you
 To ingratiate himself, and make 80
 The most of fortune : yet to take
 As coadjutor I implore you
 The individual before you,
 Who might with confidence be reckon’d
 Upon in all things as your second : 85

Introduce me ; and you shall find
You'll leave your rivals far behind."

" We lead not there the sort of life
Which you suppose. From petty strife,
And all illiberal jealousy, 90
No house is more completely free.

It moves not me that many are
More rich, more learned ; because there,
Each finds and fills his proper station."

" A scarcely credible narration !" 95
" The fact is so."

" You but the more
Excite the ardour which before
Inflamed my hopes."

" His heart assail :
Such merit must in time prevail :
Your first approach though he repel, 100
You'll find him not unregnable."

" I'll spare no pains . corrupt his tribe
Of servants by an ample bribe :
Repulse shall not dishearten me :
I'll watch my opportunity : 105
Meet him wherever he may roam,
Attend him forth, escort him home :
To mortals nothing under Heaven
Is without toil incessant given."

Thus while he prates, Aristius, 110
Who knew him well, encounters us.
We stop, and mutually demand
Each other's course. With eager hand
My friend's reluctant arm I pull ;
And finding him perversely dull, 115

With suppliant winks and nods petition
That he would snatch me from perdition.

Cruel dissembler!—he could smile,
When I—half mad with spleen the while—
" Prithee, what secret tale was that 120
You purposed to communicate

At our last meeting? Will you tell
 It now?"

“ Oh ! I remember well ;
 But shall a time more fitting choose 125
 Than this, the Sabbath of the Jews.
 Would you offend them ?”

“ *I've* no notion
 Of such a scruple.”

“ *My* devotion 130
 Is more that of the multitude :
 You'll call it superstition :—rude,
 Pray, deem me not ;—forgive me, pray ;—
 We'll have our talk another day.”

Oh ! that so sad a sun should rise ! 135
 Away the ruthless traitor flies,
 And leaves my throat beneath the knife :
 When just in time to save my life,
 The plaintiff providentially
 Happens my torturer to see, 140
 And drags him with stentorian bawl—
 “ Whither now, caitiff ?”—towards the hall ;
 Soliciting I would attest
 This very opportune arrest.

He's hurried off: the rabble follow : 145
 Thus was I rescued by Apollo.

END OF HORACE.

ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF

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PHÆDRUS

WITH

THE APPENDIX OF GUDIUS.

TRANSLATED BY

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

PHÆDRUS.

THIS author, of whom little is known, was a Thracian by birth, and contemporary with Julius Cæsar. It is by some thought, that when Caius Octavius, the father of Augustus, overcame the Bessi and Thracians in a great battle, Phædrus was brought, with other captives, to Rome. Whatever credit may be attached to this conjecture, certain it is that he became a slave to the Emperor Augustus, who, struck by the early promise of his talents, and the sweetness of his disposition, caused him to be carefully educated, and afterward presented him with his freedom.

During the life of his patron, our author appears to have enjoyed a state of uninterrupted prosperity; but after his death he was for some time persecuted by Sejanus, because this cor-

rupt minister believed that he was satirised and abused in the encomiums which the poet everywhere pays to virtue. Neither was the persecution of Phædrus confined to this profligate man; for many of his satellites, in order to ingratiate themselves with the favourite, used their utmost endeavours to overwhelm him; and even the death of Sejanus failed to diminish the number of his enemies. Of this we have abundant evidence in the prologue to the third book, where the poet feelingly implores the protection of his patron Eutychus, who was at that time enrolled in the number of the judges.

Of the result of this iniquitous combination against him we know nothing; but whatever might be the nature of those calamities in which he became involved, we learn from his writings that he had wisdom sufficient to perceive the dangers to which great riches exposed their possessor, under the dominion of a tyrant, and that he therefore wisely forbore to make them the objects of his search. By these means he appears to have attained extreme old age, and is by some supposed to have been still living in the reign of the Emperor Domitian.

The fables of Phædrus are chiefly to be recommended for their precision, purity, elegance, and simplicity. Their matter is generally borrowed from Esop; but he occasionally intermixes stories, or historical pieces of his own. The noble moral sentiments which are scattered throughout this excellent work, abundantly testify that the covert allusions of its author to the vices and follies of the age in which he lived, owed their origin to no spirit of detraction, but rather to a sincere desire of promoting the love and practice of virtue.

These fables remained long buried in oblivion, till they were discovered in the library of St. Remi, at Rheims, and published by Peter Pithou, a learned Frenchman, at the end of the sixteenth century. They appear to have been little known in his own time, for no extant writer of antiquity alludes to them. This circumstance, together with the assertion of Seneca, "That the Romans had not attempted fables or Esopean compositions," might throw suspicion on their genuineness, did not their style and manner refer them to the best age of Roman literature.

FABLES OF PHÆDRUS.

BOOK I.

PROLOGUE.

WHAT from the founder Esop fell,
In neat familiar verse I tell :
Twofold's the genius of the page,
To make you smile and make you sage.
But if the critics we displease, 5
By wrangling brutes and talking trees,
Let them remember, ere they blame,
We're working neither sin nor shame ;
'Tis but a play to form the youth
By fiction, in the cause of truth. 10

FABLE I.—THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.

By thirst incited, to the brook
The wolf and lamb themselves betook.
The wolf high up the current drank,
The lamb far lower down the bank.
Then, bent his rav'nous maw to cram, 5
The wolf took umbrage at the lamb.
“ How dare you trouble all the flood,
And mingle my good drink with mud ? ”
“ Sir,” says the lambkin, sore afraid,
‘ How should I act, as you upbraid ? ’ 10
The thing you mention cannot be ;
The stream descends from you to me.”

PHÆD.—B

Abash'd by facts, says he, "I know
 'Tis now exact six months ago
 You strove my honest fame to blot—" 15
 "Six months ago, sir, I was not."
 "Then 'twas th' old ram, thy sire," he cried;
 And so he tore him, till he died.
 To those this fable I address
 Who are determin'd to oppress, 20
 And trump up any false pretence,
 But they will injure innocence.

FABLE II.—THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.

WITH equal laws when Athens throve,
 The petulance of freedom drove
 Their state to license, which o'erthrew
 Those just restraints of old they knew. 5
 Hence, as a factious discontent
 Through every rank and order went,
 Pisistratus, the tyrant, form'd
 A party, and the fort he storm'd :
 Which yoke, while all bemoan'd in grief,
 (Not that he was a cruel chief, 10
 But they unused to be controll'd,)
 Then Esop thus his fable told :
 The frogs, a freeborn people made,
 From out their marsh with clamour pray'd
 That Jove a monarch would assign 15
 With power their manners to refine.
 The sovereign smiled, and on their bog
 Sent his petitioners a log,
 Which, as it dash'd upon the place,
 At first alarm'd the tim'rous race. 20
 But ere it long had lain to cool,
 One sliely peep'd out of the pool,
 And finding it a king in jest,
 He boldly summon'd all the rest.
 Now, void of fear, the tribe advanced, 25
 And on the timber leap'd and danced,

'And having let their fury loose,
 In gross affronts and rank abuse,
 Of Jove they sought another king,
 For useless was this wooden thing. 30
 Then he a water snake empower'd,
 Who one by one their race devour'd.
 They try to make escape in vain,
 Nor, dumb through fear, can they complain.
 By stealth they Mercury depute, 35
 That Jove would once more hear their suit,
 And send their sinking state to save;
 But he in wrath this answer gave:
 "Ye scorn'd the good king that ye had,
 And therefore ye shall bear the bad." 40
 Ye likewise, oh Athenian friends,
 Convinced to what this lesson tends,
 Though slavery be no common curse,
 Be still, for fear of worse and worse.

FABLE III.—THE VAIN JACKDAW.

LEST any one himself should plume,
 And on his neighbour's worth presume;
 But still let nature's garb prevail—
 Esop has left this little tale:
 A daw, ambitious and absurd, 5
 Pick'd up the quills of Juno's bird;
 And, with the gorgeous spoil adorn'd,
 All his own sable brethren scorn'd,
 And join'd the peacocks—which in scoff
 Stripp'd the bold thief, and drove him off. 10
 The daw, thus roughly handled, went
 To his own kind in discontent:
 But they in turn contemn the spark,
 And brand with many a shameful mark.
 Then one he formerly disdain'd: 15
 "Had you," said he, "at home remain'd,

Content with nature's ways and will,
 You had not felt the peacock's bill ;
 Nor 'mong the birds of your own dress
 Had been deserted in distress." 20

FABLE IV.—THE DOG IN THE RIVER.

THE churl that wants another's fare
 Deserves at least to lose his share.
 As through the stream a dog convey'd
 A piece of meat, he spied his shade
 In the clear mirror of the flood, 5
 And thinking it was flesh and blood,
 Snapp'd to deprive him of the treat :
 But mark the glutton's self-defeat,
 Miss'd both another's and his own,
 Both shade and substance, beef and bone. 10

FABLE V.—THE HEIFER, GOAT SHEEP, AND LION.

A PARTNERSHIP with men in pow'r
 We cannot build upon an hour.
 This fable proves the fact too true :
 A heifer, goat, and harmless ewe,
 Were with the lion as allies, 5
 To raise in desert woods supplies.
 There, when they jointly had the luck
 To take a most enormous buck,
 The lion first the parts disposed,
 And then his royal will disclosed. 10
 " The first, as lion hight, I crave ;
 The next you yield to me, as brave ;
 The third is my peculiar due,
 As being stronger far than you ;
 The fourth you likewise will renounce, 15
 For him that touches, I shall trounce."
 Thus rank unrighteousness and force
 Seized all the prey without remorse.

FABLE VI.—THE FROGS AND SUN.

WHEN Esop saw, with inward grief,
The nuptials of a neighb'ring thief,
He thus his narrative begun :

Of old 'twas rumour'd that the sun
Would take a wife : with hideous cries 5
The quer'lous frogs alarm'd the skies.
Moved at their murmurs, Jove inquired
What was the thing that they desired ?
When thus a tenant of the lake,
In terror, for his brethren spake : 10
“ Ev'n now one sun too much is found,
And dries up all the pools around,
Till we, thy creatures, perish here ;
But oh, how dreadfully severe,
Should he at length be made a sire, 15
And propagate a race of fire !”

FABLE VII.—THE FOX AND TRAGIC MASK.

A fox beheld a mask—“ Oh rare
The headpiece, if but brains were there !”
This holds, whene'er the fates dispense
Pomp, power, and everything but sense.

FABLE VIII.—THE WOLF AND CRANE.

Who for his merit seeks a price
From men of violence and vice,
Is twice a fool—first so declared,
As for the worthless he has cared ;
Then, after all, his honest aim 5
Must end in punishment and shame.
A bone the wolf devour'd in haste,
Stuck in his greedy throat so fast,
That, tortured with the pain, he roar'd,
And ev'ry beast around implored, 10

That who a remedy could find
Should have a premium to his mind.

A crane was wrought upon to trust
His oath at length—and down she thrust
Her neck into his throat impure, 15
And so perform'd a desp'rate cure.
At which, when she desired her fee,
"You base, ungrateful minx," says he,
"Whom I, so kind, forbore to kill,
And now, forsooth, you'd make your bill!" 20

FABLE IX.—THE HARE AND THE SPARROW.

STILL to give cautions, as a friend,
And not one's own affairs attend,
Is but impertinent and vain,
As these few verses will explain.

A sparrow taunted at a hare 5
Caught by an eagle high in air,
And screaming loud, "Where now," says she,
"Is your renown'd velocity?
Why loiter'd your much boasted speed?"
Just as she spoke, a hungry glede 10
Did on th' injurious railer fall,
Nor could her cries avail at all.
The hare, with its expiring breath,
Thus said: "See comfort ev'n in death!
She that derided my distress 15
Must now deplore her own no less."

FABLE X.—THE WOLF AND FOX, WITH THE APE FOR THEIR JUDGE.

WHO'E'R, by practice indiscreet,
Has pass'd for a notorious cheat,
Will shortly find his credit fail,
Though he speak truth, says Esop's tale.

The wolf the fox for theft arraign'd; 5
The fox her innocence maintain'd:

The ape, as umpire, takes his seat ;
 Each pleads his cause with skill and heat.
 Then thus the ape, with aspect grave,
 The sentence from the hustings gave : 10
 " For you, Sir Wolf, I do descry
 That all your losses are a lie—
 And you, with negatives so stout,
 Oh fox ! have stolen the goods no doubt."

FABLE XI.—THE ASS AND LION HUNTING.

A COWARD, full of pompous speech,
 The ignorant may overreach ;
 But is the laughingstock of those
 Who know how far his valour goes.
 Once on a time it came to pass, 5
 The lion hunted with the ass,
 Whom hiding in the thickest shade,
 He there proposed should lend him aid,
 By trumpeting so strange a bray
 That all the beasts he should dismay, 10
 And drive them o'er the desert heath
 Into the lurking lion's teeth.
 Proud of the task, the long-ear'd loon
 Struck up such an outrageous tune,
 That 'twas a miracle to hear. 15
 The beasts forsake their haunts with fear,
 And in the lion's fangs expired :
 Who, being now with slaughter tired,
 Call'd out the ass, whose noise he stops.
 The ass, parading from the copse, 20
 Cried out with most conceited scoff,
 " How did my music piece go off !"
 " So well—was not thy courage known,
 Their terror had been all my own !"

FABLE XII.—THE STAG AT THE FOUNTAIN.

FULL often what you now despise,
Proves better than the things you prize;
Let Esop's narrative decide:

A stag beheld, with conscious pride,
(As at the fountain-head he stood,) 5
His image in the silver flood,
And there extols his branching horns,
While his poor spindle shanks he scorns.
But, lo! he hears the hunter's cries,
And, frighten'd, o'er the champaign flies— 10
His swiftness baffles the pursuit:
At length a wood receives the brute,
And by his horns entangled there,
The pack began his flesh to tear:
Then dying thus he wail'd his fate: 15
"Unhappy me! and wise too late!
How useful what I did disdain!
How grievous that which made me vain!"

FABLE XIII.—THE FOX AND THE CROW.

His folly in repentance ends,
Who to a flattering knave attends.
A crow, her hunger to appease,
Had from a window stolen some cheese,
And sitting on a lofty pine 5
In state, was just about to dine.
This, when a fox observed below,
He thus harangued the foolish crow:
"Lady, how beauteous to the view
Those glossy plumes of sable hue! 10
Thy features how divinely fair!
With what a shape, and what an air!
Could you but frame your voice to sing,
You'd have no rival on the wing."

But she, now willing to display
 Her talents in the vocal way,
 Let go the cheese of luscious taste,
 Which reynard seized with greedy haste.
 The grudging dupe now sees at last
 'That for her folly she must fast.

15

20

FABLE XIV.—THE COBBLER TURNED DOCTOR.

A BANKRUPT cobbler, poor and lean,
 (No bungler e'er was half so mean,)
 Went to a foreign place, and there
 Began his med'cines to prepare:
 But one of more especial note
 He call'd his sov'reign antidote;
 And by his technical bombast
 Contrived to raise a name at last.
 It happen'd that the king was sick,
 Who, willing to detect the trick,
 Call'd for some water in a ew'r,
 Poison in which he feign'd to pour:
 The antidote was likewise mix'd
 He then upon th' empiric fix'd
 To take the medicated cup,
 And, for a premium, drink it up.
 The quack, through dread of death, confess'd
 That he was of no skill possess'd;
 But all this great and glorious job
 Was made of nonsense and the mob,
 Then did the king his peers convoke,
 And thus unto th' assembly spoke:
 "My lords and gentlemen, I rate
 Your folly as inordinate,
 Who trust your heads into his hand,
 Where no one had his heels japann'd."
 This story their attention craves
 Whose weakness is the prey of knaves.

5

10

15

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FABLE XV.—THE SAPIENT ASS.

IN all the changes of a state,
 The poor are the most fortunate,
 Who, save the name of him they call
 Their king, can find no odds at all.
 The truth of this you now may read— 5
 A fearful old man in a mead,
 While leading of his ass about,
 Was startled at the sudden shout
 Of enemies approaching nigh.
 He then advised the ass to fly, 10
 "Lest we be taken in the place:"
 But loth at all to mend his pace,
 "Pray, will the conqueror," quoth Jack,
 "With double panniers load my back?"
 "No," says the man. "If that's the thing," 15
 Cries he, "I care not who is king."

FABLE XVI.—THE SHEEP, THE STAG, AND
THE WOLF.

WHEN one rogue would another get
 For surety in a case of debt,
 'Tis not the thing t' accept the terms,
 But dread th' event—the tale affirms.
 A stag approach'd the sheep, to treat 5
 For one good bushel of her wheat.
 "The honest wolf will give his bond."
 At which, beginning to despond,
 "The wolf (cries she) 's a vagrant bite,
 And you are quickly out of sight; 10
 Where shall I find or him or you
 Upon the day the debt is due?"

FABLE XVII.—THE SHEEP, THE DOG, AND
THE WOLF.

LIARS are liable to rue
 The mischief they're so prone to do.
 The sheep a dog unjustly dunn'd
 One loaf directly to refund,
 Which he the dog to the said sheep 5
 Had given in confidence to keep.
 The wolf was summon'd, and he swore
 It was not one, but ten or more.
 The sheep was therefore cast at law
 To pay for things she never saw. 10
 But, lo ! ere many days ensued,
 Dead in a ditch the wolf she view'd :
 " This, this," she cried, " is Heaven's decree
 Of justice on a wretch like thee."

FABLE XIX.—THE BITCH AND HER
PUPPIES.

BAD men have speeches smooth and fair,
 Of which, that we should be aware,
 And such designing villains thwart,
 The underwritten lines exhort.
 A bitch besought one of her kin 5
 For room to put her puppies in :
 She, loth to say her neighbour nay,
 Directly lent both hole and hay.
 But asking to be repossess'd,
 For longer time the former press'd, 10
 Until her puppies gather'd strength,
 Which second lease expired at length ;
 And when, abused at such a rate,
 The lender grew importunate,
 " The place," quoth she, " I will resign 15
 When you're a match for me and mine."

FABLE XX.—THE HUNGRY DOGS.

A STUPID plan that fools project,
 Not only will not take effect,
 But proves destructive in the end
 To those that bungle and pretend.

Some hungry dogs beheld a hide 5
 Deep sunk beneath the crystal tide,
 Which, that they might extract for food,
 They strove to drink up all the flood;
 But bursten in the desp'rate deed,
 They perish'd, ere they could succeed. 10

FABLE XXI.—THE OLD LION.

WHOEVER, to his honour's cost,
 His pristine dignity has lost,
 Is the fool's jest and coward's scorn,
 When once deserted and forlorn.

With years enfeebled and decay'd, 5
 A lion gasping hard was laid:
 Then came, with furious tusk, a boar,
 To vindicate his wrongs of yore:
 The bull was next in hostile spite,
 With go'ring horn his foe to smite: 10
 At length the ass himself, secure
 That now impunity was sure,
 His blow too insolently deals,
 And kicks his forehead with his heels.
 Then thus the lion, as he died: 15
 " 'Twas hard to bear the brave," he cried;
 But to be trampled on by thee
 Is nature's last indignity;
 And thou, oh despicable thing,
 Giv'st death at least a double sting." 20

FABLE XXII.—THE MAN AND THE WEASEL.

A WEASEL, by a person caught,
 And willing to get off, besought
 The man to spare. "Be not severe
 On him that keeps your pantry clear
 Of those intolerable mice." 5
 "This were," says he, "a work of price,
 If done entirely for my sake,
 And good had been the plea you make:
 But since, with all these pains and care,
 You seize yourself the dainty fare 10
 On which those vermin used to fall,
 And then devour the mice and all,
 Urge not a benefit in vain."
 This said, the miscreant was slain.
 The satire here those chaps will own, 15
 Who, useful to themselves alone,
 And bustling for a private end,
 Would boast the merit of a friend.

FABLE XXIII.—THE FAITHFUL HOUSE-DOG.

A MAN that's gen'rous all at once
 May dupe a novice or a dunce;
 But to no purpose are the snares
 He for the knowing ones prepares. 5
 When late at night a felon tried
 To bribe a dog with food, he cried,
 "What, ho! do you attempt to stop
 The mouth of him that guards the shop?
 You're mightily mistaken, sir,
 For this strange kindness is a spur 10
 To make me double all my din,
 Lest such a scoundrel should come in."

FABLE XXIV.—THE PROUD FROG.

WHEN poor men to expenses run,
 And ape their betters, they're undone.
 An ox the frog a grazing view'd,
 And envying his magnitude,
 She puffs her wrinkled skin, and tries 5
 To vie with his enormous size :
 Then asks her young to own at least
 That she was bigger than the beast.
 They answer, no. With might and main
 She swells, and strains, and swells again. 10
 " Now for it, who has got the day ?"
 The ox is larger still, they say.
 At length, with more and more ado,
 She rag'd and puff'd, and burst in two.

FABLE XXV.—THE DOG AND THE CROCO-
DILE.

Who give bad precepts to the wise,
 And cautious men with guile advise,
 Not only lose their toil and time,
 But slip into sarcastic rhyme. 5
 The dogs that are about the Nile,
 Through terror of the crocodile,
 Are therefore said to drink and run.
 It happen'd on a day, that one,
 As scamp'ring by the river side,
 Was by the crocodile espied : 10
 " Sir, at your leisure drink, nor fear
 The least design or treach'ry here."
 " That," says the dog, " ma'am, would I do
 With all my heart, and thank you too,
 But as you can on dog's flesh dine, 15
 You shall not taste a bit of mine."

FABLE XXVI.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

ONE should do injury to none ;
 But he that hath th' assault begun,
 Ought, says the fabulist, to find
 The dread of being served in kind.
 A fox, to sup within his cave 5
 The stork an invitation gave,
 Where, in a shallow dish, was pour'd
 Some broth, which he himself devour'd ;
 While the poor hungry stork was fain
 Inevitably to abstain 10
 The stork, in turn, the fox invites,
 And brings her liver and her lights
 In a tall flagon, finely minced,
 And thrusting in her beak, convinced
 The fox that he in grief must fast, 15
 While she enjoy'd the rich repast.
 Then, as in vain he lick'd the neck,
 The stork was heard her guest to check,
 " That every one the fruits should bear
 Of their example is but fair." 20

FABLE XXVII.—THE DOG, TREASURE, AND
VULTURE.

A dog, while scratching up the ground,
 'Mong human bones a treasure found ;
 But as his sacrilege was great,
 To covet riches was his fate,
 And punishment of his offence ; 5
 He therefore never stirr'd from thence,
 But both in hunger and the cold,
 With anxious care he watch'd the gold,
 Till wholly negligent of food,
 A ling'ring death at length ensued. 10
 Upon his corse a vulture stood,
 And thus descanted : " It is good,

Oh dog, that here thou liest bereaved,
 Who in the highway wast conceived,
 And on a scumvy dunghill bred, 15
 Hadst royal riches in thy head."

FABLE XXVIII.—THE FOX AND EAGLE.

Howe'er exalted in your sphere,
 There's something from the mean to fear;
 For, if their property you wrong,
 The poor's revenge is quick and strong.
 When on a time an eagle stole 5
 The cubs from out a fox's hole,
 And bore them to her young away,
 That they might feast upon the prey,
 The dam pursues the winged thief,
 And deprecates so great a grief; 10
 But safe upon the lofty tree,
 The eagle scorn'd the fox's plea.
 With that the fox perceived at hand
 An altar, whence she snatch'd a brand,
 And compassing with flames the wood, 15
 Put her in terror for her brood.
 She therefore, lest her house should burn,
 Submissive did the cubs return.

FABLE XXIX.—THE FROGS AND BULLS.

MEN of low life are in distress
 When great ones enmity profess.
 There was a bull-fight in the fen,
 A frog cried out in trouble then,
 "Oh what perdition on our race!" 5
 "How," says another, "can the case
 Be quite so desp'rate as you've said?
 For they're contending who is head,
 And lead a life from us disjoin'd,
 Of sep'rate station, diverse kind." 15

"But he, who worsted shall retire,
Will come into this lowland mire,
And with his hoof dash out our brains,
Wherefore their rage to us pertains."

FABLE XXX.—THE KITE AND THE DOVES.

• He that would have the wicked reign,
 Instead of help will find his bane.
 The doves had oft escaped the kite,
 By their celerity of flight :
 The ruffian then to coz'nage stoop'd, 5
 And thus the tim'rous race he duped :
 " Why do you lead a life of fear,
 Rather than my proposals hear ?
 Elect me for your king, and I
 Will all your race indemnify." 10
 They foolishly the kite believed,
 Who having now the pow'r received,
 Began upon the doves to prey,
 And exercise tyrannic sway.
 " Justly," says one who yet remain'd, 15
 We die the death ourselves ordain'd."

BOOK II.

PROLOGUE.

THE way of writing Esop chose,
Sound doctrine by example shows ;
For nothing by these tales is meant,
So much as that the bad repent ;
And by the pattern that is set, 5
Due diligence itself should whet.
Wherefore, whatever arch conceit
You in our narratives shall meet,
(If with the critic's ear it take,
And for some special purpose make,) 10
Aspires by real use to fame,
Rather than from an author's name.
In fact, with all the care I can,
I shall abide my Esop's plan ;
But if at times I intersperse 15
My own materials in the verse,
That sweet variety may please
The fancy, and attention ease ;
Receive it in a friendly way ;
Which grace I purpose to repay 20
By this conciseness of my song ;
Whose praises, lest they be too long,
Attend, why you should stint the sneak,
But give the modest, ere they seek.

FABLE I.—THE JUDICIOUS LION.

A LION on the carcass stood
Of a young heifer in the wood ;
A robber that was passing there,
Came up, and ask'd him for a share.

'A share," says he, "you should receive,	5
But that you seldom ask our leave	
For things so handily removed."	
At which the ruffian was reproved.	
It happened that the selfsame day	
A modest pilgrim came that way,	10
And, when he saw the lion, fled :	
Says he, "There is no cause of dread,"	
In gentle tone ; "take you the chine,	
Which to your merit I assign."	
Then having parted what he slew,	15
To favour his approach withdrew.	
A great example, worthy praise,	
But not much copied nowadays !	
For churls have coffers that o'erflow,	
And sheepish worth is poor and low.	20

FABLE II.—THE BALD-PATE DUPE.

FONDLING or fondled—any how—	
Examples of all times allow	
That men by women must be fleeced.	
A dame, whose years were well increased,	
But skill'd t' affect a youthful men,	5
Was a staid husband's empress-queen ;	
Who yet sequester'd half his heart	
For a young damsel, brisk and smart.	
They, while each wanted to attach	
Themselves to him, and seem his match,	10
Began to tamper with his hair.	
He, pleased with their officious care,	
Was on a sudden made a coot ;	
For the young strumpet, branch and root,	
Stripp'd of the hoary hairs his crown,	15
E'en as th' old cat grubb'd up the brown.	

FABLE III.—THE MAN AND THE DOG.

Torn by a cur, a man was led
 To throw the snappish thief some bread
 Dipp'd in the blood, which, he was told,
 Had been a remedy of old.
 Then Esop thus: "Forbear to show 5
 A pack of dogs the thing you do,
 Lest they should soon devour us quite,
 When thus rewarded as they bite."
 One wicked miscreant's success,
 Makes many more the trade profess. 10

FABLE IV.—THE EAGLE, THE CAT, AND
THE SOW.

An eagle built upon an oak:
 A cat and kittens had bespoken
 A hole about the middle bough;
 And underneath a woodland sow
 Had placed her pigs upon the ground. 5
 Then treacherous puss a method found
 To overthrow, for her own good.
 The peace of this chance neighbourhood.
 First to the eagle she ascends—
 "Perdition on your head impends, 10
 And, far too probable, on mine;
 For you observe that grubbing swine
 Still works the tree to overset,
 Us and our young with ease to get."
 Thus having filled the eagle's pate 15
 With consternation very great,
 Down creeps she to the sow below;
 "The eagle is your deadly foe,
 And is determined not to spare
 Your pigs, when you shall take the air." 20
 Here too a terror being spread,
 By what this tattling gossip said,

She slyly to her kittens stole,
 And rested snug within her hole.
 Sneaking from thence with silent tread, 25
 By night her family she fed,
 But look'd out sharply all the day,
 Affecting terror and dismay.
 The eagle, lest the tree should fall,
 Keeps to the boughs, nor stirs at all; 30
 And, anxious for her grunting race,
 The sow is loth to quit her place.
 In short, they and their young ones starve,
 And leave a prey for puss to carve.
 Hence warn'd, ye credulous and young, 35
 Be cautious of a double tongue.

FABLE V.—CÆSAR AND HIS SLAVE.

THERE is in town a certain set
 Of mortals, ever in a sweat,
 Who idly bustling here and there,
 Have never any time to spare,
 While upon nothing they discuss 5
 With heat, and most outrageous fuss;
 Plague to themselves, and to the rest
 A most intolerable pest.
 I will correct this stupid clan
 Of busybodies, if I can, 10
 By a true story: lend an ear,
 'Tis worth a trifler's time to hear.
 Tiberius Cæsar, in his way
 To Naples, on a certain day
 Came to his own Misenian seat, 15
 (Of old Lucullus's retreat,)

Which from the mountain top surveys
 Two seas, by looking different ways.
 Here a shrewd slave began to cringe,
 With dapper coat and sash of fringe, 20
 And, as his master walk'd between
 The trees upon the turfted green,

Finding the weather very hot,
 Officiates with his wat'ring-pot ;
 And still attending through the glade, 25
 Is ostentatious of his aid.
 Cæsar turns to another row,
 Where neither sun nor rain could go ;
 He, for the nearest cut he knows,
 Is still before with pot and rose. 30
 Cæsar observes him twist and shift,
 And understands the fellow's drift :
 " Here, you, sir," says th' imperial lord.
 The bustling, hoping a reward,
 Runs skipping up. The chief in jest 35
 Thus the poor jackanapes address'd :
 " As here is no great matter done,
 Small is the premium you have won :
 The cuffs that make a servant free,
 Are for a better man than thee." 40

**FABLE VI.—THE EAGLE, CARRION CROW,
 AND THE TORTOISE.**

No soul can warrant life or right,
 Secure from men of lawless might ;
 But if a knave's advice assist,
 'Gainst fraud and force what can exist ?
 An eagle on a tortoise fell, 5
 And mounting bore him by the shell :
 She with her house her body screens,
 Nor can be hurt by any means.
 A carrion crow came by that way,
 " You've got," says she, " a luscious prey ; 10
 But soon its weight will make you rue,
 Unless I show you what to do."
 The captor promising a share,
 She bids her from the upper air
 To dash the shell against a rock, 15
 Which would be sever'd by the shock.

The eagle follows her behest,
 Then feasts on turtle with his guest.
 'Thus she, whom nature made so strong,
 And safe against external wrong, 20
 No match for force, and its allies,
 To cruel death a victim dies.

FABLE VII.—THE MULES AND ROBBERS.

Two laden mules were on the road—
 A charge of money was bestow'd
 Upon the one, the other bore
 Some sacks of barley. He before,
 Proud of his freight, began to swell, 5
 Stretch'd out his neck, and shook his bell.
 The poor one, with an easy pace,
 Came on behind a little space,
 When on a sudden, from the wood
 A gang of thieves before them stood; 10
 And, while the muleteers engage,
 Wound the poor creature in their rage:
 Eager they seize the golden prize,
 But the vile barley-bags despise.
 'The plunder'd mule was all forlorn, 15
 The other thank'd them for their scorn:
 " 'Tis now my turn the head to toss,
 Sustaining neither wound nor loss."
 The low estate's from peril clear,
 But wealthy men have much to fear. 20

FABLE VIII.—THE STAG AND THE OXEN.

A STAG unharbour'd by the hounds,
 Forth from his woodland covert bounds,
 And blind with terror, at th' alarm
 Of death, makes to a neighb'ring farm;
 There snug conceals him in some straw, 5
 Which in an ox's stall he saw.

“Wretch that thou art!” a bullock cried,
“That com’st within this place to hide;
By trusting man you are undone,
And into sure destruction run.” 10
But he with suppliant voice replies :
“Do you but wink with both your eyes,
I soon shall my occasions shape,
To make from hence a fair escape.”
The day is spent, the night succeeds, 15
The herdsman comes, the cattle feeds,
But nothing sees : then to and fro
Time after time the servants go ;
Yet not a soul perceives the case.
The steward passes by the place, 20
Himself no wiser than the rest.
The joyful stag his thanks address’d
To all the oxen, that he there
Had found a refuge in despair.
“We wish you well,” an ox return’d, 25
“But for your life are still concern’d,
For if old Argus comes, no doubt,
His hundred eyes will find you out.”
Scarce had the speaker made an end,
When from the supper of a friend 30
The master enters at the door,
And, seeing that the steers were poor
Of late, advances to the rack.
“Why were the fellow’s hands so slack ?
Here’s hardly any straw at all, 35
Brush down those cobwebs from the wall.
Pray how much labour would it ask ?”
While thus he undertakes the task,
To dust, and rummage by degrees,
The stag’s exalted horns he sees : 40
Then calling all his folks around,
He lays him breathless on the ground.
The master, as the tale declares,
Looks sharpest to his own affairs.

EPILOGUE.

A STATUE of great cost and fame
 Th' Athenians raised to Esop's name,
 Him setting on th' eternal base,
 Whom servile rank could not disgrace ;
 That they might teach to all mankind 5
 The way to honours unconfined,
 That glory's due to rising worth,
 And not alone to pomp and birth.

Since then another seized the post,
 Lest I priority should boast, 10
 'This pow'r and praise was yet my own,
 That he should not excel alone.
 Nor is this envy's jealous ire,
 But emulation's genuine fire.

And if Rome should approve my piece, 15
 She'll soon have more to rival Greece.
 But should th' invidious town declare
 Against my plodding over-care,
 They cannot take away, nor hurt
 Th' internal conscience of desert. 20

If these my studies reach their aim
 And, reader, your attention claim,
 If your perception fully weighs
 The drift of these my labour'd lays ;
 Then such success precludes complaint. 25
 But if the pictures which I paint
 Should happen to attract their sight,
 Whom luckless nature brought to light,
 Who scorn the labours of a man,
 And when they carp do all they can ; 30
 Yet must this fatal cause to mourn
 With all its bitterness be borne,
 Till fortune be ashamed of days,
 When genius fails, and int'rest sways.

BOOK III.

PROLOGUE TO EUTYCHUS.

THE tales of Phædrus would you read,
Oh Eutychus, you must be freed
From business, that the mind unbent
May take the author's full intent.
You urge that this poetic turn 5
Of mine is not of such concern,
As with your time to interfere
A moment's space : 'tis therefore clear
For those essays you have no call,
Which suit not your affairs at all. 10
A time may come, perhaps you'll say,
That I shall make a holyday,
And have my vacant thoughts at large,
The student's office to discharge.
And can you such vile stuff peruse, 15
Rather than serve domestic views,
Return the visits of a friend,
Or with your wife your leisure spend,
Relax your mind, your limbs relieve,
And for new toil new strength receive ? 20
From worldly cares you must estrange
Your thoughts, and feel a perfect change,
If to Parnassus you repair,
And seek for your admission there.
Me (whom a Grecian mother bore 25
On that Pierian, where of yore
Mnemosyne in love divine
Brought forth to Jove the tuneful Nine,
Though sprung where genius reign'd with art,
I grubb'd up av'rice from my heart, 30

And rather for applause than pay,
Embraced the literary way)
Yet as a writer and a wit,
With some abatements they admit.
What is his case, then, do you think, 35
Who toils for wealth, nor sleeps a wink,
Preferring to the pleasing pain
Of composition sordid gain ?
But hap what will, (as Sinon said,
When to King Priam he was led,) 40
I book the third shall now fulfil,
With Esop for my master still ;
Which book I dedicate to you,
As both to worth and honour due.
Pleased, if you read ; if not, content 45
As conscious of a sure event,
That these my fables shall remain,
And after ages entertain.
In a few words I now propose
To point from whence the fable rose. 50
A servitude was all along
Exposed to most oppressive wrong,
The sufferer, therefore, did not dare
His heart's true dictates to declare ;
But couch'd his meaning in the veil 55
Of many an allegoric tale,
And jesting with a moral aim,
Eluded all offence and blame.
This is the path that I pursue,
Inventing more than Esop knew ; 60
And certain topics by-the-by,
To my own hindrance did I try.
But was there any of mankind,
Besides Sejanus, so inclined,
Who was alone to work my fall, 65
Informer, witness, judge, and all ;
I would confess the slander true,
And own such hardships were my due ;

Nor would I fly, my grief to ease, To such poor lentives as these.	70
If any through suspicion errs, And to himself alone refers, What was design'd for thousands more, He'll show too plainly where he's sore. Yet ev'n from such I crave excuse, For (far from personal abuse) My verse in gen'ral would put down True life and manners of the town, But here, perhaps, some one will ask, Why I, forsooth, embraced this task ?	80
If Esop, though a Phrygian, rose, And ev'n derived from Scythian snows ; If Anacharsis could devise By wit to gain th' immortal prize ; Shall I, who to learn'd Greece belong,	85
Neglect her honour and her song, And by dull sloth myself disgrace ? Since we can reckon up in Thrace, The authors that have sweetest sung, Where Linus from Apollo sprung ;	90
And he whose mother was a muse, Whose voice could tenderness infuse To solid rocks, strange monsters quell'd, And Hebrus in his course withheld.	
Envy, stand clear, or thou shalt rue Th' attack, for glory is my due. Thus having wrought upon your ear, I beg that you would be sincere, And in the poet's cause avow That candour, all the world allow.	95 100

FABLE I.—THE OLD WOMAN AND EMPTY CASK.

AN ancient dame a firkin sees,
In which the rich Falernian lees

Send from the nobly tintured shell
A rare and most delicious smell !
There, when a season she had clung
With greedy nostrils to the bung, 5
“ Oh spirit exquisitely sweet ! ”
She cried, “ how perfectly complete
Were you of old, and at the best,
When e'en your dregs have such a zest ! ” 10
They'll see the drift of this my rhyme,
Who knew the author in his prime.

FABLE II.—THE PANTHER AND SHEPHERDS.

THEIR scorn comes home to them again,
Who treat the wretched with disdain.
A careless panther, long ago
Fell in a pit, which overthrow
The shepherds all around alarm'd; 5
When some themselves with cudgels arm'd;
Others threw stones upon its head;
But some in pity sent her bread,
As death was not the creature's due.
The night came on; the hostile crew 10
Went home, not doubting in the way
To find the panther dead next day.
But she, recovering of her strength,
Sprang from the pit and fled at length.
But rushing in a little space 15
From forth her den upon the place,
She tears the flock, the shepherd slays,
And all the region round dismays.
Then they began to be afraid,
Who spared the beast and lent her aid; 20
They reck not of the loss, but make
Their pray'r for life, when thus she spake :

"I well remember them that threw
 The stones, and well remember you
 Who gave me bread: desist to fear,
 For 'twas the oppressor brought me here."

FABLE III.—THE APE'S HEAD.

A CERTAIN person, as he stood
 Within the shambles buying food,
 Among the other kitchen fare
 Beheld an ape suspended there :
 And asking how 'twould taste when dress'd, 5
 The butcher shook his head in jest :
 "If for such prog your fancy is,
 Judge of the flavour by the phiz."
 This speech was not so true as keen,
 For I in life have often seen 10
 Good features with a wicked heart,
 And plainness acting virtue's part.

FABLE IV.—ESOP AND THE INSOLENT FELLOW.

Fools from success perdition meet.
 An idle wretch about the street
 At Esop threw a stone in rage.
 "So much the better," quoth the sage ;
 And gives three farthings for the job. 5
 "I've no more money in my fob ;
 But if you'll follow my advice,
 More shall be levied in a trice."
 It happen'd that, the selfsame hour,
 Came by a man of wealth and pow'r. 10
 "There, throw your pellet at my lord,
 And you shall have a sure reward!"
 The fellow did as he was told ;
 But mark the downfall of the bold ;
 His hopes are baulk'd, and, lo ! he gains 15
 A rope and gibbet for his pains.

FABLE V.—THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A FLY that sat upon the beam
 Rated the mule: "Why, sure you dream!
 Pray get on faster with the cart,
 Or I shall sting you till you smart!"
 She answers: "All this talk I hear 5
 With small attention, but must fear
 Him who upon the box sustains
 The pliant whip, and holds the reins.
 Cease then your pertness; for I know
 When to give back, and when to go." 10
 'This tale derides the talking crew,
 Whose empty threats are all they do.

FABLE VI.—THE DOG AND THE WOLF.

I WILL, as briefly as I may,
 The sweets of liberty display.
 A wolf half famish'd, chanced to see
 A dog, as fat as dog could be:
 For one day meeting on the road, 5
 They mutual compliments bestowed:
 "Prithee," says Isgrim, faint and weak,
 "How came you so well fed and sleek?
 I starve, though stronger of the two."
 "It will be just as well with you," 10
 The dog quite cool and frank replied,
 "If with my master you'll abide."
 "For what?" "Why, merely to attend,
 And from night thieves the door defend."
 "I gladly will accept the post. 15
 What! shall I bear with snow and frost,
 And all this rough inclement plight,
 Rather than have a home at night,
 And feed on plenty at my ease?"
 "Come then with me;" the wolf agrees. 20

But as they went the mark he found,
 Where the dog's collar had been bound :
 "What's this, my friend?" "Why nothing."
 "Nay,
 Be more explicit, sir, I pray."
 "I'm somewhat fierce and apt to bite, 25
 Therefore they hold me pretty tight,
 That in the daytime I may sleep,
 And night by night my vigils keep.
 At eveningtide they let me out,
 And then I freely walk about : 30
 Bread comes without a care of mine,
 I from my master's table dine ;
 The servants throw me many a scrap,
 With choice of pot-liquor to lap ;
 So I've my bellyful, you find." 35
 "But can you go where you've a mind?"
 "Not always, to be flat and plain."
 "Then, dog, enjoy your post again.
 For to remain this servile thing,
 Old Isgrim would not be a king." 40

FABLE VII.—THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

WARN'D by our council, oft beware,
 And look into yourself with care.
 There was a certain father had
 A homely girl and comely lad.
 These being at their childish play 5
 Within their mother's room one day,
 A looking-glass was in the chair,
 And they beheld their faces there.
 The boy grows prouder as he looks ;
 The girl is in a rage, nor brooks 10
 Her boasting brother's jests and sneers,
 Affronted at each word she hears :
 Then to her father down she flies,
 And urges all she can devise

Against the boy, who could presume 15
 To meddle in a lady's room.
 At which, embracing each in turn,
 With most affectionate concern,
 "My dears," he says, "ye may not pass
 A day without this useful glass ; 20
 You, lest you spoil a pretty face,
 By doing things to your disgrace
 You, by good conduct to correct
 Your form, and beautify defect."

FABLE VIII.—A SAYING OF SOCRATES.

THOUGH common be the name of friend,
 Few can to faithfulness pretend.
 That Socrates (whose cruel case
 I'd freely for his fame embrace,
 And living any envy bear 5
 To leave my character so fair)
 Was building of a little cot,
 When some one, standing on the spot,
 Ask'd, as the folks are apt to do,
 "How comes so great a man as you 10
 Content with such a little hole?"
 "I wish," says he, "with all my soul,
 That this same little house I build
 Was with true friends completely fill'd."

FABLE IX.—OF DOUBT AND CREDULITY.

'Tis frequently of bad event
 To give or to withhold assent.
 Two cases will th' affair explain—
 The good Hippolytus was slain;
 In that his stepdame credit found, 5
 And Troy was levell'd with the ground;
 Because Cassandra's precious care
 Sought, but obtain'd no credence there.

The facts should then be very strong,
 Lest the weak judge determine wrong: 10
 But that I may not make too free
 With fabulous antiquity,
 I now a curious tale shall tell,
 Which I myself remember well.
 An honest man, that loved his wife, 15
 Was introducing into life
 A son upon the man's estate.
 One day a servant (whom, of late,
 He with his freedom had endu'd)
 Took him aside, and being shrewd, 20
 Supposed that he might be his heir
 When he'd divulged the whole affair.
 Much did he lie against the youth,
 But more against the matron's truth;
 And hinted that, which worst of all 25
 Was sure a lover's heart to gall,
 The visits of a lusty rake,
 And honour of his house at stake.
 He at this scandal taking heat,
 Pretends a journey to his seat; 30
 But stopp'd at hand, while it was light,
 Where, on a sudden, and by night,
 He to his wife's apartment sped,
 Where she had put the lad to bed,
 As watchful of his youthful bloom. 35
 While now they're running to the room,
 And seek a light in haste, the sire,
 No longer stifling of his ire,
 Flies to the couch, where groping round,
 A head, but newly shaved, he found; 40
 Then, as alone, he vengeance breath'd,
 The sword within his bosom sheath'd.
 The candle ent'ring, when he spied
 The bleeding youth, and by his side
 The spotless dame, who being fast 45
 Asleep, knew nothing that had pass'd,

Instant in utmost grief involved,
He vengeance for himself resolved ;
And on that very weapon flew,
Which his too cred'lous fury drew. 50

Th' accusers take the woman straight,
And drag to the centumvirate :
Th' ill-natured world directly built
A strong suspicion of her guilt,
As she th' estate was to enjoy : 55

The lawyers all their skill employ ;
And a great spirit those exert
Who most her innocence assert.
The judges then to Cæsar pray'd
That he would lend his special aid ; 60

Who, as they acted upon oath,
Declared themselves extremely loth
To close this intricate affair :
He, taking then himself the chair,
The clouds of calumny displaced, 65
And truth up to her fountain traced.

" Let the freedman to vengeance go,
The cause of all this scene of wo :
For the poor widow, thus undone,
Deprived of husband and of son, 70
To pity has a greater plea

Than condemnation, I decree :
But if the man, with caution due,
Had rather blamed than listen'd to
The vile accuser, and his lie 75
Had strictly search'd with reason's eye,
This desp'rate guilt he had not known,
Nor branch and root his house o'erthrown."

Nor wholly scorn, nor yet attend
Too much at what the tattlers vend, 80
Because there's many a sad neglect,
Where you have little to suspect ;
And treach'rous persons will attain
Men, against whom there's no complaint.

Hence simple folks too may be taught 85
 How to form judgments as they ought,
 And not see with another's glass;
 For things are come to such a pass,
 That love and hate work diff'rent ways,
 As int'rest or ambition sways. 90
 Them you may know, in them confide,
 Whom by experience you have tried.
 Thus have I made a long amends
 For that brief style which some offends.

FABLE XI.—THE COCK AND THE PEARL.

A cock, while scratching all around,
 A pearl upon the dunghill found:
 "Oh splendid thing in foul disgrace,
 Had there been any in the place
 That saw and knew thy worth, when sold, 5
 Ere this thou hadst been set in gold.
 But I, who rather would have got
 A corn of barley, heed thee not;
 No service can there render'd be
 From me to you, and you to me." 10
 I write this tale to them alone
 To whom in vain my pearls are thrown.

FABLE XII.—THE BEES AND THE DRONES.

UP in a lofty oak the bees
 Had made their honeycombs: but these
 The drones asserted they had wrought.
 Then to the bar the cause was brought
 Before the wasp, a learned chief, 5
 Who well might argue either brief,
 As of a middle nature made.
 He therefore to both parties said:
 "You're not dissimilar in size,
 And each with each your colour vies; 10

That there's a doubt concerning both :
 But, lest I err, upon my oath,
 Hives for yourselves directly choose,
 And in the wax the work infuse,
 That, from the flavour and the form, 15
 We may point out the genuine swarm."
 The drones refuse, the bees agree .
 Then thus did Justice Wasp decree :
 " Who can, and who cannot, is plain,
 So take, ye bees, your combs again." 20
 This narrative had been suppress'd
 Had not the drones refused the test.

FABLE XIII.—ESOP PLAYING.

As Esop was with boys at play,
 And had his nuts as well as they,
 A grave Athenian, passing by,
 Cast on the sage a scornful eye,
 As on a dotard quite bereaved : 5
 Which, when the moralist perceived,
 (Rather himself a wit profess'd
 Than the poor subject of a jest,)
 Into the public way he flung
 A bow that he had just unstrung : 10
 " There solve, thou conjurer," he cries,
 " The problem, that before thee lies."
 The people throng ; he racks his brain,
 Nor can the thing enjoin'd explain.
 At last he gives it up ; the seer 15
 Thus then in triumph made it clear :
 " As the tough bow exerts its spring,
 A constant tension breaks the string ;
 But if 'tis let at seasons loose,
 You may depend upon its use." 20
 Thus recreative sports and play
 Are good upon a holyday,
 And with more spirit they'll pursue
 The studies which they shall renew.

FABLE XIV.—THE DOG AND THE LAMB.

A dog bespoke a sucking lamb,
 That used a she goat as her dam,
 "You little fool, why, how you baa!
 This goat is not your own mamma:"
 Then pointed to a distant mead, 5
 Where several sheep were put to feed.
 "I ask not," says the lamb, "for her
 Who had me first at nature's spur,
 And bore me for a time about,
 Then, like a fardel, threw me out; 10
 But her that is content to bilk
 Her own dear kids, to give me milk."
 "Yet she that yean'd you, sure," says tray,
 "Should be preferr'd." "I tell thee nay.
 Whence could she know that what she did 15
 Was black or white? But grant she did.
 I being thus a male begot,
 'Twas no great favour, since my lot
 Was, hour by hour, throughout my life,
 To dread the butcher and his knife. 20
 Why should I therefore give my voice
 For he who had no pow'r or choice
 In my production, and not cleave
 To her so ready to relieve,
 When she beheld me left alone, 25
 And has such sweet indulgence shown?"
 Kind deeds parental love proclaim,
 Not mere necessity and name.

FABLE XV.—THE OWL AND THE GRASS-
HOPPER.

THOSE who will not the forms obey
 To be obliging in their way,
 Must often punishment abide
 For their ill-nature, and their pride.

A grasshopper, in rank ill-will, Was very loud and very shrill Against a sapient owl's repose, Who was compell'd by day to doze Within a hollow oak's retreat, As wont by night to quest for meat.	5 10
She is desired to hold her peace, But at the word her cries increase ; Again requested to abate Her noise, she's more importunate. The owl perceiving no redress, And that her words were less and less Accounted of, no longer pray'd, But thus an artifice essay'd :	 15
" Since 'tis impossible to nod, While harping like the Delphian god, You charm our ears, stead of a nap, A batch of nectar will I tap, Which lately from Minerva came ; Now if you do not scorn the same, ' Together let us bumper's ply."	20
The grasshopper, extremely dry, And, finding she had hit the key That gain'd applause, approach'd with glee ; At which the owl upon her flew, And quick the trembling vixen slew.	25 30
Thus by her death she was adjudged To give what in her life she grudged.	

FABLE XVI.—THE TREES PROTECTED.

THE gods took certain trees (th' affair Was some time since) into their care. The oak was best approved by Jove, The myrtle by the queen of love ; The god of music and the day Vouchsafed to patronise the bay ; The pine Cybele chanced to please, ' And the tall poplar, Hercules.	5
--	---

Minerva upon this inquired
 Why they all barren trees admired ? 10
 "The cause," says Jupiter, "is plain,
 Lest we give honour up for gain."
 "Let every one their fancy suit,
 I choose the olive for its fruit."
 The sire of gods and men replies, 15
 "Daughter, thou shalt be reckon'd wise
 By all the world, and justly too;
 For whatsoever things we do,
 If not a life of useful days,
 How vain is all pretence to praise !" 20
 Whate'er experiments you try,
 Have some advantage in your eye.

FABLE XVII.—JUNO AND THE PEACOCK.

HER fav'rite bird to Juno came,
 And was in dudgeon at the dame,
 That she had not attuned her throat
 With Philomela's matchless note :
 "She is the wonder of all ears ; 5
 But when I speak the audience sneers."
 The goddess to the bird replied,
 (Willing to have him pacified,)
 "You are above the rest endued
 With beauty and with magnitude ; 10
 Your neck the em'rald's gloss outvies,
 And what a blaze of gemmeous dies
 Shines from the plumage of your tail !"
 "All this dumb show will not avail,"
 Cries he, "if I'm surpass'd in voice." 15
 "The fates entirely have the choice
 Of all the lots—fair form is yours ;
 The eagle's strength his prey secures ;
 The nightingale can sing an ode ;
 The crow and raven may forebode : 20
 All these in sheer contentment crave
 No other voice than nature gave."

By affectation be not sway'd.
 Where nature has not lent her aid ;
 Nor to that flatt'ring hope attend, 25
 Which must in disappointment end.

**FABLE XVIII.—ESOP AND THE IMPORTU-
 NATE FELLOW.**

Esop (no other slave at hand)
 Received himself his lord's command
 An early supper to provide,
 From house to house he therefore tried
 To beg the favour of a light ; 5
 At length he hit upon the right.
 But as when first he sallied out
 He made his tour quite round about,
 On his return he took a race
 Directly cross the market-place ; 10
 When thus a talkative buffoon :
 " Esop, what means this light at noon ?"
 He answer'd briefly, as he ran,
 " Fellow, I'm looking for a man."
 Now if this jackanapes had weigh'd 15
 The true intent of what was said,
 He'd found that Esop had no sense
 Of manhood in impertinence.

**FABLE XIX.—THE ASS AND PRIESTS OF
 CYBELE.**

The luckless wretch that's born to wo
 Must all his life affliction know ;
 And harder still, his cruel fate
 Will on his very ashes wait.
 Cybele's priest, in quest of bread, 5
 An ass about the village led,
 With things for sale from door to door ;
 'Till work'd and beaten more and more,
 E 2

At length, when the poor creature died,
They made them drums out of his hide. 10
Then, question'd how it came to pass
They thus could serve their darling ass.
The answer was, " He thought of peace
In death, and that his toils would cease ;
But see, his mis'ry knows no bounds, 15
Still with our blows his back resounds."

BOOK IV.

PROLOGUE.

To you, who've graver things bespoke,
This seems no better than a joke,
And light for mere amusement made ;
Yet still we drive the scribbling trade,
And from the pen our pleasure find, 5
When we've no greater things to mind.
Yet if you look with care intense,
These tales your toil shall recompense ;
Appearance is not always true,
And thousands err by such a view. 10
'Tis a choice spirit that has pried
Where clean contrivance chose to hide :
That this is not at random said,
I shall produce upon this head
A fable of an arch device, 15
About the weasel and the mice.

FABLE I.—THE WEASEL AND MICE.

A WEASEL, worn with years, and lame,
That could not overtake its game,
Now with the nimble mice to deal,
Disguised herself with barley meal ;
Then negligent her limbs she spread 5
In a sly nook, and lay for dead.
A mouse that thought she there might feed,
Leaped up, and perish'd in the deed ;
A second in like manner died ;
A third, and sundry more beside : 10

Then comes the brindled mouse, a chap
 That oft escaped both snare and trap,
 And seeing how the trick was play'd,
 Thus to his crafty foe he said.—
 “So mayst thou prosper day and night, 15
 As thou art not an errant bite.”

FABLE II.—THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A HUNGRY fox with fierce attack
 Sprang on a vine, but tumbled back,
 Nor could attain the point in view,
 So near the sky the bunches grew.
 As he went off, “They’re scurvy stuff,” 5
 Says he, “and not half ripe enough;
 And I’ve more rev’rence for my tripes
 Than to torment them with the gripes.”
 For those this tale is very pat
 Who lessen what they can’t come at. 10

FABLE III.—THE HORSE AND BOAR.

A WILD boar wallow’d in the flood,
 And troubled all the stream with mud,
 Just where a horse to drink repair’d :
 He therefore having war declared,
 Sought man’s alliance for the fight, 5
 And bore upon his back the knight;
 Who being skill’d his darts to throw,
 Despatched the wild boar at a blow.
 Then to the steed the victor said,
 “I’m glad you came to me for aid, 10
 For taught how useful you can be,
 I’ve got at once a spoil and thee.”
 On which the fields he made him quit,
 To feel the spur and champ the bit.
 Then he his sorrow thus express’d : 15
 “I needs must have my wrongs redress’d,

And making tyrant man the judge,
Must all my life become a drudge."

This tale the passionate may warn,
To bear with any kind of scorn; 20
And rather all complaint withdraw
Than either go to war or law.

FABLE IV.—ESOP AND THE WILL.

THAT one man sometimes is more shrewd
Than a stupendous multitude,
To after times I shall rehearse
In my concise familiar verse.

A certain man on his decease, 5

Left his three girls so much apiece :

The first was beautiful and frail,

With eyes still hunting for the male ;

The second giv'n to spin and card,

A country housewife working hard ; 10

The third but very ill to pass,

A homely slut, that loved her glass.

The dying man had left his wife

Executrix, and for her life

Sole tenant, if she should fulfil 15

These strange provisos of his will :

" That she should give th' estate in fee

In equal portions to the three ;

But in such sort, that this bequest

Should not be holden or possess'd ; 20

Then soon as they should be bereav'n

Of all the substance that was giv'n,

They must for their good mother's ease

Make up a hundred sesterces."

This spread through Athens in a trice ; 25

The prudent widow takes advice.

But not a lawyer could unfold

How they should neither have nor hold

The very things that they were left.

Besides, when once they were bereft, 30

How they from nothing should confer
The money that was due to her.

When a long time was spent in vain,
And no one could the will explain,
She left the counsellors unfeed, 35
And thus of her own self decreed :

The minstrels, trinkets, plate, and dress,
She gave the lady to possess
Then Mrs. Notable she stocks
With all the fields, the kine, and flocks. 40

The workmen, farm, with a supply
Of all the tools of husbandry.
Last, to the guzzler she consigns
The cellar stored with good old wines,
A handsome house to see a friend, 45
With pleasant gardens at the end.

Thus as she strove th' affair to close,
By giving each the things they chose,
And those that knew them every one
Highly applauded what was done; 50

Esop arose, and thus address'd
The crowd that to his presence press'd :
" Oh that the dead could yet perceive !
How would the prudent father grieve,
That all th' Athenians had not skill 55
Enough to understand his will !"

Then at their joint request he solved
That error, which had all involved.
" The gardens, house, and wine vaults too 60
Give to the spinster as her due ;

The clothes, the jewels, and such ware,
Be all the tippling lady's share ;
The fields, the barns, and flocks of sheep,
Give the gay courtesan to keep.

Not one will bear the very touch 65
Of things that thwart their tastes so much ;
The slut to fill her cellar straight
Her wardrobe will evacuate ;

The lady soon will sell her farms,
 For garments to set off her charms ; 70
 But she that loves the flocks and kine
 Will alienate her stores of wine,
 Her rustic genius to employ.
 Thus none their portions shall enjoy,
 And from the money each has made 75
 Their mother shall be duly paid."
 Thus one man by his wit disclosed
 The point that had so many posed.

FABLE V.—THE BATTLE OF THE MICE AND WEASELS.

THE routed mice upon a day
 Fled from the weasels in array ;
 But in the hurry of the flight,
 What with their weakness and their fright,
 Each scarce could get into his cave : 5
 Howe'er, at last their lives they save.
 But their commanders (who have tied
 Horns to their heads in martial pride,
 Which as a signal they design'd
 For non-commission'd mice to mind) 10
 Stick in the entrance as they go,
 And there are taken by the foe,
 Who, greedy of the victim, gluts
 With mouse flesh his ungodly guts.
 Each great and national distress 15
 Must chiefly mighty men oppress ;
 While folks subordinate and poor
 Are by their littleness secure.

FABLE VI.—PHÆDRUS TO THE CAVILLERS.

THOU that against my tales inveigh'st,
 As much too pleasant for thy taste ;
 Engregious critic, cease to scoff,
 While for a time I play you off,

And strive to soothe your puny rage. 5
 As Esop comes upon the stage,
 And dress'd entirely new in Rome,
 Thus enters with the tragic plume :
 " Oh that the fair Thessalian pine
 Had never felt the wrath divine, 10
 And fearless of the axe's wound,
 Had still the Pelian mountain crown'd !
 That Argus by Palladian aid
 Had ne'er the advent'rous vessel made ;
 In which at first, without dismay, 15
 Death's bold professors won their way,
 In which th' inhospitable main
 Was first laid open for the bane
 Of Grecians and barbarians too.
 Which made the proud Æetas rue, 20
 And whence Medea's crimes to naught
 The house and reign of Pelias brought.
 She, while in various forms she tries
 Her furious spirit to disguise,
 At one place in her flight bestow'd 25
 Her brother's limbs upon the road ;
 And at another could betray
 The daughters their own sire to slay."
 How think you now ? What arrant trash !
 And our assertions much to rash ! 30
 Since prior to th' Ægean fleet
 Did Minos piracy defeat,
 And made adventures on the sea.
 How then shall you and I agree ?
 Since, stern as Cato's self, you hate 35
 All tales alike, both small and great.
 Plague not too much the man of parts ;
 For he that does it surely smarts.
 This threat is to the fools, that squeam
 At everything of good esteem : 40
 And that they may to taste pretend,
 Ev'n heav'n itself will discommend.

FABLE VII.—THE VIPER AND THE FILE.

HE that a greater biter bites,
 His folly on himself requites,
 As we shall manifest forthwith.
 There was a hovel of a smith,
 Where a poor viper chanced to steal, 5
 And being greedy of a meal,
 When she had seized upon a file,
 Was answer'd in this rugged style:
 "Why do you think, oh stupid snake!
 On me your usual meal to make, 10
 Who've sharper teeth than thine by far,
 And can corrode an iron bar?"

FABLE VIII.—THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A CRAFTY knave will make escape,
 When once he gets into a scrape,
 Still meditating self-defence,
 At any other man's expense.
 A fox by some disaster fell 5
 Into a deep and fenced well:
 A thirsty goat came down in haste,
 And ask'd about the water's taste,
 If it was plentiful and sweet?
 At which the fox, in rank deceit, 10
 "So great the solace of the run,
 I thought I never should have done.
 Be quick, my friend, your sorrows drown."
 This said, the silly goat comes down.
 The subtle fox herself avails, 15
 And by his horns the mound she scales,
 And leaves the goat in all the mire,
 To gratify his heart's desire.
 PÆD.—F

FABLE IX.—THE TWO BAGS.

GREAT Jove, in his paternal care,
Has giv'n a man two bags to bear;
That which his own default contains
Behind his back unseen remains;
But that which others' vice attests
5 Swags full in view before our breasts.

Hence we're inevitably blind,
 Relating to the bag behind;
 But when our neighbours misdeemean,
 Our censures are exceeding keen. 10

FABLE X.—THE SACRILEGIOUS THIEF.

**A VILLAIN to Jove's altar came
To light his candle in the flame,
And robb'd the god in dead of night,
By his own consecrated light :
Then thus an awful voice was sent,
As with the sacrilege he went :**

“Though all this gold and silver plate
Were gifts of evil men I hate,
That their removal from the fane
Can cause the deity no pain ;

Yet, caitiff, at th' appointed time,
Thy life shall answer for thy crime.
But, for the future, lest this blaze,
At which the pious pray and praise,
Should guide the wicked, I decree
That no such intercourse there be."

Hence to this day all men decline
To light their candle at the shrine;
Nor from a candle e'er presume
The holy light to reillumine. 20

How many things are here contain'd,
By him alone can be explain'd

Who could this useful tale invent.
 In the first place, herein is meant,
 That they are often most your foes 25
 Who from your fost'ring hand arose.
 Next, that the harden'd villain's fate
 Is not from wrath precipitate,
 But rather at a destined hour.
 Lastly, we're charged with all our pow'r 30
 To keep ourselves, by care intense,
 From all connections with offence.

FABLE XI.—HERCULES AND PLUTUS.

WEALTH by the brave is justly scorn'd,
 Since men are from the truth suborn'd,
 And a full chest perverts their ways
 From giving or deserving praise.
 When Hercules, for matchless worth, 5
 Was taken up to heav'n from earth,
 As in their turns to all the crowd
 Of gratulating gods he bow'd,
 When Plutus, fortune's son, he spies,
 He from his face averts his eyes. 10
 Jove ask'd the cause of this disgust:
 "I hate him, as he is unjust,
 To wicked men the most inclined,
 And grand corrupter of mankind.

FABLE XII.—THE HE GOATS AND SHE
GOATS.

WHEN the she goats from Jove obtain'd
 A beard, th' indignant males complain'd,
 That females by this near approach
 Would on their gravity encroach.
 "Suffer, my sapient friends," says he, 5
 "Their eminence in this degree,
 And bear their beard's most graceful length,
 As they can never have your strength."

Warn'd by this little tale, agree
 With men in gen'ral form'd like thee, 10
 While you by virtue still exceed,
 And in the spirit take the lead.

FABLE XIII.—THE PILOT AND SAILORS.

ON hearing a poor man lament
 His wordly thoughts in discontent,
 Esop this tale began to write,
 For consolation and delight :—
 The ship by furious tempests toss'd, 5
 The mariners gave all for lost ;
 But mid their tears and dread, the scene
 Is changed at once, and all serene.
 The wind is fair, the vessel speeds,
 The sailor's boist'rous joy exceeds : 10
 The pilot then, by peril wise,
 Was prompted to philosophize.
 " 'Tis right to put a due restraint
 On joy, and to retard complaint ;
 Because alternate hope and fright 15
 Make up our lives of black and white."

FABLE XIV.—THE MAN AND THE ADDER.

HE that malicious men relieves,
 His folly in a season grieves.
 A man, against himself humane,
 Took up an adder, that had lain
 And stiffen'd in the frosty air, 5
 And in his bosom placed with care,
 Where she with speed recov'ring breath,
 Her benefactor stung to death.
 Another adder near the place,
 On asking why she was so base, 10
 Was told, " 'Tis others to dissuade
 From giving wickedness their aid."

FABLE XV.—THE FOX AND THE DRAGON.

- A fox was throwing up the soil,
 And while with his assiduous toil
 He burrow'd deep into the ground,
 A dragon in his den he found,
 A watching hidden treasure there, 5.
 Whom seeing, reynard speaks him fair:
 "First, for your pardon I apply
 For breaking on your privacy;
 Then, as you very plainly see
 That gold is of no use to me, 10
 Your gentle leave let me obtain
 To ask you, what can be the gain
 Of all this care, and what the fruit,
 That you should not with sleep recruit
 Your spirits, but your life consume 15
 Thus in an everlasting gloom?"
 "'Tis not my profit here to stay,"
 He cries; "but I must Jove obey."
 "What! will you therefore nothing take
 Yourself, nor others welcome make?" 20
 "Ev'n so the fates decree." "Then, sir,
 Have patience, while I do aver
 That he who like affections knows
 Is born with all the gods his foes.
 Since to that place you needs must speed, 25
 Where all your ancestors precede,
 Why in the blindness of your heart
 Do you torment your noble part?"
 All this to thee do I indite,
 Thou grudging churl, thy heir's delight, 30
 Who robb'st the gods of incense due,
 Thyself of food and raiment too;
 Who hear'st the harp with sullen mien,
 To whom the piper gives the spleen;
 Who'rt full of heavy groans and sighs 35
 When in their price provisions rise;

Who with thy frauds heaven's patience tire
 'To make thy heap a little higher,
 And, lest death thank thee, in thy will
 Has tax'd the undertaker's bill. 40

FABLE XVI.—PHÆDRUS OF HIS FABLES.

WHAT certain envious hearts intend
 I very clearly comprehend,
 Let them dissemble e'er so much.
 When they perceive the master's touch,
 And find 'tis likely to endure, 5
 They'll say 'tis Esop to be sure ;
 But what appears of mean design,
 At any rate they'll vouch for mine.
 These in a word I would refute :
 Whether of great or no repute, 10
 What sprung from Esop's fertile thought
 This hand has to perfection brought ;
 But waving things to our distaste,
 Let's to the destined period haste.

FABLE XVII.—THE SHIPWRECK OF SIMONIDES.

A MAN, whose learned worth is known,
 Has always riches of his own.
 Simonides, who was the head
 Of lyric bards, yet wrote for bread,
 His circuit took through every town 5
 In Asia of the first renown,
 'The praise of heroes to rehearse,
 Who gave him money for his verse.
 When by this trade much wealth was earn'd,
 Homeward by shipping he return'd ; 10
 (A Cean born, as some suppose ;)
 Aboard he went, a tempest rose,
 Which shook the th' old ship to that degree,
 She founderd soon as out at sea.

Some purses, some their jewels tie	15
About them for a sure supply ;	
But one more curious, ask'd the seer,	
“ Poet, have you got nothing here ?”	
“ My all,” says he, “ is what I am.”	
On this some few for safety swam ;	20
(For most, o'erburden'd by their goods,	
Were smother'd in the whelming floods.)	
The spoilers came, the wealth demand,	
And leave them naked on the strand.	
It happen'd for the shipwreck'd crew	25
An ancient city was in view,	
By name Clazomena, in which	
There lived a scholar learn'd and rich,	
Who often read, his cares to ease,	
The verses of Simonides,	30
And was a vast admirer grown	
Of this great poet, though unknown.	
Him by his converse when he traced,	
He with much heartiness embraced,	
And soon equipp'd the bard anew,	35
With servants, clothes, and money too.	
The rest benevolence implored,	
With case depicted on a board :	
Which when Simonides espied,	
“ I plainly told you all,” he cried,	40
“ That all my wealth was in myself ;	
As for your chattels and your pelf,	
On which ye did so much depend,	
They're come to nothing in the end.”	

FABLE XVIII.—THE MOUNTAIN IN LABOUR.

THE mountain labour'd, groaning loud,
 On which a num'rous gaping crowd
 Of noodles came to see the sight,
 When, lo ! a mouse was brought to light !

This tale's for men of swagg'ring cast, 5
 Whose threats, voluminous and vast,
 With all their verse and all their prose,
 Can make but little on't, God knows.

FABLE XIX.—THE ANT AND THE FLY.

AN ant and fly had sharp dispute
 Which creature was of most repute ;
 When thus began the flaunting fly :
 “ Are you so laudable as I ?
 I, ere the sacrifice is carved, 5
 Precede the gods ; first come, first served—
 Before the altar take my place,
 And in all temples show my face.
 Whene'er I please I set me down
 Upon the head that wears a crown. 10
 I with impunity can taste
 The kiss of matrons fair and chaste,
 And pleasure without labour claim—
 Say, trollop, canst thou do the same ? ”
 “ The feasts of gods are glorious fare, 15
 No doubt, to those who're welcome there ;
 But not for such detested things.
 You talk of matron's lips and kings ;
 I, who with wakeful care and pains
 Against the winter hoard my grains, 20
 Thee feeding upon ordure view.
 The altars you frequent, 'tis true ;
 But still are driv'n away from thence
 And elsewhere, as of much offence.
 A life of toil you will not lead, 25
 And so have nothing when you need.
 Besides all this, you talk with pride
 Of things that modesty should hide.
 You plague me here, while days increase,
 But when the winter comes you cease. 30
 Me, when the cold thy life bereaves,
 A plenteous magazine receives.

**I think I need no more advance
To cure you of your arrogance."**

The tenour of this tale infers
Two very different characters;
Of men self-praised and falsely vain,
And men of real worth in grain.

FABLE XX.—THE ESCAPE OF SIMONIDES.

Th' attention letters can engage,
Ev'n from a base degen'rate age,
I've shown before ; and now shall show
Their lustre in another view,
And tell a memorable tale,
How much they can with heav'n prevail.

Simonides, the very same
We lately had a call to name,
Agreed for such a sum to blaze
A certain famous champion's praise. 10

He therefore a retirement sought,
 But found the theme on which he wrote
 So scanty, he was forced to use
 Th' accustom'd license of the muse,
 And introduced and praise bestow'd
 On Leda's sons to raise his ode ;
 With these the rather making free,
 As heroes in the same degree.

He warranted his work, and yet
Could but one-third of payment get. 20

Upon demanding all the due,
 "Let them," says he, "pay t'other two,
 Who take two places in the song;
 But lest you think I do you wrong,
 And part in dudgeon, I invite

25

Your company to sup this night,
For then my friends and kin I see,
'Mong which I choose to reckon thee."

Choused and chagrined, yet shunning blame,
 He promised, set the hour, and came ; 30
 As fearful lest a favour spurn'd
 Should to an open breach be turn'd.
 The splendid banquet shone with plate,
 And preparations full of state
 Made the glad house with clamours roar— 35
 When on a sudden at the door
 Two youths, with sweat and dust besmear'd,
 Above the human form appear'd,
 And charged forthwith a little scout
 To bid Simonides come out, 40
 That 'twas his interest not to stay.
 The slave, in trouble and dismay,
 Roused from his seat the feasting bard,
 Who scarce had stirr'd a single yard
 Before the room at once fell in, 45
 And crush'd the champion and his kin.
 No youths before the door are found.
 The thing soon spread the country round ;
 And when each circumstance was weigh'd,
 They knew the gods that visit made, 50
 And saved the poet's life in lieu
 Of those two-thirds which yet were due.

EPILOGUE TO EUTYCHUS.

I YET have stock on hand to spare,
 And could write on—but I forbear ;
 First, lest I tire a friend, whose state
 And avocations are so great :
 And then, if other pens should try 5
 This moral scheme as well as I,
 They may have something to pursue :
 Yet if the spacious field we view,
 More men are wanting for the plan,
 Rather than matter for the man. 10
 Now for that prize I make my plea
 You promised to my brevity.

Keep your kind word ; for life, my friend,
Is daily nearer to its end ;
And I shall share your love the less 15
The longer you your hand repress :
The sooner you the boon ensure,
The more the tenure must endure ;
And if I quick possession take,
The greater profit must I make. 20
While yet declining age subsists,
A room for friendly aid exists.
Anon with tasteless years grown weak,
In vain benevolence will seek
To do me good, when death at hand 25
Shall come and urge his last demand.
'Tis folly, you'll be apt to say,
A thousand times to beg and pray
Of one with so much worth and sense,
Whose gen'rous bounty is propense. 30
If e'er a miscreant succeeds,
By fair confession of his deeds,
An innocent offender's case
Is far more worthy of your grace.
You for example's sake begin, 35
Then others to the lure you'll win,
And in rotation more and more
Will soon communicate their store.
Consider in your mind how far
At stake your word and honour are ; 40
And let your closing the debate
Be what I may congratulate.
I have been guilty of excess
Beyond my thought in this address ;
But 'tis not easy to refrain 45
A spirit worked up to disdain
By wretches insolent and vile,
With a clear conscience all the while.
You'll ask me, sir, at whom I hint—
In time they may appear in print. 50

But give me leave to cite a phrase :
I met with in my boyish days :
“ 'Tis dang'rous for the mean and low
Too plain their grievances to show.”
This is advice I shall retain
While life and sanity remain.

BOOK V.

PROLOGUE TO PARTICULO.

WHEN I resolved my hand to stay
For this, the others might have play,
On reconsidering of my part,
I soon recanted in my heart :
For if a rival should arise, 5
How can he possibly devise
The things that I have let alone,
Since each man's fancy is his own,
And likewise colouring of the piece ?
It was not therefore mere caprice, 10
But strong reflection made me write :
Wherefore, since you in tales delight,
Which I, in justice, after all,
Not Esop's, but Esopian call ;
Since he invented but a few ; 15
I more, and some entirely new—
Keeping indeed the ancient style,
With fresh materials all the while.
As at your leisure you peruse
The fourth collection of my muse, 20
That you may not be at a stand,
A fifth shall shortly come to hand ;
'Gainst which, if as against the rest,
Malignant cavillers protest,
Let them carp on, and make it plain 25
They carp at what they can't attain.
My fame's secure, since I can show
How men of eminence, like you,
My little book transcribe and quote,
As like to live of classic note. 30
It is th' ambition of my pen
To win the applause of learned men.

PRÆD.—G

TABLE I.—DEMETRIUS AND MENANDER.

IF Esop's name at any time I bring into this measured rhyme, To whom I've paid whate'er I owe, Let all men by these presents know, I with th' old fabulist make free,	5
To strengthen my authority. As certain sculptors of the age, The more attention to engage, And raise their price, the curious please, By forging of Praxiteles ;	10
And in like manner they purloin A Myro to their silver coin. 'Tis thus our fables we can smoke, As pictures for their age bespoke : For biting envy, in disgust	15
To new improvements, favours rust ; But now a tale comes in of course, Which these assertions will enforce. Demetrius, who was justly call'd The tyrant, got himself install'd,	20
And held o'er Athens impious sway. The crowd, as ever is the way, Came, eager rushing far and wide, And, "Fortunate event!" they cried. The nobles came, the throne address'd :	25
The hand by which they were oppress'd They meekly kiss'd, with inward stings Of anguish for the face of things. The idlers also, with the tribe Of those who to themselves prescribe	30
Their ease and pleasure, in the end Came sneaking, lest they should offend. Among this troop Menander hies, So famous for his comedies, (Him, though he was not known by sight,	35
The tyrant read with great delight,	

Struck with the genius of the bard,)
 In flowing robes bedaub'd with nard,
 And saunt'ring tread he came along,
 Whom, at the bottom of the throng, 40
 When Phalereus beheld, he said,
 "How dared that frippole show his head
 In this our presence?" He was told,
 "It is Menander you behold."
 Then, changed at once from fierce to bland, 45
 He call'd, and took him by the hand.

FABLE II.—THE THIEF AND THE TRAVELLERS.

Two men equipp'd were on their way ;
 One fearful ; one, without dismay,
 An able fencer. As they went,
 A robber came with black intent ;
 Demanding, upon pain of death, 5
 Their gold and silver in a breath.
 At which the man of spirit drew,
 And instantly disarm'd and slew
 The thief, his honour to maintain.
 Soon as the rogue was fairly slain, 10
 The tim'rous chap began to puff,
 And drew his sword, and stripp'd in buff—
 "Leave me alone with him ! stand back !
 I'll teach him whom he should attack."
 Then he who fought, "I wish, my friend, 15
 But now you'd had such words to lend ;
 I might have been confirm'd the more,
 Supposing truth to all you swore ;
 Then put your weapon in the sheath ;
 And keep your tongue between your teeth, 20
 Though you may play an actor's part
 On them who do not know your heart,
 I, who have seen this very day
 How lustily you ran away,

Experience when one comes to blows 25
How far your resolution goes."

This narrative to those I tell
Who stand their ground, when all is well ;
But in the hour of pressing need,
Abash'd, most shamefully recede. 30

FABLE III.—THE BALD MAN AND THE FLY.

As on his head she chanced to sit,
A man's bald pate a gadfly bit ;
He, prompt to crush the little foe,
Dealt on himself a grievous blow :
At which the fly, deriding said, 5
"You who would strike an insect dead
For one slight sting, in wrath so strict,
What punishment will you inflict
Upon yourself, who was so blunt
'To do yourself this gross affront ?" 10
"Oh," says the party, "as for me,
I with myself can soon agree.
The spirit of the intention's all ;
But thou, detested cannibal !
Bloodsucker ! to have thee secured 15
More would I gladly have endured."

What by this moral tale is meant
Is, those who wrong not with intent
Are venial ; but to those that do
Severity I think is due. 20

FABLE IV.—THE MAN AND THE ASS.

A CERTAIN man, when he had made
A sacrifice for special aid
To Hercules, and kill'd a swine,
Did for his ass's share assign
All the remainder of the corn ; 5
But he, rejecting it with scorn,

Thus said: " I gladly would partake,
 But apprehend that life's at stake ;
 For he you fattened up and fed
 With store of this, is stuck and dead." 10
 Struck with the import of this tale,
 I have succeeded to prevail
 Upon my passions, and abstain
 From peril of immod'rate gain.
 But, you will say, those that have come 15
 Unjustly by a handsome sum,
 Upon the pillage still subsist—
 Why, if we reckon up the list,
 You'll find by far the major part
 Have been conducted in the cart : 20
 Temerity for some may do,
 But many more their rashness rue.

FABLE V.—THE BUFFOON AND COUNTRY-FELLOW.

IN ev'ry age, in each profession,
 Men err the most by prepossession ;
 But when the thing is clearly shown,
 Is fairly urged, and fully known,
 We soon applaud what we deride, 5
 And penitence succeeds to pride.

A certain noble, on a day,
 Having a mind to show away,
 Invited by reward the mimes,
 And play'rs, and tumblers of the times, 10
 And built a large commodious stage
 For the choice spirits of the age :
 But, above all, among the rest
 There came a genius, who profess'd
 To have a curious trick in store 15
 That never was perform'd before.
 Through all the town this soon got air,
 And the whole house was like a fair ;

But soon his entry as he made,
Without a prompter or parade, 20
'Twas all expectance and suspense,
And silence gagg'd the audience.
He, stooping down and looking big,
So wondrous well took off a pig,
All swore 'twas serious, and no joke, 25
For that, or underneath his cloak
He had conceal'd some grunting elf,
Or was a real hog himself.
A search was made—no pig was found—
With thund'ring claps the seats resound, 30
And pit, and box, and gall'ies roar
With—"Oh rare! bravo!" and, "encore!"
Old Roger Grouse, a country clown,
Who yet knew something of the town,
Beheld the mimic of his whim, 35
And on the morrow challenged him;
Declaring to each beau and belle
That he this grunter would excel.
The morrow came—the crowd was greater—
But prejudice and rank ill-nature 40
Usurp'd the minds of men and wenches,
Who came to hiss and break the benches.
The mimic took his usual station,
And squeak'd with gen'ral approbation;
Again "Encore! encore!" they cry— 45
" 'Tis quite the thing, 'tis very high."
Old Grouse conceal'd, amid this racket,
A real pig beneath his jacket:
Then forth he came, and with his nail
He pinch'd the urchin by the tail. 50
The tortured pig, from out his throat,
Produced the genuine nat'ral note.
All bellow'd out 'twas very sad!
Sure never stuff was half so bad!
"That like a pig!" each cried in scoff; 55
"Pshaw! nonsense! blockhead! off! off! off!"

The mimic was extoll'd, and Grouse
 Was hiss'd, and catcall'd from the house.
 "Soft ye, a word before I go,"
 Quoth honest Hodge; and stooping low, 60
 Produced the pig, and thus aloud
 Bespoke the stupid partial crowd:
 "Behold, and learn from this poor *crater*,
 How much you critics know of nature!"

TO PARTICULO.

As yet my muse is not to seek, 65
 But can from fresh materials speak;
 And our poetic fountain springs
 With rich variety of things.
 But you're for sallies short and sweet;
 Long tails their purposes defeat. 70
 Wherefore, thou worthiest, best of men,
 Particulo, for whom my pen
 Immortal honour will ensure,
 Long as a rev'rence shall endure
 For Roman learning, if this strain 75
 Cannot your approbation gain,
 Yet, yet my brevity admire,
 Which may the more to praise aspire,
 The more our poets nowadays
 Are tedious in their lifeless lays. 80

FABLE VI.—THE TWO BALD MEN.

As on his way a bald-pate went,
 He found a comb by accident;
 Another, with a head as bare,
 Pursued, and halloo'd for a share.
 The first produced the prize, and cried, 5
 "Good Providence was on our side;
 But by the strange caprice of fate,
 We're to no purpose fortunate;

And, as the proverb says, have found
 A hobnail, for a hundred pound." 10
 They by this tale may be relieved
 Whose sanguine hopes have been deceived.

FABLE VII.—PRINCE THE PIPER.

A LITTLE, friv'lous, abject mind,
 Pleased with the rabble, puff'd with wind,
 When once, as fast as pride presumes,
 Itself with vanity it plumes,
 Is by fond lighness brought with ease 5
 To any ridicule you please.

One Prince, a piper to the play,
 Was rather noted in his way,
 As call'd upon to show his art,
 Whene'er Bathyllus did his part. 10
 He being at a certain fair,

(I do not well remember where,)
 While they pull'd down the booth in haste,
 Not taking heed, his leg displaced,
 He from the scaffold fell so hard. 15

(Would he his pipes had rather marr'd !
 Though they, poor fellow ! were to him
 As dear almost as life and limb.)

Borne by the kind officious crowd,
 Home he's conducted, groaning loud. 20

Some months elapsed before he found
 Himself recover'd of his wound :
 Meantime, according to their way,
 The droll frequenters of the play
 Had a great miss of him, whose touch 25
 The dancer's spirits raised so much.

A certain man of high renown
 Was just preparing for the town
 Some games the mob to entertain,
 When Prince began to walk again ; 30
 Whom, what with bribes and pray'rs, his grace
 Prevail'd upon to show his face

In this performance, by all means :
 And while he waits behind the scenes,
 A rumour through the house is spread, 35
 By certain, that "the piper's dead."
 Others cried out, "The man is here,
 And will immediately appear."
 The curtain draws, the lightnings flash,
 The gods speak out their usual trash. 40
 An ode, not to the piper known,
 Was to the chorus leader shown,
 Which he was order'd to repeat,
 And which was closed with this conceit—
 "Receive with joy, oh loyal Rome, 45
 Thy Prince just rescued from his tomb."
 They all at once stand up and clap,
 At which my most facetious chap
 Kisses his hand, and scrapes, and bows
 To his good patrons in the house. 50
 First the equestrian order smoke
 The fool's mistake, and high in joke,
 Command the song to be encored ;
 Which ended, flat upon the board
 The piper falls, the knights acclaim ; 55
 The people think that Prince's aim
 Is for a crown of bays at least.
 Now all the seats perceived the jest,
 And with his bandage white as snow,
 White frock, white pumps, a perfect beau, 60
 Proud of the seats he had achieved,
 And these high honours he received,
 With one unanimous huzza,
 Poor Prince was kick'd out of the play.

FABLE VIII.—OPPORTUNITY.

BALD, naked, of a human shape,
 With fleet wings ready to escape,
 Upon a razor's edge his toes,
 And lock that on his forehead grows—

Him hold, when seized for goodness' sake, 5
 For Jove himself cannot retake
 The fugitive, when once he's gone.
 The picture that we here have drawn
 Is opportunity so brief.
 The ancients, in a bass-relief, 10
 Thus made an effigy of time,
 That every one might use their prime;
 Nor e'er impede, by dull delay,
 Th' effectual business of to-day.

FABLE IX.—THE BULL AND THE CALF.

A BULL was struggling to secure
 His passage at a narrow door,
 And scarce could reach the rack of hay
 His horns so much were in his way.
 A calf officious, fain would show 5
 How he might twist himself and go.
 "Hold thou thy prate; all this," says he,
 "Ere thou wert calved was known to me."
 He, that a wiser man by half
 Would teach, may think himself this calf. 10

FABLE X.—THE OLD DOG AND THE HUNTSMAN.

A DOG, that time and often tried,
 His master always satisfied;
 And whensoever he assail'd,
 Against the forest beasts prevail'd
 Both by activity and strength, 5
 Through years began to flag at length.
 One day, when hounded at a boar,
 His ear he seized, as heretofore;
 But with his teeth, decay'd and old,
 Could not succeed to keep his hold. 10
 At which the huntsman, much concern'd,
 The vet'ran huff'd, who thus return'd:

FABLE III.—JUPITER AND THE FOX.

A NATURE, which in grain is mean,
 Nor wealth can hide, nor pow'r can screen.
 When Jove had chang'd, by sovereign might,
 A fox into a lady bright,
 Enthroned at court she show'd her head, 5
 As partner of the royal bed ;
 But seeing with a wishful look
 A beetle creeping from a nook,
 She from her lover sprung away,
 And jump'd upon the usual prey. 10
 The gods laugh'd hearty at the dame,
 The mighty father blush'd for shame,
 And as he turn'd the minx adrift,
 "Go where you will," says he, "and shift,
 Whose sneaking nature is so base 15
 Our gifts and honours to disgrace."

FABLE IV.—THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

THIS fable is a moral song,
 To bid us not inferiors wrong.
 As fast asleep a lion lay,
 The sylvan mice began to play,
 Till one, by rash misconduct, leap'd 5
 Upon his body as he slept.
 The lion, rousing from his nap,
 Seized instant on the little chap—
 But he begs pardon for th' offence,
 The fault of mere improvidence. 10
 The king of beasts, who wisely knew
 No glory could to him accrue
 By taking vengeance for the deed,
 At once the mouse forgave and freed.
 The lion, in a little space, 15
 As late at night he urged the chase,
 PHÆD.—H

Fell down into a pit, and there
 Found himself tangled with a snare.
 Then making all the roar he could,
 The list'ning mouse came from the wood, 20
 And drawing near, "Be not afraid,
 For I'll requite your love," he said.
 Then he his nibbling skill applies,
 And all the knots and joints he tries;
 At last he loosens every thread, 25
 With which his net the artist spread,
 And leaving nothing unexplored,
 The lion to the woods restored.

FABLE V.—THE MAN AND THE TREES.

THEY to despair themselves ally,
 Who with their aid the foe supply.
 A man, with hatchet ready made,
 Besought the trees to lend their aid,
 And from the grove a handle spare. 5
 The trees, attending to his pray'r,
 E'en all agree with one consent
 That a wild olive should be lent:
 He takes the gift, and makes his stroke,
 Beginning with a stately oak, 10
 And while he chose his trees, an ash
 Bespoke a holm—"We have been rash,
 And justly fall, since we ourselves
 Have giv'n the cruel axes helves."

END OF PHÆDRUS.

